The Begelman Spectacular: Enter Judy Garland

New York Plagues: A Medical Detective Story

Frank Mankiewicz on Smuggling Cuban Cigars

ONE DOLLAR FEBRUARY 6, 1978

NEW YORK

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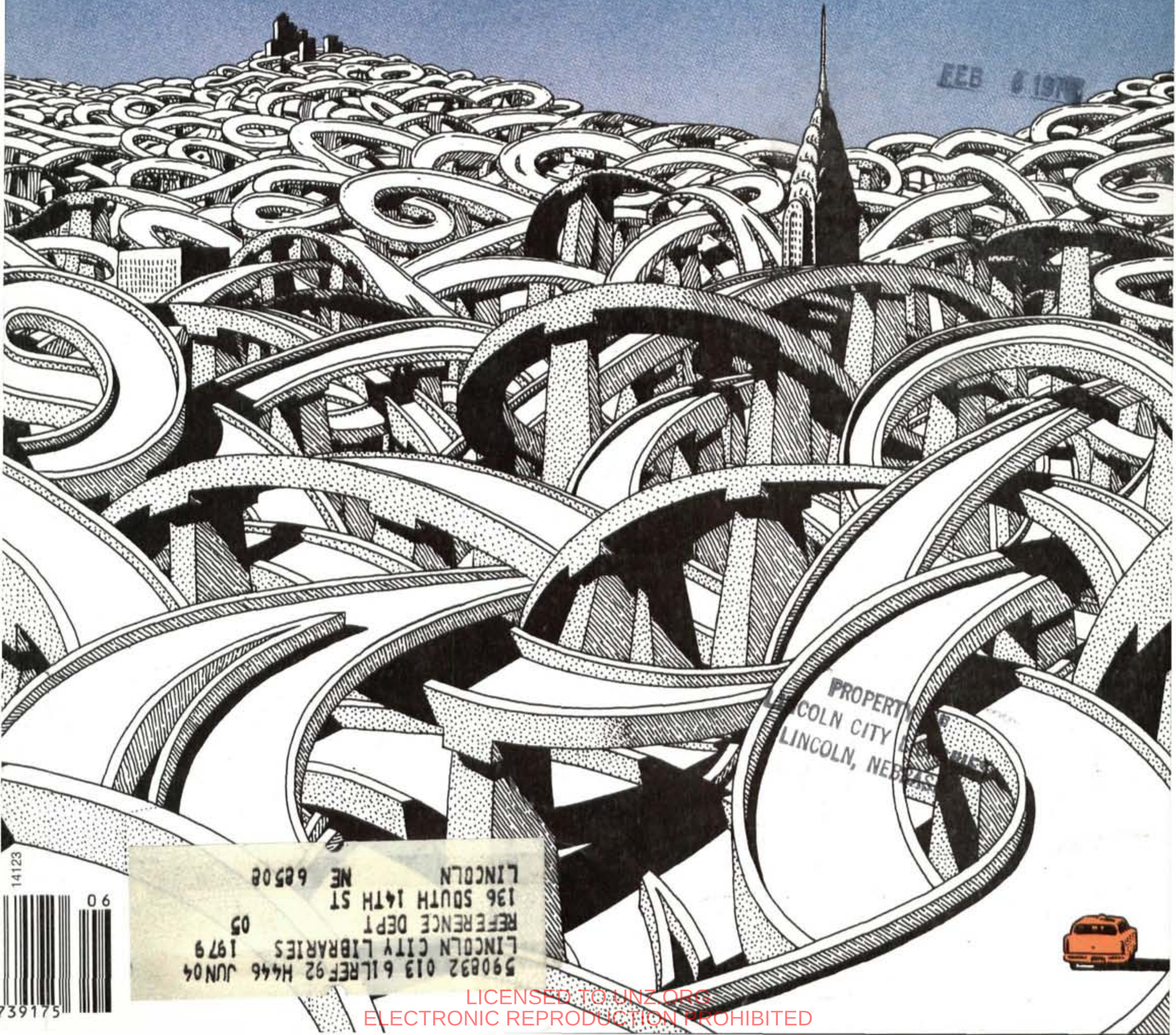
How Westway Will Destroy New York

An Interview With Jane Jacobs



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VOL. 11 NO. 6

CONTENTS

FEBRUARY 6, 1978

Page 30
How Westway Will Destroy New York
An interview with Jane Jacobs, by Roberta Brandes Gratz
Few issues of urban policy are more important or more controversial than Westway, the billion-dollar highway currently planned for the West Side of Manhattan. Although the proposal has been approved by the appropriate governmental agencies, many still oppose it and hope to divert the federal moneys to mass transit. To find out more about Westway, reporter Roberta Gratz talked with Jane Jacobs, one of the world's leading urbanologists.

Page 35
Begelman Babylon
By Jeanie Kasindorf
Our story so far: After David Begelman became head of Columbia Pictures, it was discovered that he had embezzled some $60,000, forged some checks, and, in general, carried on badly. All this was charged to a temporary "aberration" and forgiven; he kept his job. Now begins Chapter Two; it seems that Sid Luft and Judy Garland had a run-in with Begelman a while back.

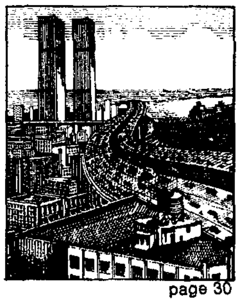
Page 39
Are Cuban Cigars Worth Smuggling? (Sí!)
By Frank Mankiewicz
All over this country, embargo or no, Americans are sending off checks to Geneva and getting back . . . genuine Havana cigars. Why do these devotees risk a visit from the T-men? Because Cubans are the best smokes in the world, and there are six good reasons why—but the greatest of these is love.

Page 42
Medical Mystery Tours
By Pascal James Imperato with Mike Jahn
Can we forget the epidemics of the past, or are diseases like scarlet fever, diphtheria, and typhus still among us, ready to erupt again? Dr. Imperato, New York City's medical commissioner, tells how human forgetfulness has led to a series of mini-epidemics in New York this decade.

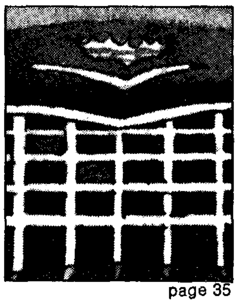
Page 47
What's Free in February
By Leonore Fleischer
The city's valentine to us is a month of assorted free events and entertainments.

Page 49
February City Life-Guide
By Ruth Gilbert
On cooking schools, shows, concerts, and other diversions during February.

Page 56
Ogilvy Comes to New York, Ogilvy Goes to Hollywood
By David Ogilvy
David Ogilvy, the legendary man of advertising, came to these shores a young and impoverished Englishman, bearing only a few letters of introduction and the will to succeed. The rest is history.



page 30



page 35

page 39

page 42

page 56

DEPARTMENTS

Page 10
Media: The Silverman Express
By Jeff Greenfield
What's in store for NBC now that ABC whiz Freddie Silverman is going over to run the place?

Page 12
The Bottom Line: The Janeway-Lance Connection
By Dan Dorfman
Economist Eliot Janeway is one of Bert Lance's biggest supporters—but there may be more to that support than meets the eye.

Page 63
The Passionate Shopper: The Perfect Shirt
By Peter D. Lawrence
A custom-made shirt or blouse can actually cost you less than a ready-made designer garment. Herewith, a guide to some of the city's best shirtmakers.

Page 68
Restaurants: Plain and Francy
By Seymour Britchky
A look at two French restaurants à la New York, old standbys both.

Page 73
Movies: Face to Face With Bergman and Wertmüller
By Molly Haskell
Two new films by Ingmar Bergman and Lina Wertmüller are major disappointments.

Page 76
Theater: Miniaturizing the Theater
By John Simon
Phillip Hayes Dean's *Paul Robeson* is a shrewd and compassionate portrait of a great man.

Page 91
Records: Past Presence
By Alan Rich
Thoughts on *Don Giovanni, Don Pasquale,* Adolf Busch, and the Budapest Quartet.

Page 100
Page of Lists: What Street Compares With Mott Street? And Who Was Mott?
By Brian Rooney
The people may be forgotten, but their names are not gone. They remain affixed to buildings, streets, and bridges. Here are some of their stories.

MISCELLANY

Page 9: **New York Intelligencer**
Page 15: **In and Around Town**
Page 60: **Best Bets,** *by Ellen Stern*
Page 78: **Sales & Bargains,** *by Leonore Fleischer*
Page 82: **New York Classified**
Page 88: **Town & Country Properties**
Page 97: **London Sunday Times Crossword**
Page 98: **Competition,** *by Mary Ann Madden*

Cover: Illustrated by Marvin Mattelson.

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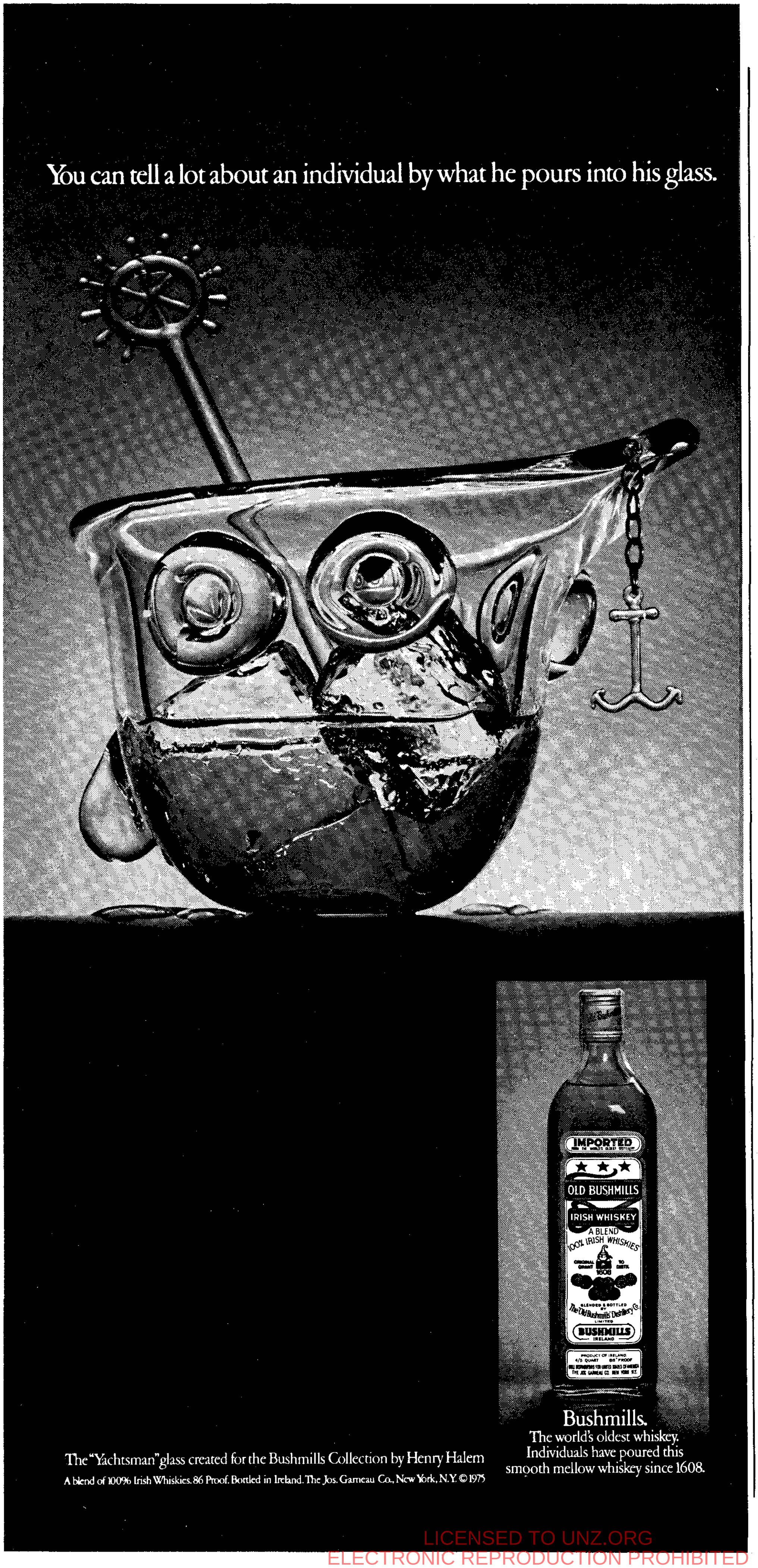
For subscription information, write Joseph Oliver, New York Magazine, Subscription Department, Box 2979, Boulder, Colorado 80302.



The "Yachtsman" glass created for the Bushmills Collection by Henry Halem
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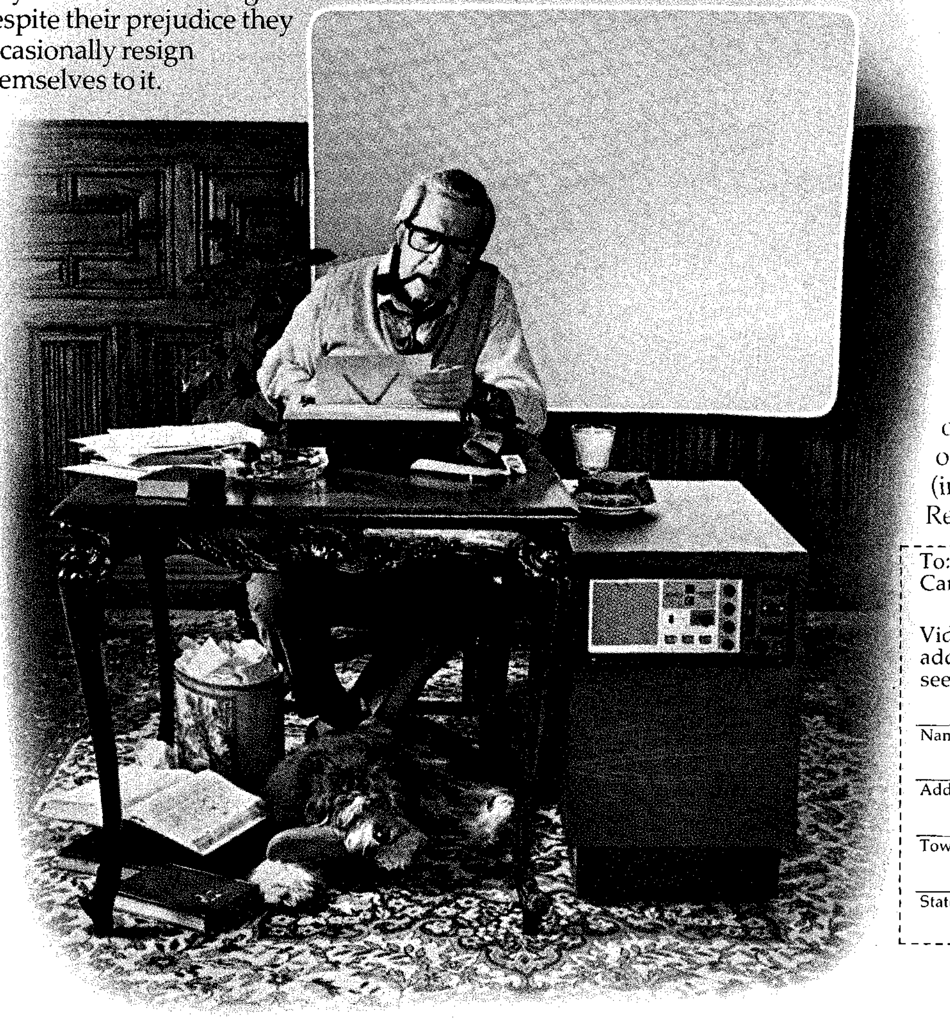

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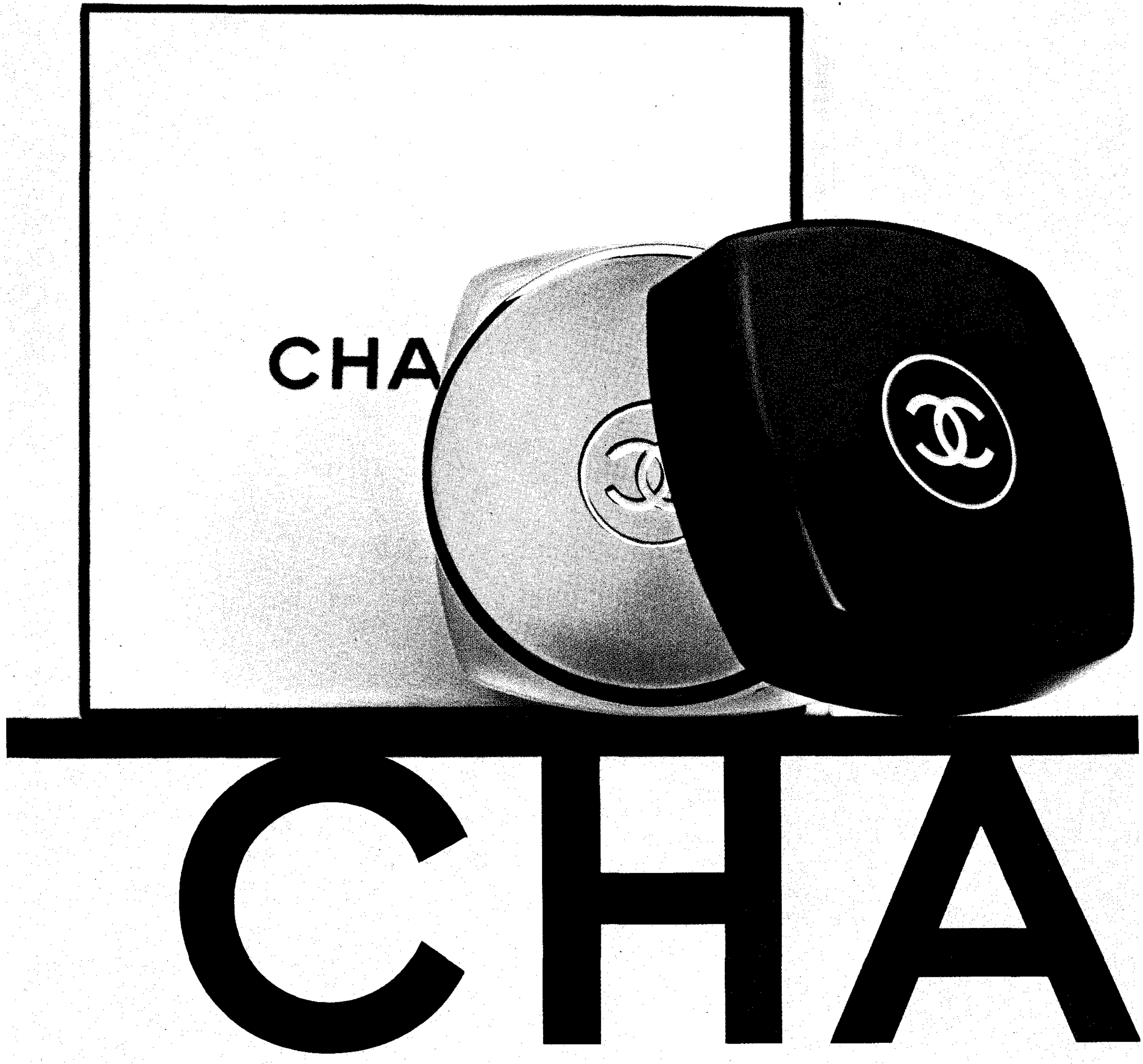

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"I have my own ideas about smoking."

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"Then at night when I work my other job—as a drummer—I enjoy lighting up between sets. It's part of the way I live.

"For me, the dilemma was how to find a cigarette that could give me taste without high tar. And that was quite a dilemma.

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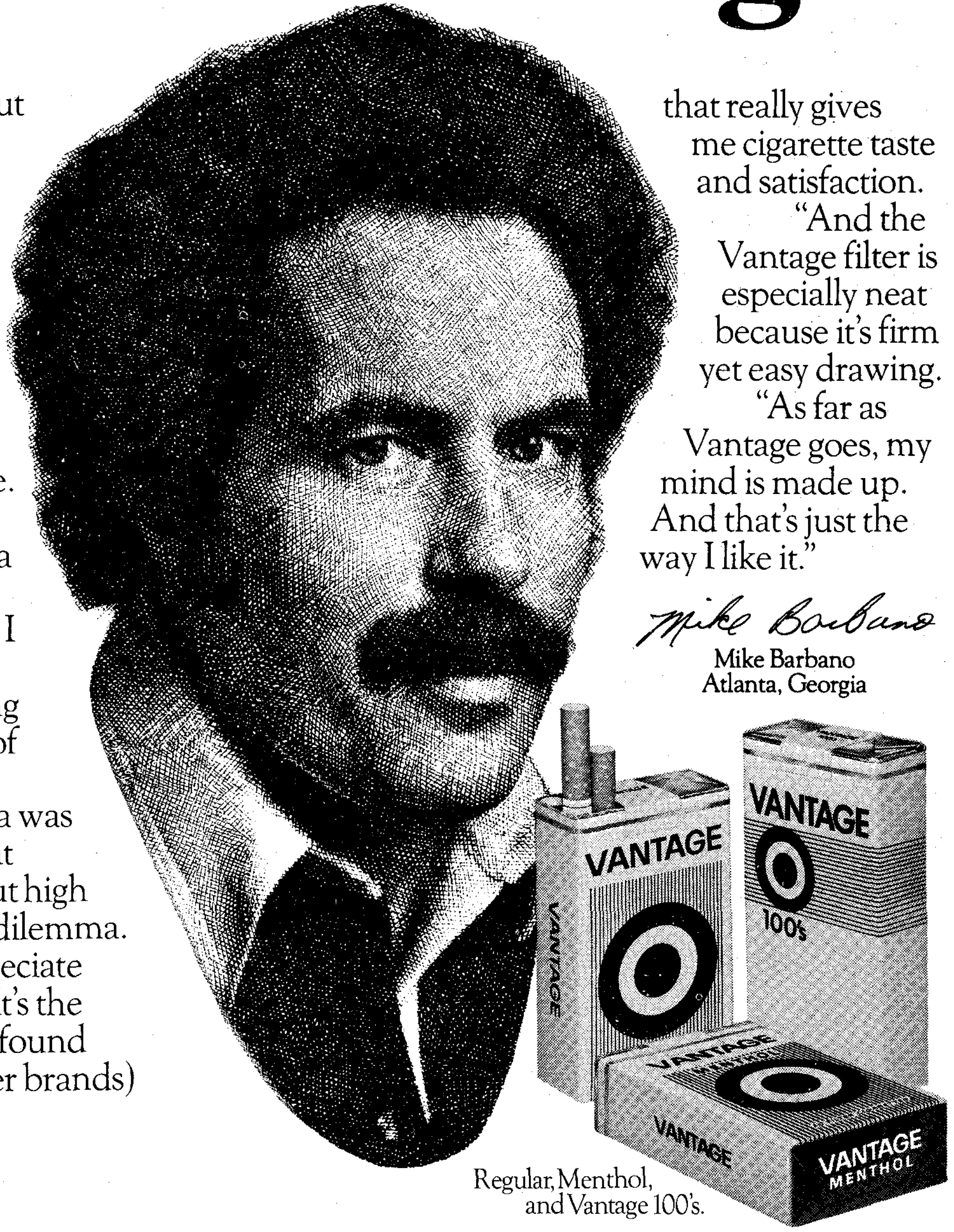
"And the Vantage filter is especially neat because it's firm yet easy drawing.

"As far as Vantage goes, my mind is made up. And that's just the way I like it."

Mike Barbano

Mike Barbano
Atlanta, Georgia



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NEW YORK INTELLIGENCER

At the 'Times': If You Can't Say Something Nice . . .

UPI

FRED W. McDARRAH

Rosenthal, Canby, Goldberger: No more worst lists of anything in the New York Times.

The New York *Times* appears to be moving away from the motto "All the News That's Fit to Print" to a new maxim: "All the Nice News That's Fit to Print." The newspaper's offices have been buzzing ever since two stories were axed: movie critic Vincent Canby's list of the ten worst movies of 1977 and architecture critic Paul Goldberger's list of last year's ten worst designs. In a memo, executive editor A.M. Rosenthal set forth the new policy: "From now on, we will not run any 'worst' lists—the ten worst of this or that or the worst of the year or whatever. . . . We start with the reality that the *Times,* like all other newspapers, often has to wound people or institutions. Often, we are compelled to be destructive of other people's interests and careers. . . . However, it is not our function to be needlessly wounding or destructive.. . . 'Worst' lists strike me as needlessly wounding and destructive. We may have had an obligation to criticize a movie or a building negatively when it was first presented or came up for discussion. . . . But taking the end of the year as an opportunity to hack away again at a piece of work is not journalistically necessary, but our own choice. Another point. What the critic does when he selects a list of the worst is simply to review his own opinions—nothing new is added except a little more blood." Rosenthal also discusses lists of the best:"I am not wild about lists of the best, but we will continue to permit them in some fields. The reason is that lists of the best perform the function of calling attention again to creativity. And above all, the difference is that even though lists of the best may not serve any great function and should be used sparingly, they do not involve the needless spilling of blood."

Pink-Slip News

Are there neutron bombs in New York? Yes, according to a publishing executive at an outfit where there's been turnover in the personnel roster. His explanation may give some consolation to anyone who thought he or she had simply received a pink slip. "We've had tactical neutrons for years," he explained. "It is the perfect capitalist weapon. I walk down the hall, open the door, throw it in, and poof, the person's gone, but everything else is there—the desks, the typewriter, pencils, paper. Someone else comes in and after a while—poof. The tactical neutron is the best thing to happen in personnel management in years."

Woman Fights Phone Company

A year ago, the state Public Service Commission (PSC) ordered New York Telephone to offer husbands and wives joint directory listings under their married name. Now, more women who are marrying are retaining their maiden names for professional reasons. Currently, a married Queens woman, Therese Corso, who retained her maiden name, is fighting to have the phone company list her under her maiden name. She and her husband, who are moving next month, have asked New York Telephone company for a listing under both names. So far the phone company has refused. A spokesman said, "A husband and wife can get both their names listed, as long as they both have the same last name." If Corso wants to be listed, she has to pay extra for a separate listing. She appealed this decision to the PSC, which supported the N. Y. Tel. A PSC mouthpiece said: "It's a financial benefit to adopt the husband's name—you get both listings for the same price."

So Corso plans to take her case to the state Human Rights Commission. If she were to win her case, it wouldn't make the phone company happy. A spokesman adds, "If everyone gets what Corso wants, you won't be able to lift the phone book." **—Rinker Buck**

'New Times' Errs

Is Jack Ruby alive and well and laughing all the way to the bank? That, according to *New Times* magazine, is the startling conclusion of Edward Jay Epstein's new book, *Legend: The Secret Life of Lee Harvey Oswald,* about the Kennedy assassination and Oswald's connection with intelligence agencies. But the book makes no such claim. So why did *New Times* print a false story? We checked with *New Times* to see if anybody had read the book. A spokesman replied, "No, we did not. This was a happy shot in the dark." Says Epstein: "It could be the start of a CIA campaign to discredit the book."

Copa Tale

A nervous Copacabana is still trying to hush up any publicity about revelations of serious fire-code violations and the scuffle that broke out recently between club owner John Juliano and a WCBS camera crew led by reporter Steve Wilson. While fans enjoyed Bette Midler in the crowded room downstairs, Copa bouncers led by Juliano reportedly roughed up Wilson and his crew as they tried to film fire-code violations and safety hazards. (We too felt apprehension the night we visited Bette.) Now Wilson has filed a complaint alleging unlawful imprisonment and grand larceny against Juliano, who quietly surrendered to police last week—at 6 A.M. to avoid reporters and cameramen. Juliano counter-filed assault and trespass charges against Wilson.

Wilson: Perils of TV reporting.

Media / Jeff Greenfield

THE SILVERMAN EXPRESS

ABC to NBC

Paul Klein is a blunt, funny programming executive at the National Broadcasting Company. When he learned that Fred Silverman, his counterpart at ABC, would soon be his boss as the new NBC president, he offered this version of industry reaction.

"It is," said Klein, "the greatest personnel coup since the Yankees got Babe Ruth from the Red Sox."

Silverman has been raising eyebrows ever since Mike Dann made him head of daytime programming for CBS when Silverman was 25. At 32, the Forest Hills native had Dann's job as head CBS programmer. Five years later, in 1975, he took the same job at ABC; within a year, the perennial third-place network was leading in the ratings, and within two years it was wiping out CBS and NBC in prime time. (This season, ABC has averaged a prime-time rating almost three points ahead of NBC's—a potential difference of $75-million in revenues.) Now at a salary reportedly close to $1 million a year, Silverman is becoming chief executive officer of the oldest broadcasting network in the United States. The move has already had three important consequences: It sent the stock of NBC's parent company, RCA, up 1¼ points; it sent the stock of ABC down 1¾ points; and it raised a host of questions, which kept the telephones of show-business folk red-hot over the weekend.

Here are some of the questions—and some tentative answers—about what Silverman's move means, both to the industry and to the viewing audience.

Why did Silverman move?

"Freddie left because he saw a higher mountain," says Mike Dann, who was a key programming executive at NBC and then at CBS for more than twenty years.

Of the three major commercial-television networks, two are still run or controlled by the "founding fathers." William Paley still calls the shots at CBS; Leonard Goldenson and Elton Rule still run ABC. But NBC's David Sarnoff is dead; Bobby Sarnoff was deposed by the board two years ago; and RCA chief Edgar Griffiths looks at the bottom line. Silverman will unquestionably be *the* number-one figure at NBC, with no one looking over his shoulder—provided the profits keep going up. ABC could have matched any NBC salary offer, but they couldn't match that autonomy.

Fred Silverman: *Preparing to take on NBC.*

Can Silverman turn NBC around?

In the short run, almost certainly not. Part of Silverman's legend rests in the speed with which ABC went from last place to first in prime-time ratings after Silverman joined that network in 1975. But the shows that took ABC to the top were already in production before Silverman ever got there.

"*Rich Man, Poor Man* was being made, *Roots* was in development, and everything from *Barney Miller* to *Starsky & Hutch* was on the air," says Michael Eisner, now Paramount Pictures president. "We kid each other about it: When Freddie calls, I say, 'Oh yeah, the guy who found the Fonz.'

"Freddie did a *miraculous* job in scheduling, promotion, and strategy," says Eisner. "But at CBS and ABC he had something to build on. At NBC there's *nothing*. This will be the real test of his patience."

So will the fact that by the time Silverman joins NBC in June, the 1978 fall schedule and development money for 1979 pilots will be largely committed. Until June, Herb Schlosser remains as NBC's chief executive—although one insider says, "The word's come down that Herb is to attend no key staff meetings unless [NBC vice-chairman] David Adams is also there."

What kind of changes will be seen at NBC?

Because NBC's Paul Klein and Silverman have been publicly feuding with each other—Klein has called some of ABC's shows "television for kids and dummies" and examples of "kid porn"—most people say that Klein's future at the network is shaky. He jokes that "some people are afraid to talk with me—they think they'll get leprosy."

Silverman's track record, however, makes this less than certain.

"When he came here," says an ABC programming figure, "he brought no entourage—not even his secretary—and he fired nobody. He doesn't come in and move everybody around—he sizes people up. His greatest strength is that he gets the best work out of everybody; he gets the juices flowing."

One curious coincidence is that one NBC executive, who shared programming duties with Klein until a year ago, is Irwin Segelstein, who for years worked with Silverman at CBS under Mike Dann.

Silverman, Segelstein, and Dann have remained close friends. What this suggests is a regrouping of the triumvirate from CBS at NBC: Silverman as overall company president; his onetime mentor, Dann, working under him as president of the television network; and Segelstein returned to his old role as a key programming figure.

Dann doesn't dismiss the idea, but neither does he endorse it. Now a consultant to IBM, Warner Communications, and Children's Television Workshop, he says that "from the time I left CBS, I've done nothing except what I believe in. I haven't had to sacrifice anything for mass audience appeal. If I thought I could marry my ideas to network programming, that would be interesting. But do I want to get up at 6:30 A.M. to get the Nielsen overnights so I can wake up some poor schmuck and yell at him? I just don't know."

A more interesting change involves the possible loosening of one of the industry's most enduring relationships between a network and a producer. For more than twenty years, Universal Television has been the dominant supplier of NBC programs. At times, entire nights—Sundays especially—have seemed Universal's exclusive province, from *The Bold Ones* to *Columbo*.

Now, Universal supplies four of the network's series, plus a heavy share of NBC's movies and mini-series, such as *Aspen, Wheels, 79 Park Avenue, The Dark Secret of Harvest Home*, and the forthcoming *Loose Change* and *Brave New World*.

"That Universal connection is going to change," one rival production head flatly predicts. Another TV insider, noting that "Freddie's relationship with Universal was never entirely harmonious," says that Silverman buys "shows from producers, not companies. There's a lot of gloom and doom over there because Freddie knows his biggest albatross is to free himself from the Universal tentacle."

What about television's broader responsibilities?

Throughout his career, Fred Silverman has had one clearly defined objective: to develop the entertainment programming that would make his network number one. As one producer told me three years ago, "Freddie's not out to put better television on the air; Freddie's out to win." He has appeared as the ultimate value-free technician, celebrating the family, as in *The Waltons,* and programming leering infantile sexuality, as in *Three's Company.*

Now Silverman will bring this talent not to a programming job but to the chief-executive position in a billion-dollar-a-year company. He will set policy when a national administration seeks to shrink First Amendment protection for broadcasters; he will decide whether profitable daytime programming will be preempted for congressional hearings. He will have ultimate responsibility for a huge broadcast news operation. These are functions that will be completely new to him.

Friends of Silverman's don't suggest for a minute that he will apply his previous entertainment outlook to the serious business of network news.

"In the last week," Michael Eisner says, "Freddie said to me that he thinks NBC's news operation is the best in the business. Those jokes about Freddie putting Laverne and Shirley on the network news are funny, but there's no chance anything like that will happen."

"There is no evidence," says an industry source, "that Fred has ever thought of television as anything other than an entertainment form. There is evidence that he has never felt it necessary to read a newspaper. What concerns most people is his sense of social responsibility—and his ability to speak to the Congress, to the FCC, about very basic questions."

As usual, Mike Dann has the last word about the importance of the move beyond careers or profits.

"This is," he says, "more than a show-business or a business phenomenon. It will have a profound effect on the American public, because Silverman will determine how most Americans occupy most of their time." ■

The Koch Watch

INSIDE OUT

JANIE EISENBERG

Meade Esposito: *A most wanted man.*

They threw a party and the whole party came. The Democratic party, that is. Specifically, the Brooklyn Democratic party. Actually, there wasn't a whole lot of choice in the matter, because the emcee was none other than the Brooklyn Democratic boss himself, Meade Esposito. Where Meade goes, others follow.

The party honored Jimmy La Rossa, the heavyweight trial lawyer, and all the usual suspects were there—men like Sanitation Commissioner Tony Vaccarello, Brooklyn Beep Howie Golden, City Comptroller Jay Goldin, former Tax Commissioner Norman Levy (whom La Rossa had defended successfully against a charge of fixing parking tickets), former Tammany boss Carmine De Sapio (who should have hired La Rossa a long time ago), Governor Hugh Carey, longshoremen boss Tony Scotto, MTA chief Harold Fisher, even Abe Beame.

The excuse for the party was the presentation of the Anti-Defamation League's man-of-the-year award to La Rossa, but it could just as well have been the annual reunion of the Sons of Italy. And if, as it is said, the recent Koch-Cuomo slugfest drove a wedge between the city's Catholic and Jewish politicians, this $200-a-plate affair proved that the bridges have been rebuilt.

So all the big shots came, but it was Meade who called the shots.

Here was Meade entering the grand ballroom of the New York Hilton: dark suit, tanned and fit, a cigarette in one hand, the omnipresent cigar in the other. He was talking to a woman. "Hey," he said, "I want a broad to introduce me or else I'll introduce myself. I never had trouble doing that before."

It was one of those parties held as a nonpolitical affair, where politicians can get together to discuss politics in an election year. We'll see a lot more of them in the months ahead.

The politics of the moment are clear. Jay Goldin and Hugh Carey need Meade if they are to win their statewide elections this year. Even John Lindsay draped his arm around Meade's shoulder and whispered into his ear. Lindsay, like Jerry Quarry, is on the comeback trail, and Meade is the Gil Clancy of New York politics.

Carey had to leave early. He had another dinner to go to. It is unlikely that Carey will eat at home again before December.

The politicians in the crowd gathered near the exit. They always seem to do that—as if they know more about unchecked dangers than the ordinary citizen.

Deputy Mayor Basil Paterson checked in with Meade—all smiles and handshakes and backslapping. Basil, one of the few blacks in attendance, is also a Catholic.

The onetime boss of bosses, Carmine De Sapio looked older and somehow at peace. Meade yelled: "Hey Cahmine, c'mere. Talk to this guy over here."

De Sapio is the man Ed Koch beat for Greenwich Village district leader in 1963, thereby adding luster to Koch's reputation as a boss fighter. So what did De Sapio have to say about the new mayor? "Look," said Carmine, "I don't wanna bad-mouth Ed. I feel for the guy. He's got his work cut out for him. But I already see that he's beginning to understand pragmatic politics. You can't be a reformer for 8 million people when they want 8 million different things.

"Of course, I haven't spoken to Ed for years now. But I can tell you he's gonna learn a lot about city government he never knew before. A reformer, like the old saying goes, is just a regular on the outside looking to get in. Now that he's in it looks a lot different than it did when he was out. Watch." We did. The mayor, apparently, is still thinking like an outsider. He was invited but declined to attend.

—Denis Hamill

The Bottom Line / Dan Dorfman

THE JANEWAY-LANCE CONNECTION

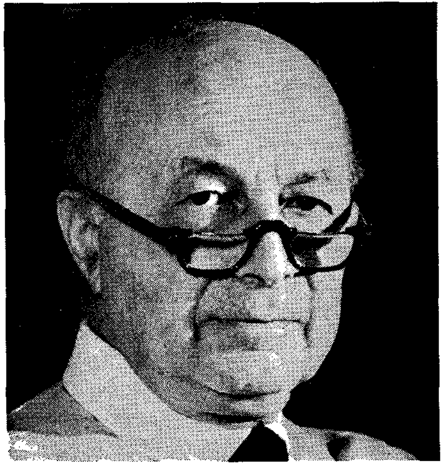
An 'Error' of Omission

Last October 9, Eliot Janeway, the outspoken nationally known economist, used his column in the Washington *Star* to roast the journalistic critics of his buddy Bert Lance. "A pack of latter-day Woodsteins" is how they were described by the 65-year-old Janeway, a strong Lance booster whose writings appear in more than 50 papers, including the *Daily News* and the Chicago *Tribune*. He characterized the investigative press as a "scud-searching squad . . . muckraking Justinians of the new morality," who, he charged, are practicing the "new McCarthyism." It was another one of Janeway's more colorful and continued outbursts against the Lance knockers.

No doubt it was an oversight, but Janeway's latest tirade failed to disclose that he has sizable personal financial dealing with Lance interests that would clearly benefit from a more viable Lance and a more viable National Bank of Georgia (Lance's bank). For starters, Janeway, his wife, Elizabeth, and his publishing company (which puts out the "Janeway Letter") are currently in hock to NBG—by Janeway's own admission—for about $130,000. These loans had been shifted from Lance's other bank, the Calhoun First National Bank of Calhoun, Georgia (population: 5,500). A source told me that Janeway—who says his annual income runs to seven figures—had to be pushed on a number of occasions to meet his delinquent payments. In addition, a profit-sharing trust for Janeway's employees—in which Janeway is a major participant—owns 800 NBG shares.

Janeway roared in anger when I told him of allegations in Washington that his pro-Lance stance was strongly motivated by personal interests. "Blumenthal [referring to Treasury boss Mike Blumenthal] is peddling that story," he declared. Janeway, who is outspokenly critical of Blumenthal's policies, told me: "It's a smear campaign. Blumenthal knows Lance and I are friendly. He wants to destroy me, to discredit me, to paint me as venal. You're dealing with a low-grade guy—rule or ruin." (A spokesman for Blumenthal ridiculed the charges.)

CAMILLE VICKERS



Janeway: *"Blumenthal is smearing me."*

As for his bank loans from NBG and the Calhoun bank, Janeway—described by some critics as a pompous egomaniac—stressed he also has big deposits at those banks. "But they [his critics] didn't tell you that," he howled. Janeway admitted there were delinquent payments at both the Calhoun bank and NBG, but he attributed them all to "poor bookkeeping" by bank personnel. Janeway, who first met Lance in 1974, insisted his support of the former budget chief was based solely on "Lance's policies, his ideas . . . he stood for my thinking." Concluded the cocky Janeway: "I said the administration would fall apart if they got rid of Lance and that's what's happening."

Bad-News Bonds?

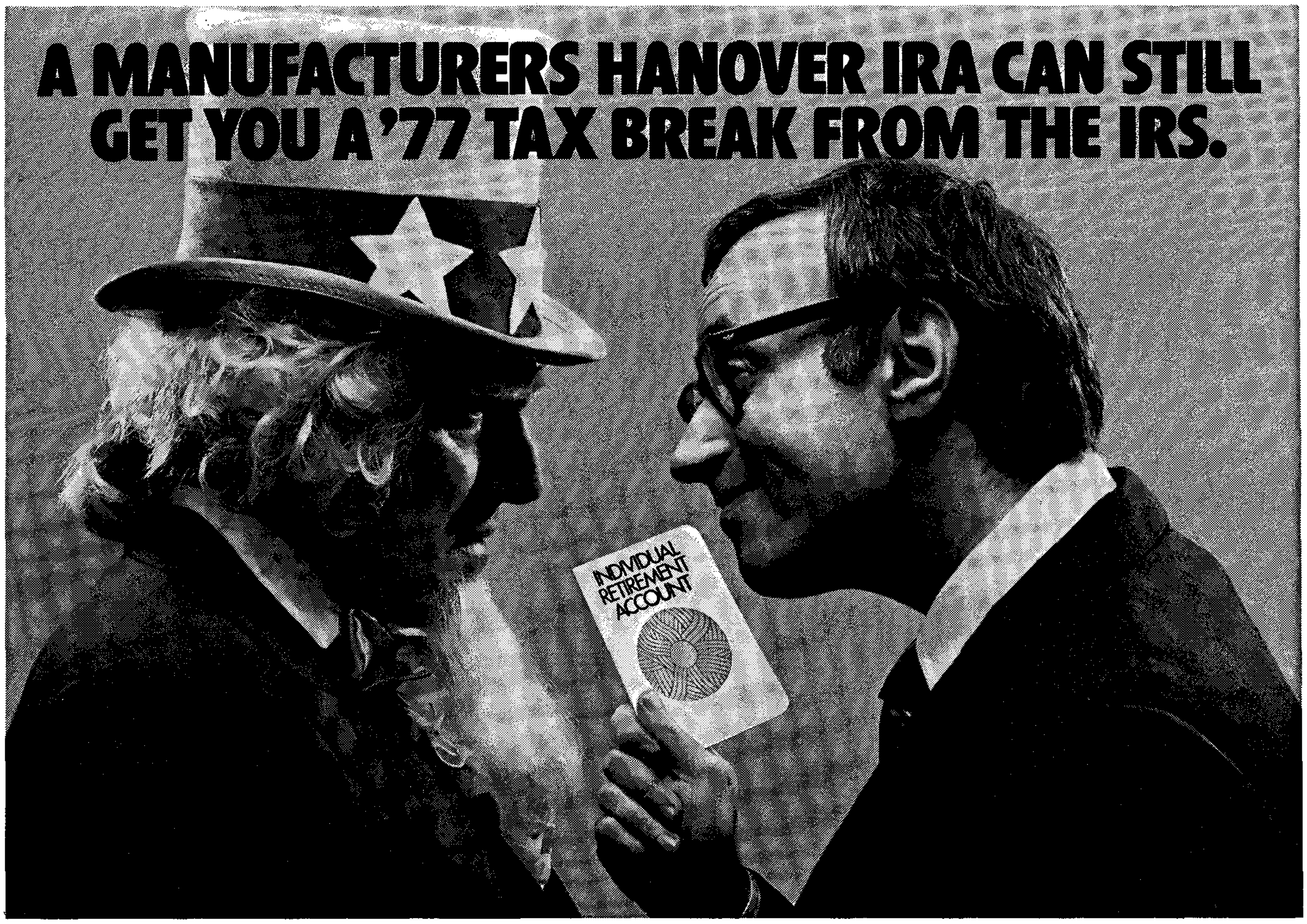
The hottest and seemingly safest investment around is those municipal-bond funds (and municipal-bond trusts). Not only do they offer investors an enticing tax-free yield of about 5.5 percent but they have risen (based on the closely watched municipal-bond twenty-year Bond Buyer Index) nearly 39 percent in the two-year period between August 1975 and August 1977. This is far superior to the general market, which, as typified by Standard & Poor's 500-stock index, just about broke even. It's no wonder, then, that these funds are drawing big bucks. Nor is it any wonder that the who's who of money management—the likes of Dreyfus, Fidelity, T. Rowe Price, and Scudder, Stevens & Clark—have rushed in with municipal-bond funds (which became legal in 1976).

Well, if you're thinking of taking a fling, here's a word of caution from a sharp New England money manager—John R. Lakian, the president of Fort Hill Investors Management of Boston. Lakian, who runs $200 million of investment assets, says, "I wouldn't touch them. And if I owned any, I'd sell out now. There's too much risk and illiquidity at present levels."

Among other worries, Lakian points to the prospects of continued advances in short-term interest rates (which depress bond prices). There's also the high premium investors are paying for such funds, considering the stiffer declines in other debt instruments. For example, triple-A corporate bonds yielded an average of 7.8 percent in December of 1976. A recent issue of Pacific Telephone went for nearly 9 percent—in effect, representing a decline of about 15.5 percent in bond prices. But in the same thirteen-month period, the Bond Buyer Index—because of the heavy new money flowing into municipal-bond funds—dropped only 3 percent. Another Lakian concern: Because of the heated-up rivalry, some funds are buying the lowest-quality bonds to get the highest yields—in effect, downgrading their portfolios and seriously heightening the market risk.

Lakian insists that a dangerous situation is developing because municipal-bond funds have a meager average cash position of just 5 to 6 percent. And the trusts (which are required to distribute to investors all money from bond sales) have no money. "Since there's no organized market for municipal bonds on the sell side, says Lakian, "any significant recognition of the excessive premiums of these bond funds or growing fears about rising interest rates, or both, could touch off a major selling wave. We could even see a panic."

Harsh words indeed, but some legitimate skepticism is called for when nearly everybody is wild about the same investment. In 1974, municipal-bond trusts had assets of $3.5 billion. By the end of 1976, investors had poured $9 billion into these trusts and funds. And the figure has since swelled to more than $14 billion—a quadrupling in just three years. Lakian's parting thoughts are surely worth considering. "These funds started up and did well during the gold age of municipal-bond appreciation. But gold tarnishes . . . and no one's going to hold up the prices of these bonds and trusts in a sinking bond market." ■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40	$121,674	55	$23,700

NOTE: In order to earn interest at these rates, deposits, including accrued interest, must not be withdrawn prior to maturity. Federal law and regulation prohibit the payment of an IRA Time Deposit (7¾% IRA) prior to maturity or before the depositor attains age 59½ (except in the case of death or disability), unless three months of the interest thereon is forfeited and interest on the amount withdrawn is reduced to the Regular Passbook Savings rate.

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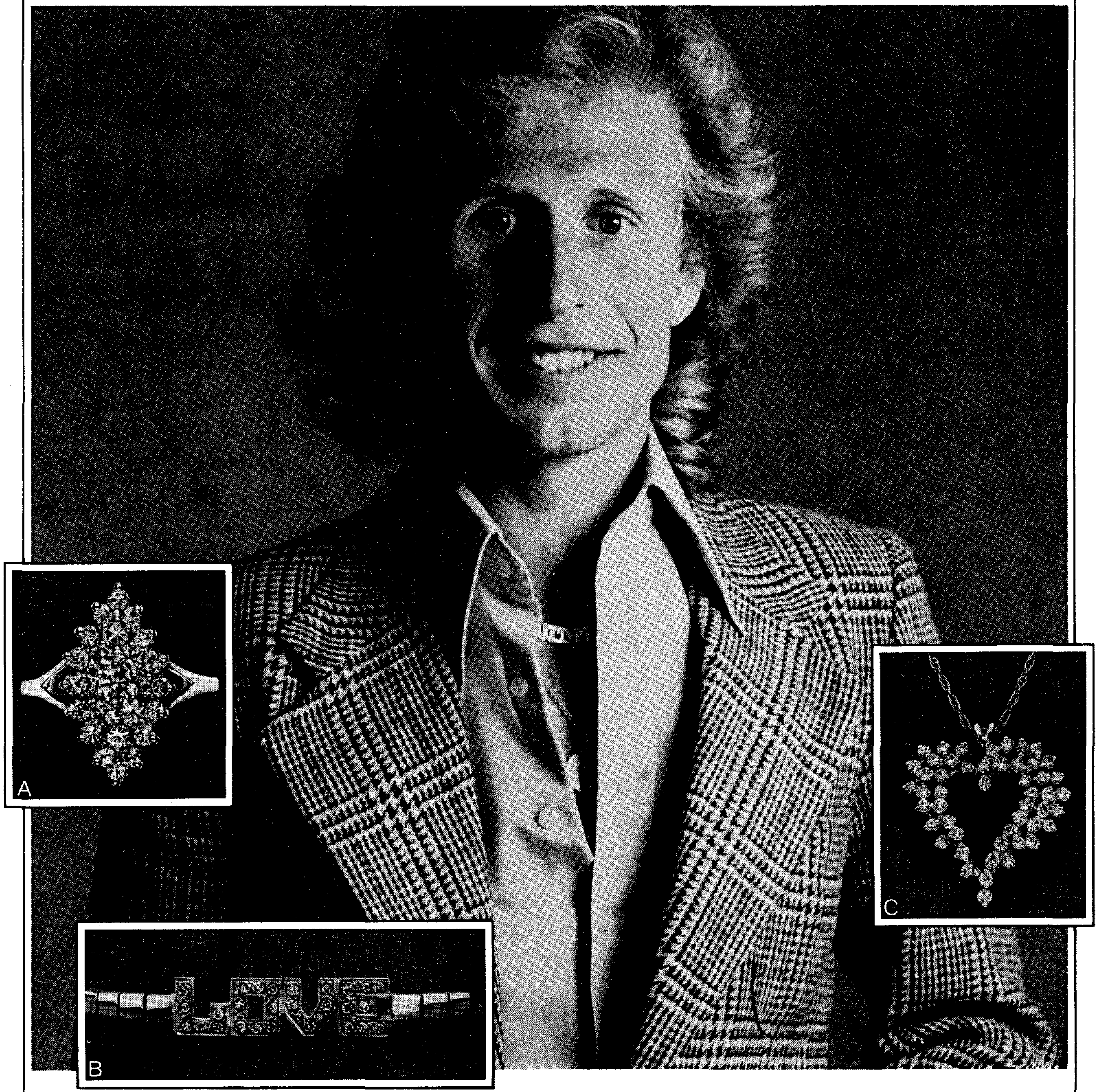

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Fortunoff, the source

MOVIES AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

OPENINGS AND CURRENT ATTRACTIONS ON THE NEW YORK SCREEN

Jan. 31 thru Feb. 7

(Listings subject to last-minute change)

THE MOVIES

Wednesday, February 1

Boys in Company C–Sidney J. Furie, the director, has made life at such mythic hellholes as Parris Island and Camp Pendleton completely believable. The first part of the film showing time spent in boot camp by young marine recruits is the funniest and most authentic rendering of military hide-toughening imaginable. However, the stint in Vietnam which follows gives us an emotional roller-coaster ride in which downer is followed by upper with dizzying effect. Bay Cinema; Loews State II; Loews Cine.

Coma–Thriller about a sinister plot to steal people's organs for a flourishing black market transplant trade. Directed by Michael Crichton. With Genevieve Bujold, Rip Torn, Elizabeth Ashley, Michael Douglas, Richard Widmark. Criterion; Plaza; Murray Hill.

Friday, February 3

THE COLLEGE THESPIAN

Henry Winkler pulls out all the stops in a series of characterizations in **The One and Only,** a story starring him and Kim Darby, directed by Carl Reiner, about a youth who dreams of stardom and finds it in the unlikeliest of arenas. Loews State I; Loews Cine; 34th Street East.

Sunday, February 5

Blue Country–Brigette Fossey, Jacques Serres, Ginette Garcin in Jean-Charles Tacchella's film about an urban career woman who goes to the country to find simplicity and freedom. 68th St Playhouse.

THE MOVIES

The Best Way–The homosexual theme in Claude Miller's film involves a touch of transvestism at a boys summer camp, in which two counselors play power games. Miller uses the camp as a microcosm of society which, in the interest of advancing some admirable ideas of human tolerance, divides human nature into intolerable opposites. Cinema Studio.

The Children of Theatre Street–Behind-the-scenes action in Russia's Kirov ballet school, in the form of a documentary about three youngsters. Directed by Robert Dornhelm and Earle Mack. Columbia I; thru 2/3, Quad.

The Choirboys–Humor is what is missing from Robert Aldrich's film about the L.A. rookie vice squad. Aldrich is not a satirist, and without the subtle jibes of author Joseph Wambaugh's best-seller, the police activities are more tacky than brutal—and the reverse-racism is ugly. RKO Cinerama II.

Close Encounters of the Third Kind–If there is a theme here, it is that it is harder for a grown-up to pass through the eye of a needle than to gain access to the sanctuary of UFO believers. The most damning argument against the existence of UFOs—they always appear to country people who have a lot of time on their hands, and never to busy urban dwellers. And in the final sighting, director Stephen Spielberg and a special effects team has given us nothing less than an electronic Second Coming. The film has no story, characters, sense of danger, or conflict between good and evil. Ziegfeld.

Death Wish–Charles Bronson as a one-man posse, avenging the slaying of his wife and rape of his daughter by a bunch of punks. Bronson, cast in the unlikely role of an architect and city planner, becomes much likelier as the indiscriminative killer of New York muggers, in a Michael Winner film calculated to arouse the righteous indignation and blood lust of all but the most dyed-in-the-wool liberals. Obnoxious junk, but made with a certain panache. Thru 1/31, St Marks Cinema.

Dersu Uzala–Akira Kurosawa's film, based on the book by Soviet explorer-writer Vladimir Arsenyev, filmed in the U.S.S.R., telling of the friendship between the writer and his aging East Siberian guide, the title character. Baronet.

The Duellists–A little known Joseph Conrad story is the basis for British director Dudley Scott's film of two officers locked in an unending series of duels. Keith Carradine, with his indolent "I'm easy" charm, and Harvey Keitel, all ragged urban nerves, are the contenders, but placed in a highly ritualized European milieu, they are like somnambulists who have wandered into somebody else's dream. Fine Arts.

The End of the World in Our Usual Bed in a Night Full of Rain–If you think Lina Wertmuller's title is long-winded, wait until you see the film. It is a frenzied chronicle of the courtship and marriage of Giancarlo Giannini and Candice Bergen, told in scattershot fragments that have no chronological or realistic context. Wertmuller's handling of the two sexes suggests that she is trying her damnedest to make peace with the feminists and deny charges of a male bias. Loews Tower East.

Equus–Peter Shaffer's play about a weary psychiatrist and the young psychopath whose violent passion for horses reveals the sterility of his own life has been brought to the screen, with a bit of rewriting, by Sidney Lumet. Richard Burton stars in what has become the *Hello Dolly* role for aging actors, with a twist—each actor playing the lead has striven to show us how desiccated and prune-like they have become. Contemptuously staged, embarrassingly written. Embassy IV; thru 2/2, Quad.

The Gauntlet–Clint Eastwood stars in and directed this new film, and it is as riddled with holes as the various shelters and vehicles in which he and Sondra Locke find themselves under mass attack. It's just another story of a man and a woman squeezed between two super powers, in this case the mob and the Phoenix-Las Vegas police forces. National; thru 2/2, Playboy; thru 1/31, St Marks Cinema.

The Goodbye Girl–Neil Simon's movie is about an ex-dancer who is a little the worse for wear. It is a love story constructed on the Jack-Spratt-and-Wife principle of odd coupledom, but where its heart should be there's the monstrous laugh machine, mowing down anything that stands in its way. Thus its most promising features, Quinn Cummings, Marsha Mason, and Richard Dreyfuss, are all sacrificed to comic routines directed at the tourist trade. Loews State II; Quad; Loews Triplex; RKO 86th St II; Tranx-Lux East; from 2/1, Embassy II.

High Anxiety–The news about Mel Brooks's latest film, good or bad depending on your degree of Melomania, is that it's 100 percent pure (i.e. impure) Brooks, meaning that it is wildly uneven, vulgar, intermittently hilarious, and at its very best when it is not being terribly funny at all. This collage/*hommage* to Hitchcock is to the Master of Suspense what *Blazing Saddles* was to the Western, and *Young Frankenstein* to the horror film, and *Silent Movie* to silent comedy. Sutton; Cinema III; from 2/1, Paramount.

I Never Promised You a Rose Garden–A sincere and, at times, affecting film version of the popular novel about a 16-year-old girl, suicidal and schizoid, who spends three anguished years in a psychiatric hospital and is finally apparently cured through the ministrations of a wise and humane woman psychiatrist. There is the flawless performance of Kathleen Quinlan as the girl, and a very solid one from Bibi Andersson. Directed by Anthony Page. 1/31, Cinema Village.

Iphigenia–In Michael Cacoyannis's film, Euripides' drama comes into focus, transcending its modern cinematic treatment. Irene Papas's Clytemnestra is predictably monumental, and Tatiana Papamoskou's Ipheginia is ephemeral, her scampering movements suggesting the sacrificial lamb all too literally. Her complex martyrdom is one of the most extraordinary epiphanies in all drama, and whatever the inadequacies of Cacoyannis's conception, we should be grateful to have it on the screen at all. Thru 1/31, Plaza.

Julia–Adapted from Lillian Hellman's fine story in *Pentimento,* Fred Zinneman has used two of the most electrifying women in movies in a casting coup that is not only iconographically but politically inspired; Vanessa Redgrave as the total activist and martyr to Fascism; Jane Fonda as the acolyte, the rebellious but self-doubting playwright. Cinema I.

The Lacemaker–Isabelle Huppert and Yves Beneyton star in Claude *(The Invitation* and *The Wonderful Crook)* Goretta's film which tells of a 19-year-old beauty parlor assistant, who, while vacationing, falls in love with a university student. Embassy 72nd; Art.

Last Tango in Paris–About sex, love, and death among today's disaffected young and disenchanted middle-aged, this purports to be a social document, eroticism at its best, and a work of art, but despite fancy positions and posturings, fails at all three. Neither Bertolucci's directorial attitudinizing, nor the actors' elaborate improvisations comes to much beyond one good sex scene (the first), and Brando's vaunted performance is merely an anthology of all his former ones, while Maria Schneider's main talent is for looking unwashed even in a bathtub. Modish cinematography, bad music, and dialogue full of pratfalls. 2/4, Regency.

Looking for Mr. Goodbar–This is Richard Brooks's best film. It is harrowing, powerful, and appalling. The tension between his bluntness and Diane Keaton's instinctual delicacy has produced the ideal chemistry in this version of Judith Rossner's grisly socio-sexual thriller. 2/3-9, Olympia and Gramercy.

The Man Who Loved Women–Francois Truffaut's funniest and most charmingly personal film in years, the anatomy of a womanizer (Charles Denner), relating the outrageous predicaments of the hero who wriggles out of them with a strategic genius, and yearns to locate an island inhabited only by women. Paris.

Mr. Klein–A masklike Alain Delon stars as an art dealer who buys paintings from Jews who are fleeing Paris for their lives in 1942, only to become an object of suspicion himself. What might have been in other hands a nightmare journey becomes an uninvolving quest through portals and doorways, and more portals and doorways. It is a perverse choice of material for even so resolutely perverse a director as Joseph Losey. Thru 2/4, 68th St Playhouse; from 2/3, Quad.

Operation Thunderbolt–Produced and directed by Menaham Golan, film chronicles the story of the legendary rescue mission at Entebbe. Guild.

Padre Padrone–Saverio Marconi and Omero Antonutti play father and son in the 1977 Cannes Film Festival award-winning picture, directed by Paolo and Vittorio Taviana, telling of a Sardinian peasant boy forced by his tyrannical father to live in isolation as a shepherd until his twentieth year. Cinema II; thru 1/31, Paramount.

Renaldo and Clara–Bob Dylan has written, directed, co-edited and supervised the musical sound-track of this film, and stars in it with Joan Baez, Bob Neuwirth, Ronee Blakley, and Sara Dylan. There are 47 musical interludes, and the film runs three hours and 52 minutes. Waverly; Festival; New Yorker.

Saturday Night Fever–As the disco champ of Nik Cohn's *New York* Magazine piece, John Travolta is a good enough reason for seeing the movie. Even the character inconsistencies provide a built-in audition for this enormously gifted actor. The scenes where the tribal rites occur at a Brooklyn disco are electrifying, and when Travolta glides onto the *dance floor, he is grace personified.* Loews Orpheum; thru 2/2, Loews State I and 34th St E.

Semi-Tough–Now that the jinx against sports films has been dispelled, and audiences for them have grown wider and more knowledgeable, Michael Ritchie's treatment of football seems cavalier at best. He has a good eye for the yearning for attention, *the humiliating games people will play* and rationalize, but he is so busy keeping score of immediate winners and losers that we never get under their skin, never know how they will perform over the long haul. Burt Reynolds is pitch-perfect as the cock of the walk captain. Loews Triplex; Trans-Lux 85th; thru 1/31, Murray Hill & Criterion.

The Serpent's Egg–Ingmar Bergman's first film as an exile (made in Munich, where he now lives), and set in 1923 Berlin, attempts to capture the social and political currents that would produce fascism. But it is a major disappointment. Bergman has no special feeling for the interplay of politics and human destiny, or for a period and place that lesser artists have painted more vividly. A cabaret chanteuse, played by Liv Ullmann, looks about as decadent as a Meissen doll. David Carradine, who plays her brother-in-law, proceeds to turn into one of the most unpleasant characters in Bergman, and soon repels us. Coronet.

A Special Day–Writer-director Ettore Scola arranges a day-long confrontation between a down-trodden mother of six and a homosexual, played by Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni. As in earlier films, Scola yokes together disparate social types and forces more cultural baggage on them than they can carry. If the presence of the two stars is what *gives the movies its measure of interest,* they are also its undoing—they are just too dazzling to play neorealist church mice. Thru 2/2, Quad; from 2/1, 72nd St E.

Star Wars–George Lucas's impeccable technical achievement: a quantum—or maybe quasar—leap beyond *2001.* But strip the film of its often striking *images and its highfalutin scientific jargon, and you* get a story, characters, and dialogue of overwhelming banality without even a "future" cast to them. Still, *Star Wars* will do very nicely for those lucky enough to be children or unlucky enough never to have grown up. Loews Astor Plaza.

The Story of Adele H.–Truffaut's film is about the daughter of Victor Hugo who, growing up in the Channel island of Guernsey, whither her father was banished, had the misfortune to fall in love with a British lieutenant, who eventually tired of her, both on Guernsey and in London, where she had followed him. Unfortunately, Truffaut has opted for swift, short episodes, trying to make out of lean, restless vignettes a sweeping canvas of love, madness, personal tragedy. The gifted, adorable, rising young star, Isabelle Adjani, under twenty when she made this film, plays Adele, and Bruce Robinson the lieutenant. 1/31, Cinema Village.

Telefon–The premise of Don Siegel's new movie is outrageous enough to be fun. Briefly, a bunch of Soviets have been substituted for dead Americans, but are Cold War plants—they have been hypnotized to sabotage American explosives factories when someone with the right formula pulls their mental trigger. Charles Bronson, in Russian uniform, plays the brightest and best mind in Soviet intelligence, believe it or not. Thru 2/2, Loews Cine; from 2/1, St Marks Cinema.

That Obscure Object of Desire–Fernando Rey stars in Luis Bunuel's film as an aging man hopelessly infatuated with a young woman (Carol Bouquet). Based on Pierre Louys's *Le Femme et le Pantin.* Columbia II.

The Turning Point–Anne Bancroft and Shirley MacLaine portray two ballet company friends reunited after almost twenty years, when each is at a crossroad. What makes this film so important is that the old soap-opera philosophy (that career, fame, and money are nothing compared to the Love of a Man) is scuttled by the more complex view that no *one choice will ever put an end to doubts about the* road not taken. The ballet scenes are terrific. Little Carnegie; Beekman; Quad; RKO 86th St I.

Which Way Is Up?–Director Michael Schultz has fashioned a pop Third World version of Lina Wertmuller's *The Seduction of Mimi,* with Richard Pryor playing three roles. The plot—a union struggle translated to the California farmworkers, serves as little more than a pretext for Pryor to create a Peter *Sellers-like rogues gallery. He is glorious as he* pants after the three women in his life, but when he is required to become violent in accordance with the Sicilian code of honor, he and the movie are dreadful. Thru 2/2, Olympia.

The World's Greatest Lover–This tale of a barber who, with his wife (Carol Kane) goes to Hollywood *and finds himself a star candidate in Paramount's* search for its own Valentino, is yet another of those frenzied comedies about the early days of Hollywood. Take Gene Wilder, a manic figure, bearable only in small doses—he has become progressively less funny since *The Producers,* and his bid for comic-romantic stardom here is simply excruciating, like one of those nightmares of embarrassment from which one hopes to awaken much relieved. From 2/3, Playboy.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

Schedules change constantly; phone ahead and avoid rage and disappointment.

Art, 36 E 8th (GR 3-7014). *The Lacemaker.*

Baronet, 3rd Ave at 59th (355-1663). *Dersu Uzala.*

Bay Cinema, Second Ave nr 32nd (679-0161). From 2/1, *Boys in Company C.*

Beekman, 2nd Ave nr 65th (RE 7-2622). *The Turning Point.*

Bleecker St Cinema, 144 Bleecker at LaGuardia Pl (674-2560). 1/31, *Violence at Noon; Odd Affinity.* 2/1, *Boudu Saved From Drowning; Carnival in Flanders.* 2/2, *An American in Paris; Father of the Bride.* 2/3, 4, *The Conformist; Juliet of the Spirits.* 2/5, 6, *On the Town; Easter Parade.* 2/7, *Boy; Passing.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave betw 56th & 57th (757-2131). 1/31, *Madame Bovary; Father of the Bride.* 2/1, *An American in Paris; Father's Little Dividend.* 2/2, *The Goalie's Anxiety at the Penalty Kick; Alice in the Circus.* 2/3, *Stalag 17; Witness for the Prosecution.* 2/4, *The Harder They Come; Duck, You Sucker.* 2/5, *Oedipus Rex; The Trojan Women.* 2/6, *The Confessions of Amans; The Bushman.* 2/7, *The Bad and the Beautiful; The Bandwagon.*

Cinema I, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Julia.*

Cinema II, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Padre Padrone.*

Cinema III, 59th at the Plaza (752-5959). *High Anxiety.*

Cinema Studio, Bdway & 66th (877-4040). *The Best Way.*

Cinema Village, 22 E 12th (924-3363). 1/31, *I Never Promised You a Rose Garden; The Story of Adele H.* 2/1, 2, *Z; Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion.* 2/3, 4, *Catch-22; M*A*S*H.* 2/5, 6, *The Three Musketeers; The Four Musketeers.* 2/7, *Ballad of a Soldier; The Cranes Are Flying.*

Columbia I, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *The Children of Theatre Street.*

Columbia II, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *That Obscure Object of Desire.*

Coronet, 3rd Ave nr 59th (EL 5-1663). *The Serpent's Egg.*

Criterion, Bdway at 45th (JU2-1796). Thru 1/31, *Semi-Tough.* From 2/1, *Coma.*

D.W. Griffith, 59th St E of 2nd Ave (759-4630). *Mado.*

Eastside, 3rd Ave at 55th (755-3020). *Annie Hall.*

86th St E, 3rd Ave at 86th (249-1144). ***Sasquatch.***

Embassy–72nd, at Bdway (SC 4-6745). *The Lacemaker.*

Embassy II, III, IV, 7th Ave nr 47th (575-7788). II, Thru 1/31, *The Great Dictator; Modern Times.* From 2/1, *The Goodbye Girl.* III, *The Gauntlet.* IV, *Telefon; Carrie.*

E 59th St, betw 2nd & 3rd (688-1717). *The Savage Is Loose.*

Festival, 57th nr. 6th (757-2715). *Renaldo and Clara.*

Fine Arts, 58th nr Lexington (PL 5-6030). *The Duellists.*

Forum, Bdway & 47th (757-8320). *A Piece of the Action.*

Gramercy, 23rd St nr Lexington (GR 5-1660). Thru 2/2, *Outrageous!* From 2/3, *Looking for Mr. Goodbar.*

Greenwich, 12th at Greenwich (WA 9-3350). *Semi-Tough.*

Guild, 33 W 50th (PL7-2406). *Operation Thunderbolt.*

Little Carnegie, 57th St nr 7th (246-5123). *The Turning Point.*

Loews Astor Plaza, Bdway at 44th (869-8340). *Star Wars.*

Loews Ciné, 3rd nr 86th (427-1332). Thru 1/31, *Telefon.* From 2/1, *The Boys in Company C.*

Loews Orpheum, 86th at 3rd (AT 9-4607). *Saturday Night Fever.*

Loews State I & II, Broadway at 45th (582-5070). I. Thru 2/2, *Saturday Night Fever.* From 2/3, *The One and Only.* II. Thru 1/31, *The Goodbye Girl.* From 2/1, *The Boys in Company C.*

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave nr 71st (TR 9-1313). *The End of the World in Our Usual Bed in a Night Full of Rain.*

Loews Triplex, Bdway at 83rd (877-3190). I. *Semi-Tough.* II. *The Goodbye Girl.* III. Thru 2/2, *Roseland.* From 2/3, *Starship Invasion.*

Murray Hill, 34th St nr 3rd Ave (685-7652). Thru 1/31, *Semi-Tough.* From 2/1, *Coma.*

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-7070). 1/31, noon, John Heartfield—Photomontagist; 2:30; *Dawn;* 6 p.m. What's Happening? 2/2, 2:30, *Tauw* and *The Money Order;* 6 p.m. *Emitai;* 8:30, *Xala.* 2/3, 2:30, *Lambaaye;* 6 p.m. *Dawn.* 2/4, noon, *Wuthering Heights;* 2:30, *Emitai;* 5 p.m. *Xala.* 2/5, noon, *Wuthering Heights;* 2:30, *Reouh-Takh;* 5 p.m. *The Good Earth.*

National, 919 3rd Ave (486-0333). *The Gauntlet.*

New Yorker, Bdway nr 88th (TR 4-9189). *Renaldo and Clara.*

Olympia, Bdway at 107th (865-8128). Thru 2/2, *Which Way Is Up?; Bingo Long and the Traveling All-Stars.* 2/3-9, *Looking for Mr. Goodbar; Play It Again Sam.*

Paramount, 2 Gulf & Western Plaza (247-5070). Thru 1/31, *Padre Padrone.* From 2/1, *High Anxiety.*

Paris, 4 W 58th (MU 8-2013). *The Man Who Loved Women.*

Playboy, 57th W of 6th Ave (JU 6-4448). Thru 2/2, *The Gauntlet.* From 2/3, *The World's Greatest Lover.*

Plaza, 58th St, E of Madison (EL 5-3320). Thru 1/31, *Iphigenia.* From 2/1, *Coma.*

Quad, four cinemas at 34 W 13th (255-8800). (Last minute changes frequent here; phone ahead). I. Thru 2/2, *Equus.* From 2/3, *Mr. Klein.* II. *The Turning Point.* III. Thru 2/2, *A Special Day.* From 2/3, *The Children of Theatre Street.* IV. *The Goodbye Girl.*

Regency, Bdway at 67th (724-3700). 1/31, 2/1, *Umberto D; Miracle in Milan.* 2/2-4, *Last Tango in Paris; Contempt.* 2/5, 6, *The Ladykillers; The Lavender Hill Mob.* 2/7, 8, *Breathless; My Night at Maude's.*

RKO Cinerama I & II, Broadway at 47th (975-8366). I. Thru 2/2, *Short Eyes; Taxi Driver.* From 2/3, *Starship Invasion.* II. *The Choirboys.*

RKO 86th I & II, at Lexington (AT 9-8900). I. *The Turning Point.* II. *Goodbye Girl.*

72nd St East, nr 1st Ave (BU 8-9304). Thru 1/31, *Bobby Deerfield.* From 2/1, *A Special Day.*

68th St Playhouse, at 3rd Avenue (RE 4-0302). Thru 2/4, *Mr. Klein.* From 2/5, *Blue Country.*

St Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave at 8th (533-9292). 1/31, *The Gauntlet; Death Wish.* 2/1-7, *Telefon; Carrie.*

Sutton, 57th nr 3rd Ave (PL 9-1411). *High Anxiety.*

Thalia, 250 W 95th (222-3370). Thru 1/31, *Touch of Evil; Phantom Lady.*

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St Marks Pl (254-7400). 1/31, *Transatlantic Tunnel; Things To Come.* 2/1, *Murder at the Vanities; Lady in the Dark.* 2/2, *True Confession; Hands Across the Table.* 2/3, 4, *The Saga of Gosta Berling; Moulin Rouge.* 2/5, *No More Orchids; Lady By Choice.* 2/6, *Secret Witness; Honolulu Lu.*

34th St East, nr 2nd Ave (683-0255). Thru 2/2, *Saturday Night Fever.* From 2/3, *The One and Only.*

Trans-Lux East, 3rd at 58th (PL 9-2262). *The Goodbye Girl.*

Trans-Lux 85th, at Madison (BU 8-3180). *Semi-Tough.*

UA East, 1st Ave at 85th (249-5100). *Outrageous!; Pumping Iron.*

Victoria, Bdway at 46th (354-5636). *Which Way Is Up?*

Waverly, 6th Ave at 3rd (WA 9-8037). *Renaldo and Clara.*

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison at 75th (794-0600). 1/31-2/5, Christa Maiwald: Video. 2/7-12, Film/Fictions—Michael Harvey; James Pasternak.

Ziegfeld, 141 W 54th (765-7600). *Close Encounters of the Third Kind.*

IN AND AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

A CRITICAL GUIDE TO ENTERTAINMENT IN THE NEW YORK AREA

Theater

ON BROADWAY

CURRENT

The Act–Imagine the incestuous marriage of TV and Las Vegas and, next, their idiotic progeny; you now have a perfect picture of this work. If ever a supposed Broadway musical looked like a cross between a less than spectacular TV spectacular and a dry-as-dust show at the Sands or the Desert Inn, this vulgar concoction is it. Its main—almost its only—selling point: Liza Minnelli, and she has only brashness, pathos, and desperate energy. Majestic, 247 W 44th (246-0730).

Annie–*Oliver Twist* in drag, but with so much going for it (a chorus line of moppets, a Christmas tree, Andrea McArdle's gleam in the title role, and a seven-year-old bundle of radiance named Danielle Brisebois) that only a Fagin reborn would note the drab book (Thomas Meehan) and lyrics (Martin Charnin) or Charles Strouse's recycled score. Alvin, 250 W 52nd (PL 7-8646).

Chapter Two–Neil Simon attempts, in part at least, to be serious about the real-life romance, marriage, and problems of Marsha Mason and Neil Simon and to pierce through to the troubling core of things. But he handles drama as if it could be constructed out of one-liners, only sticking laments where the laughs would normally go. There are some genuinely funny one-liners afloat, but the playwright's ultimate failure stems from his belief that you can build anything out of one-liners, from coffee tables to cathedrals. Imperial, 249 E 45th (CO 5-2412).

Cheaters–A shabby little farce, by Michael Jacob, about rather elementary adultery and beginners' wife-swapping among people of fairly advanced middle age. Lou Jacobi and Jack Weston almost manage to transcend their material; Doris Roberts and Rosemary Murphy do not. The 22-year-old author obviously has no idea about what his characters really are, or about the English language, either. What works even less well than the play is Lawrence King's set design: Pieces of scenery that were supposed to come together just can't make ends meet. Biltmore, 261 W 47th (JU 2-5340).

A Chorus Line–Every generation needs its own backstage legend, and this one is a worthy descendant of *42nd St* (et al). Out of the real words of chorus-line aspirants, James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante have fashioned a shiny romance, and it bounces agreeably off Marvin Hamlisch's paper-thin score. Michael Bennett's direction covers a multitude of inadequacies. Mon thru Sat at 8; mat. Wed & Sat at 2. Shubert, 225 W 44 (246-5990).

Cold Storage–Tale of two men in the cancer ward of a Manhattan hospital. When Ronald Ribman, the author, is at his best, as in the first act, he can keep you laughing and thinking at the same time. As the two main characters, Martin Balsam gives a stunning performance, and Len Cariou is compelling as long as he acts tense and superior; when he is agonized he is a bit too mechanical. But the evening is lit with the playful intelligence of the writing, and the articulate energy of the performers. Directed by Frank Corsaro. Tues thru Sat at 8; Mats Wed, Sat & Sun at 2; Sun at 3. Lyceum, 149 W 45th (JU 2-3897).

Dracula–Among Edward Gorey's impressive but inappropriate sets, this camped-up version of a trashy old play offers mostly cutenesses instead of thrills, and can at best impress if you sit far enough back so that the stage is reduced to the appropriate comic-strip (or Gorey drawing) dimensions. Frank Langella may be the ideal Dracula for this kind of production. The other actors, except for the splendid Alan Coates, are unsafe even in comic-strip size. Dennis Rosa misdirected. Martin Beck Theater, 302 W 45th (246-6363).

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide/When the Rainbow Is Enuf–Seven spellbinding young women intone the words of Ntozake Shange, lines about being women, black, and sorrowful, and their performances are welded by Oz Scott into an enthralling experience that makes the theater glow in all colors. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat Sat at 2, Sun at 2 & 5. Booth, 45th St (246-5969).

Gemini–Albert Innaurato's saga of life in a Philadelphia backyard is, at once, a stupendous verbal circus and a touching story of people desperately needing to be noticed. Innaurato writes extremely well, and his control over simultaneously ongoing lines of action is somewhat akin to Bach's mastery over fugues. Peter Mark Schifter's direction is splendid. Mon-Sat at 8; Mat Wed & Sat at 2. Little Theater, 240 W 44th (221-6425).

The Gin Game–A first effort by D.L. Coburn concerns two inmates of an old folks' home. The man lives for gin rummy now; the woman is willing to learn the game. They play, and miraculously—or contrivedly—she keeps winning. It is staged with almost indecent expertise by Mike Nichols, and acted to individual and joint near-perfection by Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy. John Golden, 252 W 45th (246-6740).

Golda–William Gibson has written a cheap, and oversimplified version of the life of Golda Meir. Shoddy direction, sets, and lighting, with, for the most part, indifferent-to-bad actors. The exception is Anne Bancroft, who, through sheer talent, never lets a two-note part grate on us. Gibson has tried to combine the unstageable business of warfare with scenes from the very discreet Mrs. Meir's life—and because the public events dwarf the private, *Golda* remains shadowy and stereotypical. Morosco, 217 W 45 (246-6230).

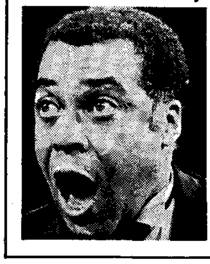
Grease–Broadway's senior musical, about highschool shenanigans in the fifties, now seems as much a period piece as any Romberg operetta, but the energy of the original has been remarkably well preserved. Without a single memorable song or solo turn, the show holds onto an amusing, attractive ridiculousness, mostly due to Patricia Birch's lively choreography and Tom Moore's no-nonsense direction. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Wed. & Sat at 2 p.m., Sun at 3 p.m. Royale, 242 W 45th (245-5760).

I Love My Wife–Wife-swapping in Trenton, done as a series of sleazy skits, with a Cy Coleman score and direction by Gene Saks that even brings the orchestra onstage to mess around in the action. Mon thru Sat at 8. Mats Sat & Wed at 2. Ethel Barrymore, 243 W 47th (246-0390).

Jesus Christ Superstar–A revival of the Andrew Lloyd Weber/Tim Rice rock opera, directed by William Gray. Thru 2/12. Longacre, 220 W 48th (246-5639).

The King and I–The Rodgers-Hammerstein classic of 1951, in a fuzzy, slovenly revival with Yul Brynner repeating his stint as the King, Constance Towers as the "I" and a gaggle of oriental-looking moppets. Tues thru Sat at 8; Mats Sat & Wed at 2; Sun at 3. Uris, 51st betw 7th & 8th (586-6510).

LOOK MA, NO CAVITIES



Mr. James Earl Jones stars in the title role of **Paul Robeson,** a new play by Phillip Hayes Dean, directed by Lloyd Richards. It tells about one of the most extraordinary and controversial Americans of this century. At the Lunt-Fontanne Theater, 205 W 46th Street (JU 6-5555).

The Magic Show–A musical with book by Bob Randall; music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz, directed and choreographed by Grover Dale. Joseph Abaldo is starred as a Magician. Wed thru Sat at 7:30; mat Sat & Wed at 2 p.m. On Sun 2 & 5 p.m. Cort, 138 W 48th (489-6392).

Oh! Calcutta!–Revival of the musical devised by Kenneth Tynan. Sketches by Jules Feiffer, Leonard Melfi, John Lennon, David Newman, Robert Benton, Dan Greenburg, Sam Shepard. Mon, Tues, Wed & Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 9:30; Sun at 3 & 7 p.m. & Wed at 2 p.m. Edison, 240 W 47th (757-7164).

Saint Joan–The wonderful thing about any Shavian play is the play of intellect in it. Here there are actually flashes of lyricism, and what's more important, the sheer luminescence of Shaw's restlessly revolving intellect. However, Lynn Redgrave, splendid actress—and even Shavian actress—that she is, simply is not Saint Joan. Instead of a substratum of full-brooded country lass, she has a fundamentally urban quality: nervous, exacerbated, clever, neurotic, shrill. Thru 2/19. Circle in the Square, 1633 Broadway (581-0720).

Same Time, Next Year–Bernard Slade's comedy, of a genre that used to be called "saucy," neatly mingles two sure-fire elements, fornication and nostalgia. Over the years, however, the play has become ritualized, about as titillating as, say, an exhibition of bloomers at the Smithsonian. With Betsy Palmer and Monte Markham. Tues thru Sat at 8; Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Brooks Atkinson, 256 W 47th (245-3430).

Side by Side with Sondheim–Hermione Gingold, Nancy Dussault, Larry Kert, and Georgia Brown offer a generous sampling of songs for which Stephen Sondheim wrote words, music, or both. Mon thru Sat at 8 p.m. Mat Wed and Sat at 2 p.m. Music Box, 239 W 45th (246-4636).

Sly Fox–Ben Jonson's *Volpone* updated to 19th-century San Francisco, with new gags stuck onto the original Jacobean plot-structure. Vincent Gardenia now has the title role. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat, Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Broadhurst, 235 W 44th (CI 6-6699).

A Touch of the Poet–At his second-best, Eugene O'Neill is still better than most of what is around today. This story of how an immigrant Irish innkeeper in Boston 1828 comes to terms with the truth about himself is slow to get started but then carries considerable wallop. Jason Robards may be a bit too charming for the protagonist, but there is good supporting work from Geraldine Fitzgerald and Milo O'Shea, and Kathryn Walker, as the daughter who precipitates the dramatic events, is marvelous. Helen Hayes, 210 W 46th (246-6380).

The Wiz–Oz in blackface, Munchkins, Cowardly Lion, and all, with jivey dances choreographed by George Faison. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; Wed and Sat at 2 p.m.; Sun at 3 p.m. Broadway, 1681 Broadway (CI7-7992).

OFF and OFF-OFF BROADWAY

CURRENT

Angelface–A play by Susan Horowitz, starring Martha Schlamme and Court Miller, directed by Susan Schulman. Wed thru Sun, 2/1-15. $3. Hunter College Little Theater, E. 68th betw Park & Lex (360-5108).

The Bandit Princess–Kikue Tashiro's play, directed by Linda Mussman. Wed thru Sat, at 8 p.m. $3. Time & Space, 139-41 W 22nd (741-1032).

The Beasts–A play by H.N. Levitt, directed by Allen R. Belkna, based on the life of Rudolf Hess. Wed thru Sun at 8 p.m. Thru 3/5. Courtyard Playhouse, 39 Grove St (362-0470).

The Best of St. Bart's–Potpourri of moments from hit musicals since 1927, directed by Jo Sutherin. Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sat mat at 2:30, Thru 2/4. $3.50 to $5. St Bart's, Park Ave & 50th (PL 1-1616, ex49).

Black Body Blues–Gus Edwards's play, directed by Douglas Turner Ward, presented by the Negro Ensemble Company. Thru 2/5. *The Offering* returns 2/7. St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Avenue (OR 4-3530).

Bremen Coffee–A play by the German film-maker Rainer Werner Fassbinder, directed by Manfred Bormann. 2/3-5, 10-12. Loretto Playhouse, $3. 20 Bleecker St (242-3900).

Bus Stop–Revival of the William Inge play, directed by Marsha Sheiness. A romantic comedy set in a diner in the early '50s. 2/1-19. $3. St Clements Downstairs, 423 W 46th (246-7277).

The Club–It is Eve Merriam's conceit—and a rather good one, as it works out—that male villainy toward women is best definable in its own words. To that end, she has peopled her little revue with a gaggle of sexist males singing sexist songs and telling sexist jokes in a club at around 1910; the material is all authentic of the period. As a final kicker, all the roles are played by women, and a perfectly splendid septet of transvestites they are. Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St (AL 4-6330).

CSC Repertory–Ibsen's *Rosmerholm;* Jean Genet's *The Maids;* Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* and John Arden's *Sjt. Musgrave's Dance.* CSC Repertory, 136 E 13th St (677-4210).

Comedy Faces of '78–Cabaret starring The First Amendment Comedy Troupe; Zalkind and Burke Dancin', and Seborn Westbrook. Thru 2/11; 2/16-25. Hotel Ansonia, 73rd & Bdway (840-0243).

Corral–A musical saga of the West, directed and compiled by Allan Albert. Four actors and two musicians playing the fiddle, banjo, and mandolin, make up the cast. Thurs thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun mat at 2. 2/1-19. Theater of the Riverside Church, 490 Riverside Dr (864-2929).

Double Bill–Chart Busters and How To Cope, written by Bruce Serlen, directed by James Jennings. 2/1-3, 7-10, 14-17, at 7:30 p.m. Actors Group Theater, 314 W 54th (582-2691).

THE EYES HAVE IT

Veronica Castang and **Robert Christian** are pictured in a scene from the Manhattan Theater Club production of Athol Fugard's *Statements After an Arrest Under the Immorality Act.* The other play in the evening's double bill is Steve Wilmer's *Scenes from Soweto.* Wed thru Sun at 7:30, Sat & Sun mats at 3 p.m. The club's at 321 E 73rd (472-0600).

Double Bill–Agatha Christie's *The Rats,* and Mrs. Henry Wood's *East Lynne.* Fri thru Sun, Thru 2/12. 9:30 Fri & Sat, 4 p.m. on Sun. $3. Academy Arts, 330 E 56th (486-1431).

Drama Committee Repertory–Wilde's *An Ideal Husband,* thru 2/26. Conrad's *Heart of Darkness,* thru 2/27. $3. 17 W 20th St (929-8377).

The Dybbuk–Joseph Chaikin has cut out quite a bit of the text of this classic folk tale and padded out the rest with typical Open Theater wordless busyness, at the same time obfuscating basic properties of the story. The performers are a heterogeneous bunch of unlikely professionals and disastrous amateurs. Above all, the simple story line has been smudged and submerged in sterile, "experimental" fussiness, and deprived of that essential ingredient: ensemble acting. Public/Newman Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350) (Closed).

The Enchanted Journey–Adapted and directed by Anna Antaramian. Thurs thru Sun at 8; Sat mat at 3, thru 2/5. $3. Title Theater at Westbeth, 155 Bank St (924-7790).

Endgame–Samuel Beckett's comic view of life among the ruins, directed by John Roach. 2/2-5, at 8 p.m. Sun mat at 3 p.m. Production Co, 249 W 18th (691-7359).

The Estate–A play by Ray Aranha, directed by Duane Jones, tells about Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Banneker, the black scientist who helped design the city of Washington, D. C. Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. thru 2/12. N.Y. Arts Consortium, 36 W 62nd (581-9110).

Exit the King–Eugene Ionesco's fairy tale for grown-ups directed by Howard Green. Fri & thru Mon at 8, thru 2/19. $3 Theater XII, 94 St Marks Pl (594-6359).

The Fantasticks–Musical based on the Rostand play, in its zillionth year and the end is not in sight. Has spawned plenty of on-Bdway talent. Tues-Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Sullivan St Playhouse at Bleecker (OR 4-3838).

Fefu and Her Friends–The Cuban playwright Maria Irene Fornes has a bomb in this play. It is the usual Fornes piffle, straining after eccentricity and absurdity in the most labored and earthbound ways. You can tell this nonsense play is art, because no speech connects with what precedes or follows—every gnomic utterance is manifestly aimed at the empyrean—and because it was funded by four separate foundations and arts endowments. Thru 2/5. $8. American Place Theater, 111 46th (246-3730).

The Freedom of the City–A drama by Brian Friel, set in the part of Ireland still occupied by British troops. Fri & Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. Thru 3/5. $3. Irish Arts Center, 553 W 51st (757-3318).

The Glass Menagerie–Revival of the Tennessee Williams play, directed by Robert Petito. 2/3, 4, at 8 p.m. 2/5 at 3 p.m. $3.50. Holy Family, 315 E 47th (571-7594).

Hablemos a Calzon Quitado–A provocative comedy in Spanish by Guillermo Gentile, directed by Max Ferra. Fri thru Sun at 8 p.m. Mat Sun at 4:30 p.m. Thru 2/5. $4. Intar, 508 W 53rd (247-6776).

Henry IV–Luigi Pirandello's play about an individual's isolation from society and himself due to a conflict between illusions and reality. Thurs thru Sun, thru 2/12. $2.50. Little Theater, 5 W 30th (564-0692).

If You Can't Sing, They'll Make You Dance–A new play by Phillip Hayes Dean, about a bickering black couple and the white social worker who tries to solve their problems. With Marge Elliot, Patricia O'Toole, and Frank Adu. Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sun at 3, and an additional perf. 2/12 at 8 p.m. Thru 2/12. $3. WPA Theater, 138 Fifth Ave (929-1130).

The International Stud–Harvey Fierstein in his new play, directed by Eric Concklin, costarring Steve Spiegel and Diane Tarleton. 2/2-19, Thurs thru Sun. LaMama ETC, 74A E 4th St (475-7710).

Jean Cocteau Repertory–Pinter's *The Cocktail Party;* Ibsen's *Love's Comedy;* Massinger's *A New Way to Pay Old Debts.* From 2/3, Sartre's *No Exit.* Bowerie Lane Theater, 330 Bowery (677-0060).

Just Folks–A play by Romulus Linney centering around Biblical figures as seen through word-of-mouth traditions. thru 2/5, Theater for the New City, 162 Second Ave (691-2220).

K–A dramatic response to Franz Kafka and his work, directed by Garland Wright, with impressions from *The Trial,* staged by The Lion Theater Company. Wed thru Sun at 8; Sat & Sun at 3 p.m. thru 2/26. $4. West Side Airlines Terminal, 460 W 42nd (947-4224).

A Life in the Theater–David Mamet is our current most-promising playwright. In this series of vignettes, showing us an older, proudly declining actor and a young and ambitiously climbing one in their on- and off-stage relationships, he gives away the show by the fact that every scene is a duologue. We keep waiting for a little verbal football, something more team-oriented and teeming with life. With Ellis Rabb and Peter Evans; directed by Gerald Gutierrez. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7. Theater de Lys, 121 Christopher St (WA 4-8782).

Lulu–The Frank Wedekind play, described as a human circus of erotic passions, stars Trish Hawkins, and is directed by Rob Thirkield. From 2/1-3/18. Circle Repertory Company, 99 Seventh Ave So (924-7100).

Mama Sang the Blues–A comedy-drama by Katherine Cortez about the pain and pleasure of life with an unusual mama, played by Jacqueline Brookes. Directed by Teresa Hayden. Thurs thru Sun, at 7:30 p.m. thru 2/5. Ensemble Studio Theater, 549 W 52nd (247-4982).

The Mandrake–The less said about Machiavelli's comedy, the better. It's uninventively camped up by Wilford Leach's direction and decor, abysmally costumed by Patricia McCourty, and execrably acted by all but Angele Pietropinto and Larry Pine, who, unsubtle but professional, tower above a gaggle of ghastly amateurs. Public/Anspacher, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

Miss Julie–August Strindberg's play, directed by Anthony Solter. Fri & Sat at 8 p.m. thru March. $3.50. The Gathering Place, 150 W 26th (924-6988).

Molly–Simon Gray is a highly talented playwright, but this piece, based on a true story of boredom, marital infidelity, and murder among the lower and lower-middle classes in the provincial England of 1936, is not his cup of tea. He lets his characters get too clever, indeed too kinky; then, to counteract this, he proceeds to overstultify them. Wed thru Sun, thru 2/5. Hudson Guild Theater, 441 W 26th (760-9847).

My Astonishing Self–Donal Donnelly stars as George Bernard Shaw in an entertainment drawing from the lectures, pamphlets, diaries, letters, and miscellaneous public utterances of the great man. Tues thru Sat at 8; Sun at 3 & 7. Astor Place Theater, 434 Lafayette St (254-4370).

Neon Woman–Divine stars in Tom Eyen's play dealing with the ups and downs of the proprietress of a Baltimore burlesque house circa 1963. Fri thru Sun at 9:30, from 2/3. Hurrah, 36 W 62nd (586-2636).

THE FUGITIVE

Peter Scolari plays Jesus, running from the villagers, in this scene from **Old Man Joseph and His Family,** the Chelsea Theater's production by Romulus Linney, directed by Robert Kalfin, with Lou Gilbert in the title role. It is based upon the Apocrypha, and plays through February 5th at the Westside Theater, 407 West 43rd Street (541-8394).

Othello–Earle Hyman has the title role in this updating of the Shakespeare play, directed by Gene Feist, with Carmen de Lavallade and Nicholas Kepros. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Mats Wed, Sat & Sun at 2 p.m. Roundabout/Stage One, 333 W 23rd (924-7160).

The Passion of Dracula–A totally new version of the Count's adventures (vastly preferable to the on-Broadway version), by Bob Hall and David Richmond. Christopher Bernau plays the toothy one. Peter Bennett directs. Cherry Lane Theater, 38 Commerce St (YU 9-2020).

Philadelphia Story–Philip Barry's comedy, produced by the Airline Theatre Wing. 2/1-4, 8-11. at 7:30 p.m. $4. Madison Avenue Baptist Church, 130 W 31st (239-6411).

Playwrights Horizons–Three plays in repertory. Sam Shepard's *Angel City;* Len Jenkin's *Gogol,* and Lanie Robertson's *Back County Crimes.* $3. 416 W 42nd (LO 4-1235).

P.S. Your Cat Is Dead–A rewrite of James Kirkwood's play about a series of disasters that befall a New York actor, directed by Robert Nigro. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. From 2/1. Promenade Theater, 2162 Bdway (799-7690).

A Prayer for my Daughter–A pair of sordid policemen question and torture a couple of homosexuals guilty of a pitifully sleazy murder. The play, by Thomas Babe, moves along at a good clip and is constructed with considerable know-how. Laurence Luckinbill gives a performance that is somewhat overcalculated, a trifle actorish. Jeffrey DeMunn and Alan Rosenberg are frighteningly and pitiably convincing. George Dzundza is supremely right to the last detail of shading. Robert Ackerman has directed appropriately. Public/Anspacher, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

Production Company–Beckett's *Endgame*, 2/2-5 at 8 p.m. Sun mat at 3 p.m. and a musical circus called *Paris was Yesterday*, 2/2-4 at 10:30 p.m. 2/5 at 8 p.m. Theater, 249 W 18th (691-7359).

The Promise–Marilyn McIntyre, Christopher Paul Goutman, and Davis Hall, in a play by Aleksei Arbuzov, directed by Michael Fried. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat Wed, Sat & Sun at 2 p.m. thru 4/9. Roundabout/Stage Two, 307 W 26th (924-7160).

Rat's Nest–A New York City comedy about friendship and manipulation, by Joel and Neil Cohen, directed by Michael Murphy. Thru 2/11, Thurs thru Sat at 10 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. $2.50, $2. Shelter West Co., 15 Vandam St (675-0498).

The Real Inspector Hound–Tom Stoppard's play, directed by Robert Pesola. Fri thru Sun at 7:30. Thru 2/12. $3. Academy Arts, 330 E 56th (486-1431).

The Red Robins–Kenneth Koch's new play, an adventure-book fantasy, directed by Donald Sanders. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun mat at 3 p.m. $7. St. Clement's, 423 W 46th (675-5000).

The Room & Just Folks–Room: Conceived by Saskia Noordhoel Hegt, with music by Andrew Schloss. 2/2-5, at 8 p.m. Folks: Romulus Linney's play, 1/31-2/5, at 9 p.m. Cino Theater, 162 Second Ave (254-1109).

Royal Repertory–GBS's *Candida*, Fridays & Saturdays at 7:30; Chekhov's *The Boor* and *A Marriage Proposal*, every Sunday at 4 & 7:30. $3. Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave (GR 5-9647).

Sacco and Vanzetti Meet Julius and Ethel Rosenberg–An 18-character, 44-scene, multimedia cabaret extravaganza. Tues thru Sat, from 2/7. at 8 p.m. $4. Seating is limited. The Cloud Chamber, 45 E 20th nr Gramercy Park (475-9623).

Shuffle Along–A musical evening based on the 1920's jazz musical, with music and lyrics by Eubie Blake and Noble Sissle. 2/2, 3, 5, 9, 10, 11, 12, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, at 8 p.m. $3. Theater Off Park, 28 E 35th (683-4991).

Soho Repertory–Brian Friel's *Philadelphia, Here I Come*. Pablo Picasso's *Four Little Girls*. Soho Theater, 19 Mercer St (925-2588).

Spanish Theater Repertory: *Te Juro Juana, Que Tengo Ganas*, by Emilio Carballido; *La Dama Duende*, by Calderon; *La Fiaca by Ricardo Talesnik.* Suite Latinoamericana—two one-acters by Talesnik and Carballido. All plays in rotating repertory thru February. Gramercy Arts Theater, 138 E 27th. For dates call 889-2850.

Spider's Web–Agatha Christie's, directed by Penelope Hirsch. A thriller set in exotic Jamaica. Fri thru Sun, 2/4-26. IRT, 120 W 28th (243-7494).

Stripes–Bill Simmer's play, directed by Maria Owen. Thurs thru Sat at 10:30 p.m. 2/2-4. Mat 2/5 at 3 p.m. Title Theater at Westbeth, 155 Bank St (924-7790).

El Super–Written and directed by Ivan Acosta, this tragic-comedy is presented in Spanish. Fri & Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 6 p.m., thru January, 1978. $4. Cuban Cultural Center, 601 W 51st (586-8564).

The Tennis Game–George W. S. Trow. Music-theatre production in three sets. 2/1-18. Open Eye, 316 E 88th (534-6909).

The Troupe Repertory–Norman Beim's *Dracula, A Modern Fable.* Robert Heide's *American Hamburger.* Jack Gilhooley's *The Comeback.* $3. Troupe, 335 W 39th (244-9699).

Two by Mishima–*The Lady Aoi* and *Kantan*, two modern plays inspired by themes from ancient NOH classics by Yukio Mishima, translated by Donald Keene. With an Asian-American cast directed by Jon Teta. $3. Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sun at 3:30; thru 2/5. Open Space in SoHo, 64 Wooster St (966-3729).

Vanities–Three girls from Texas grow old but not up. Jack Heifner's attractive and nicely observed play covers familiar ground *(The Group, Grease, etc.)*, but Garland Wright's coiled-spring direction of a three-member cast (Sally Sockwell, Jane Galloway, Susan Merson) gives the work cogency and wit. Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St (541-8394).

The Water Engine–A play by David Mamet, the current critics' darling among young American playwrights. This offering is a radio play, and a rather insignificant one at that. You cannot run a stage play on the thin, watery inspiration that may just barely sustain a piece of radio drama. Directed by Steven Schachter. Thru 2/11. Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

Where Memories are Magic and Dreams Invented–Susan Nanus's play, directed by Susan Einhorn. Sylvia Gassell, Kay Medford, Lenore Loveman, Michael Kaufman, Allen Swift, Laura Copland are featured. Wed thru Sat at 8; Sun at 3. Thru 2/12. $3. Interart Theater, 549 W 52nd (246-6569).

Woyzeck–Georg Buechner's powerful drama, presented by the Serious Stage Company. Mon thru Thurs at 8 p.m. thru 2/9. $3.50. Press 14 Theater, New York University, 32 Washington Pl on Washington Sq Park (674-4239).

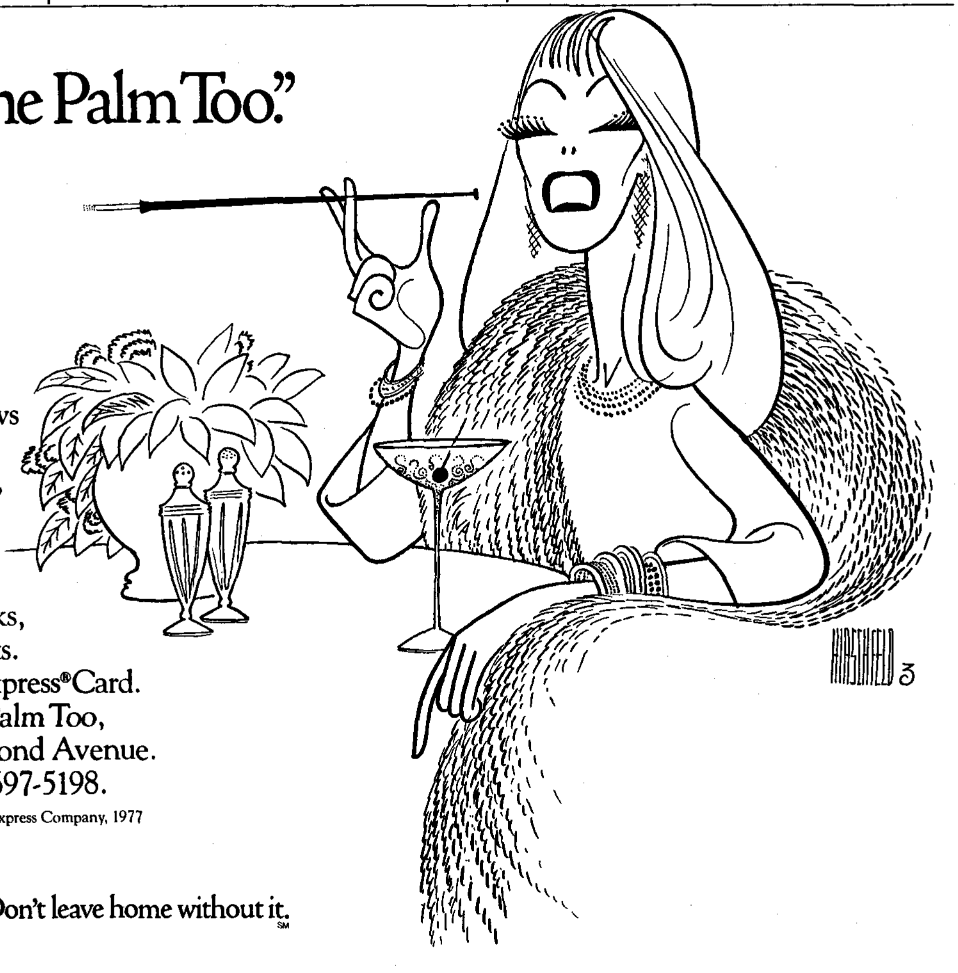
The Yellow Sound–A stage work by Wassily Kindinsky. 2/1-4, at 8 p.m. $2. West-Park Theater, 165 West 86th (636-5719).

After Dark

NIGHTCLUBS

Applause–40th St & Lex. Restaurant club, with singer-pianist Ann Lebeaux holding forth Mon thru Sat from 8 p.m. (687-7267).

Barbizon Plaza Library–6th Ave, betw 58th & 59th. Lively discotheque, open Mon thru Fri, 4:30 p.m. to 3 a.m.; Sat, 9 p.m.-3 a.m.; Sun, 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. (Ci 7-7000).



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Cafe Fanny–Madison and 43rd. Patterned on 19th century Viennese cafes with an informal ambiance and open from 7 a.m. to midnight daily. The Strauss Sisters play week nights, Mon thru Fri (687-7115).

Catch a Rising Star–1487 1st Ave. Continuous entertainment by comics and singers Tues thru Sun, with steadies Pat Benatar and David Sayh (794-1906).

Chateau Madrid–48th St & Lex. The musical revue of Los Chavales de Espana, plus Flamenco dancers, & singers. Luis Tamayo and Felo Bohr. Mon thru Fri 9:30 & midnight. Sat has three shows (PL 2-8080).

Club Ibis–151 E 50th. Egyptian decor, international cuisine, and a revue with belly-dancers and whirling dervishes. Two orchestras for dancing. Showtimes 9:30 & 12:30. Saturdays, 8:45, 11:30 & 1:30 a.m. Closed Sunday (753-3471).

Comic Strip–1568 Second Ave. Restaurant, comedy spot with an improvisational entertainment, Sun thru Fri, fun starts at 9; Sat at 9 & 12:15 (861-9386).

Copacabana–10 E 60th. Dinner and dancing to the Irving Fields Trio, Tues thru Sat, 8 p.m. to 4 a.m. plus three shows nightly (PL 5-6010).

Cotton Club–666 W 125th. New cabaret-supper club reminiscent of the 30s. Thru 2/6, Billy Eckstine, Norma Miller, Jack Hammer, the Cotton Club Revue and Orchestra (Pazant Bros). 2/8-20, Carmen McRae. Shows at 10 and 12:30 (MO 3-7980).

Dionysos–304 E 48th. Stelios, a band for Greek dancing. Elena Voulgari entertains nightly. Interesting decor, and international cuisine (758-8240).

Gaslight Club–124 E 56th. Based in three converted townhouses, there's dining; there's pianist Dick Haddy; there's pianist-singer George Mahoney; there's Sam Ulano's Speakeasy Four, with Dixieland jazz—all on different floors (752-2500).

Giovanni's Oasis–42 W 58th. Restaurant club, with Garry Adams on piano, and violin-bassist Paul Germano playing Italian folk and other music Wed thru Sat, 8 to midnight (PL 2-7085).

Hippopotamus II–405 E 62nd A pretty place with a fireplace, an English club atmosphere, and a fine chef. Plus disco-dancing from 10 to 4 a.m. nightly (486-1566).

Improvisation–358 W 44. Comics and singing waitresses all night long, seven days a week; food; and total informality (765-8268).

Jimmy Weston's–131 E 54th. Singer-pianist Glen Covington and his trio are here nightly, except Sun, from 10 p.m. The Tommy Furtado Trio Tues thru Sat and the Bernie Leighton Quartet on Sun and Mon (838-8384).

Koatails–1189 First Avenue. New discotheque, right out of Busby Berkeley, tuxedoed waitresses, demonstrations of period dances (535-6423).

Lorelei–233 E 86th. Viennese cuisine, a large dance floor, and the Hof Brau Revue every night at 8 p.m. (722-9897).

Mamma Leone's–239 W 48th. Lavish cuisine with continuous entertainment by singers and guitarists and accordionists. It's "Carnevale Italiano '78" thru 2/10 (JU 6-5151).

Once Upon a Stove–325 Third Ave. Valentine Room: Dancing 7:30 to midnight Fri. & Sat. Victorian Room: Dancing Wed & Thurs (683-0044).

L'Oubliette–2 W 55th. Soul French discotheque with fine music and atmosphere (265-1595).

Playboy Club–5 E 59th. In the Cabaret: 2/4, comedian Vic Arnell. 2/11, 12, Shamus M'Cool. Lainie's Room: Thru 2/5, singer Tom Sullivan. 2/6-12, Bobby Kelton. (PL 2-3100).

Rainbow Grill–65th floor of 30 Rockefeller Plaza. Thru 2/11, An Evening with Martin Charnin, featuring Laurie Beechman (PL 7-8970).

Rainbow Room–65th floor, Rockefeller Plaza. Exquisite, enormous dining and dancing room, with a view of the entire world, almost. Thru 2/5, Lee Castle and the Jimmy Dorsey Orchestra play for dancing (PL 7-9090).

Reflections–40 E 58th. Attractive bi-level discotheque, open Wed, Fri & Sat from 10 to 4 a.m. (MU 8-3365).

Roma di Notte–137 E 55th Italian cabaret with hideaway caves for private dining. Dancing to the Roma 88 orchestra, plus strolling musicians from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. Closed Sundays (832-1128).

Roseland–239 W 52nd. Ballroom open Wed thru Sun 6:30 to midnight. From 2 p.m. Thurs and weekend. Bands of Tony Martell and Ramon Argueso. Petro and Olga dance class Wed (Ci 7-0200).

Shepheard's–Park Ave & 56th. Mon thru Sat, thru 2/4, The Four Coins, backed by a five-man combo. 2/6-25, an energetic young septet called Park Avenue. (421-0900).

Sirocco–29 E 29th. Aris San heads the two-hour revue of singers, bouzouki players, bellydancers, and dancing waiters at this Greek-Israeli nightclub (683-9409).

Starship Discovery #1–350 W 42nd, betw 8th & 9th. Futuristic discotheque in a three-floor entertainment complex. 9 p.m. to 7 a.m. Fri, Sat & Sun (695-1114).

Touches–190 Third, at 17th. Discotheque, all scintillation, and mirrors, downstairs from that estimable eatery known as Tuesdays (533-7902).

La Vie En Rose–227 E 56th. *Pouff,* a musical revue with a cast of twenty-five. Mon thru Sat at 9:30; and at 11:30. Disco dancing and dining before and after show (755-1820).

THE HOTEL ROOMS

Americana, 811 Seventh Ave (581-1000). **French Quarter:** New Orleans atmosphere, and dancing to music of Bobby Michaels & Company, Mon thru Sat, 9 to 1:30 a.m. Sun 5 to midnight. **Bridges:** Singer-pianist Amy Lynn Yago, 5:30 p.m. to 11 p.m.

Carlyle, Madison Ave & 77th (744-1600). **The Cafe:** Thru 3/25, pianist George Shearing. **Bemelmans Bar:** Marian McPartland plays Mon thru Sat thru 2/11. 2/13-22, Teddy Wilson.

Pierre, 5th Ave & 61st St (838-8000). **The Cafe:** The usual brand of hotel music has been replaced here by the melodious 7-string guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli and his trio. He plays quiet ballads and bright standards with cool jollity and elan. Ask him to play "Nuages." Tues thru Sat, 8:30 to 12:30. Sun & Mon, Steve Weltner, on piano.

Sheraton, 55th & 7th Ave (247-8000). **Sally's:** Turn of the century lounge-cabaret, with entertainment nightly. From 9:30 to 1:30 except Sun, Thru 2/4, the New York Rubber Rock Band. 2/6-3/4, New Life, starring Joann Greco. **The Falstaff Room:** Pianist Effie, 5 to 10 p.m. Mon thru Fri. And from 10 to 12:30, singer Mary Small.

Sherry Netherlands, 5th Ave at 59th St (759-9020). **Le Petit Restaurant:** Pianist Cyril Haynes plays Mon & Tues and pianist Earl Rose plays pop, classical tunes, Wed thru Fri, 8 to 1 a.m.

St. Regis Sheraton, 5th Ave & 55th (PL 3-4500). **Old King Cole:** Continuous dinner/dance music, Ray Harley, pianist, 5:30-9 p.m. Mark Shane with the Peter Duchin Quartet, 9 p.m. -2 a.m. alternating with The St. Regis Latin Combo.

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Arthur's Tavern–57 Grove St. Dixieland on Monday evenings with the Grove Street Stompers at home base from 9:15 until 1 a.m. Mabel Godwin at the piano Tues thru Sat, 9 to 3 a.m. (CH 2-9468).

Assembly–16 W 51st. Pleasant restaurant, with singer-pianist Marty Berns playing Mon thru Fri until 10 p.m., scores of hit movies, Beatle songs, requests (581-3580).

Axis in Soho–463 W Bdway. 2/3, 4, Arthur Blythe, one of the finest alto saxophonists to come along this decade, leads a quartet. His music is bluesy, varied, demanding, and rewarding (228-0882).

The Ballroom–458 W Bdway. Singer-comedienne Pamela Myers thru 1/28. *By Strouse*— an evening of music by the composer, with a cast of four. 8:30 & 10:30, Tues thru Sun, 8:30 & 10:30 (673-9121).

Bar None–167 E 33rd. Dardenelle, a feather-fingered pianist and engaging singer, seems to have established a permanent residency in this restaurant (684-3223).

Beefsteak Charlie's–12th St & Fifth. 2/1-4, Sir Roland Hanna, the elfin pianist who can be mesmerizingly romantic at one moment and excoriating the next, will lead a trio (675-4720).

Benihana Palace–15 W 44th. Hiroko Kondo plays pop organ in the bar, Wed thru Sat, in an authentic Japanese inn setting (682-7120).

Blue Hawaii–135 3rd Avenue. Jay Clayton, an appealingly venturesome jazz singer with an unassailable repertoire and good piano-bass support, is here Friday and Saturday evenings. The room, a seafood restaurant with a Polynesian accent, is a new one for music, but prices have already been reduced from when it opened, and the sound is fine (260-7690).

The Bottom Line–15 W 4th St. 1/31, Ronnie Dyson. 2/3, 4, Aztec Two-Step. 2/6-9, Betty Carter. 2/10, 11, Anne Murray. 2/13-15, Muddy Waters, and Roomful of Blues. 2/22, 23, Yvonne Elliman. 2/24, 25, Allessi, and Karon Bihari (228-6300).

Christy's Skylite Gardens–64 W 11th. Charming restaurant filled with plants, skylights, and music nightly (673-5720).

The Clubhouse–Restaurant with a nice sports decor, and singer/pianist Sandra Alexander performing nightly, 8 p.m. until morning, Mon thru Sat, with a showcase of blues, jazz, rock, and standards (628-0600).

The Cookery–University Pl at 8th St. Alberta Hunter, the great blues singer, is here thru February, Mon thru Thurs 8:30 & 10:30, Fri & Sat a third show at 12:15. Sundays, Rose Murphy, the big lady with the tiny voice, sings from 8 p.m. to 1 a.m. accompanied by Morris Edwards on bass (OR 4-4450).

Crawdaddy–45th St & Vanderbilt Ave. A genuine New Orleans restaurant, with the Buddy Tate Trio (Jim Roberts on piano; Ronnie Cole on drums) here thru 2/10. Mon thru Fri, 6:30 thru 11:30 (889-8331).

Daly's Daffodil–59th St & First. Pianist-arranger-composer Ellis Larkins plays Tues thru Sat from 9 p.m. until forever. Sundays, 7:30-10:30 p.m. Daphne Hellman, harpist, with guitarist Ed Berg & bassist Tomka (688-0018).

David's Harp–131 W 3rd St. Singer-guitarist Shlomo Haviv has returned to this Israeli hotspot. He performs every night but Monday from 9 (982-0328).

Eddie Condon's–144 W 54th. Red Balaban and his Cats. 1/31, trumpeter Pee Wee Erwin. 2/5, the Chris Flory Quartet (265-8277).

Gregory's–First Ave at 63rd. Mon & Tues, Al Haig, a tough-minded tender-touch lyric pianist, who swings like an April breeze, is at the center of a trio that includes the fleet master bop guitarist, Chuck Wayne, and an iron-toned basist, Jamil Nasser. 10 p.m. to 3 a.m. Wed thru Sat, 10 p.m. to 3 a.m., Hod O'Brien Trio, with guitarist Joe Puma. Mon thru Sat, 7 to 10, Gene Roland Trio (371-2220).

Jacques'–210 E 58th. Hungarian cuisine here, and composer-pianist Jorge Rios plays nightly from 5 to 9 p.m. followed by pianists Lynn Richards and Marc Marique for the late night crowd (PL 3-5513).

Jimmy Ryan's–154 W 54th. Roy Eldridge is a monument to the jazz spirit, and to miss seeing him at work is to deny yourself the pleasure of witnessing one of the few enduring giants. His group includes clarinetist Joe Muranyi and trombonist Bobby Pratt. On Mondays and Sundays, Max Kaminsky, no slouch either, leads the band. Fridays, 5:30 to 8, the Stan Gold Quartet (664-9700).

Larson's–1160 Third Ave. Brooks Kerr, a gifted disciple of lyric stride piano, a natural singer, and a walking file cabinet of pop and jazz tunes no one else plays, is in deft command of a quartet (with reedman Russell Procope, bassist Aaron Bell and drummer Shelton Gary) Thursdays thru Sundays. On Tuesdays and Wednesdays he duets with Bell,

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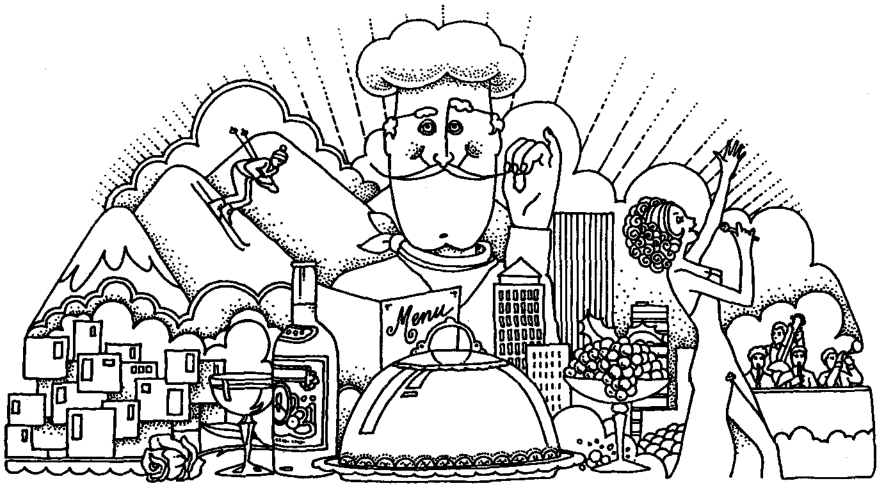

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SO MUCH TO GO FOR

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What secret ingredient makes a truly spectacular photograph? Knowledge, usually. The kind of practical, down-to-earth knowledge you can acquire without cost at our informal Nikon House seminars. Where we begin to unravel the secrets of lighting and lenses, filters and flash, and much more. Every day, a new topic is explored. If you'd like to attend, just come in and sign up. Nikon House is a home for people who love photography, even if they're just starting out. A place where you can actually handle any camera, lens,

or accessory in the famous Nikon system. Our experts will gladly answer all your questions.

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an irristably authoritative musician with lovely touch and perfect time (744-2540).

Lone Star Cafe–13th St & 5th Ave. Country-western entertainment & food & dancing. (242-1664).

Marty's–1265 Third Ave. Terraces and gardens and continental food. Jimmy Jordan plays the piano and sings blues and ballads (249-4100).

Michael's Pub–211 E 55th. 1/31-2/25, Singers Jackie Cain and Roy Kral salute "Bogie." From 9:15 p.m. Closed Sundays (PL 8-2272).

Monsignore II–61 E 55th. Plush place with excellent service, a great chef, and strolling guitarist-singer Bravo Riccardo entertaining Mon thru Sat from 6:30 (EL 5-2070).

Nickels–227 E 67th. Pianist Norm Kubrin sings with a jazz feeling in a cozy woody ambience. Customers can sing along. Mon thru Sat (794-2331).

Oliver's–141 E 57th. English-type restaurant, with piano music from 2 p.m. thru closing. Stephen Marks and Natalie Gilbert, Mon thru Fri thru 11 p.m. Singer-pianist Danny Deaver, Mon, Wed, Fri & Sat; singer-pianist Pat Holley on Tues & Thurs (753-9180).

O'Lunney's–915 Second Ave. betw 48th & 49th. Reasonably-priced eatery where you can dance and listen to country and western music. Mon thru Sat from 9; Sun from 7 is for bluegrass. 1/31, *High in the Saddle*. 2/1-4, *The Hank B. Show*. 2/5, *Country Jam*. 2/6-18, Falls City Ramblers. (751-5470).

Onde's–160 E 48th St. A new split-level dining room with a dance floor and lounge. The Art Syms Quartet plays for entertainment. Pianist-singer Bill McCauley from 7 p.m. in the lounge (752-0200).

Ponte's–39 Desbrosses St, two blocks below Canal. Italian cuisine; every night but Monday, Dino Palermo and his guitar plus strolling violinists Frank and Andy on Fri & Sat. Closed Sundays (CA 6-4621).

Ramayana–123 W 52nd. New York's only authentic Indonesian restaurant, with plenty of rijsttafel, and a show with dancers, musicians, and singers. Fri & Sat, and music for dancing (581-1170).

Red Blazer Too–1576 Third Ave, nr 88th. Wed, the Original Traditional Jazz Band. Thurs, the Sol Yaged Quartet; Fridays, Betty Comora, with John Bucher's Speakeasy Jazz Babies (876-0440).

Reno Sweeney–126 W 13th. 1/3-2/5, Tony Azito and Iris Rosencrantz, Wed thru Sat Blossom Dearie sings (691-0900).

Sacred Cow–228 W 72nd. Lovely dining place. Ernie Kemm is at the keyboard nightly. Waitresses and waiters participate in the entertainment (873-4067).

Storytowne–41 E 58th. Formerly Storyville, but with music only on weekends. Dakota Staton, a mannered, frequently effective stylist, sings with rhythm support 2/2, 3, 4 (755-1640).

Stryker's–103 W 86. Chuck Israels, a gifted leader of unlikely combos, has a nine-piece unit on Mondays; guitarist Jimmy Ponder holds sway on Tuesdays; the ever-brilliant saxophonist Lee Konitz on Wednesdays; gritty baritone saxist Ron Cuber on Thursdays; and this Friday and Saturday, quartet of vibraharpist Vera Auer (874-8754).

Sweet Basil–88 7th Ave So. Ron Carter's much acclaimed quartet is all acoustic, full of suprises despite the apparent limitation of Carter's piccolo bass lead, and frequently exciting, not least for Kenny Barron's piano playing. Thru 2/4 (242-1785).

Tavern on the Green–(in Central Park—just tell the cabbie, he'll take you)—Elm Bar: Pianist-singer Charlie Cochran performs Wednesday thru Sundays from 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. (873-3200).

Tramps–125 E 15th. 2/1-4 and 2/8-11, song stylist Karen Akers, at 8:30 & 10:30 (260-0370).

Village Gate–Bleecker at Thompson. 2/3, 4, Art Blakey, for whom the term indefatigable was probably coined, will lead a pack of Jazz Messangers opposite the eccentric virtuoso of the guitar, Larry Coryell at 10 & midnight (GR 5-5120).

New York Ticket Service

For free information regarding what tickets may be obtained for theater, dance and concerts, call 986-5872, Mon to Fri, 10 to noon; 2 to 6. New York Magazine will be happy to advise you.

SPECIAL EVENTS, CONCERTS, OPERA, SPORTS
EDITED BY GERARD KAVANAGH

Special Events

New York Experience, McGraw-Hill Bldg., Sixth Ave. between 48th & 49th Sts. (869-0345). Mon-Thurs 11-7, Fri & Sat 11-8, Sun 12-8.

10th Anniversary Celebration, *Jacques Brel Is Alive & Well & Living in Paris*, Town Hall (582-4536), 2/3-4 at 8.

Beatlemania, Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway (245-4878); Wed-Fri at 7, Sat at 2, 7 & 10, Sun at 2 & 5.

Mummenschanz, Bijou Theater, Bdwy at 45th St. (221-8500). Tues-Fri at 8, Sat at 2 & 8, Sun at 3.

Concerts

Tuesday, January 31

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 7:30.
Ana Maria Cue, Pratt Institute, 215 Ryerson St., Bklyn (360-8209), at 12:30.
Paul Badura-Skoda, 92nd St. Y, at 8.
Anton Kuerti, Metropolitan Museum, at 8.
Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Alice Tully Hall, at 7:30.
Mark Wait & Morris Cotel, Carnegie Recital Hall, 8.
Eleanor Steber, Juilliard Theater, at 8.

Wednesday, February 1

Herbie Hancock & Chic Corea, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
Chamber Music 99 Quintet, St. Peter's Church, Lexington at 54th St. (989-3591), at noon & 1.
Emerson String Quartet, NYU Graduate School, 100 Trinity Pl. (269-0320), at 12:30.
Juilliard Student Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at 1.
Laurie Speigel, Whitney Museum Downtown, at 12:30.
Omega Quartet, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.
Juilliard String Quartet, 92nd St. Y, at 8.
Kate Hurney/Robert Guarino/Clive Amor/Van Zandt Ellis, Hotel Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (989-3591), at 8.
Musica Aeterna, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Joy in Singing, Lincoln Center Library, at 5:30.

Thursday, February 2

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8:30.
Lynne Gangbar, 92nd St. Y, at 8.
Composers' Ensemble, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Jubal Trio, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Marian & Jimmy McPartland, NYU Loeb Center, 566 LaGuardia Pl. (598-3757), at 8.
Music From Marlboro, Metropolitan Museum, at 8.
Dom Um Romano, Axis in SoHo, 463 W Bdwy (228-0882), at 9:30.

Friday, February 3

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 2.
Collegiate Chorale, *Carnegie Hall, at 8.*
Mannes College Percussion Ensemble, Mannes College of Music, at 8.
Marenda Perry, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Arthur Blythe Quartet, Axis in SoHo, 463 W Bdwy (228-0882), at 9:30 & 11:30.

COME BLOW YOUR HORN

Jazz trumpeter **Maynard Ferguson,** who scored such a popular success last year with the theme from *Rocky*, will be making his fifth appearance in New York in a little over a year when he performs at Avery Fisher Hall with his orchestra on Friday, February 3 at 8:30. His special guest star for the concert will be guitarist Steve Kahn (874-2424).

Chamber Ensemble of the New York Philharmonic, *Cooper Union Forum, Third Ave. at 7th St. (799-9595), at 8.*
Concert Social, Hotel Biltmore Music Room, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (749-5464), at 8:30.
Prometheus Chamber Ensemble, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Deborah Vowler, *Jack Kahn Pianos, 158 W 55th St. (265-1489), at 8.*
Michael Gurka, Lincoln Center Library, at 4.

Saturday, February 4

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8:30.
Arthur Blythe Quartet, Axis in SoHo, 463 W Bdwy (228-0882), at 9:30 & 11:30.
Paula Robison, Alice Tully Hall, at 3.
Waverly Consort, Metropolitan Museum, at 8.
Regine Crespin, 92nd St. Y, at 8.
Tanya Fleischer & Stacy Shames, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 2:30.
Chamber Music, P.S. 99, 82-37 Kew Gardens Rd., Queens (849-6997), at 8:30.
Sally Goodwin, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.
Michael McFrederick, Barbizon, Lexington Ave. at 63rd St. (873-4022), at 8:30.
John Oliver Chorale, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

Sunday, February 5

Symphony of the New World, Carnegie Hall, at 3.
Mary Beck, Alice Tully Hall, at 2:30.
Claudio Arrau, Avery Fisher Hall, at 3.
Dennis Britten & Jack Gaughan, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 5:45.
Paul Bley, Axis in SoHo, 463 W Bdwy (228-0882), 3.
Armen Donelian Quartet, Jazzmania Society, 14 E 23rd St. (477-3077), at 2.
Chamber Music, St. Peter's Church, 346 W 20th St. (929-2390), at 4.
Sergiu Luca, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Marian Thompson, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.
Hamiet Bluiett Quartet, La Mama Children's Workshop, 236 E 3rd St. (925-7995), at 3:30.
Cantilena Chamber Players, Guggenheim Museum, at 3.
Audrey Mendelson, Regina Opera Theater, Twelfth Ave. at 65th St., Bklyn (232-3555), at 4.
Chamber Music, Pace University Schimmel Center (285-3715), at 3.
Robert Fripp & Joanna Walton, The Kitchen, at noon.
Music for Baroque Violin, Viol & Harpsichord, Corpus Christi Church, 121st St. between Bdwy & Amsterdam Ave., at 3.

Monday, February 6

Charles Bressler, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Creative Music Studio, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
New Jersey Percussion Ensemble, Cooper Union Forum, Third Ave. at 7th St. (749-2802), at 8.
Paul Badura-Skoda, Bloomingdale House of Music, 323 W 108th St. (663-6021), at 8.

Tuesday, February 7

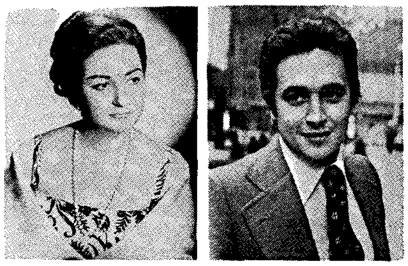
New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 7:30.
Ivan Moravec, Metropolitan Museum, at 8.
National Orchestral Association, Carnegie Hall, 8.
Juilliard Student Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at 8:30.
Chang-Kogan Duo, *Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.*

Opera

METROPOLITAN OPERA
METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

Tues, 1/31, at 8: **Thaïs** with Sills, Milnes, Van Ree, Morris. Conductor: Pritchard; director: Capobianco; designer: Toms. Wed, 2/1 at 8: **Tannhäuser** with Kubiak, Bumbry, Battle, Cassilly, Weikl. Conductor: Levine; director: Schenk; designers: Schneider-Siemssen & Zipprodt. Thurs, 2/2 at 8: **Il Trovatore** with Cruz-Romo, Dunn, Merighi, Wixell. Conductor: *Patané; director: Merrill; designers: Colonello & Reppa.* Fri, 2/3 at 8: **Cavalleria Rusticana** with Arroyo, Jones, Kraft. **Pagliacci** with Mauti-Nunziata, Giacomini, Milnes. Conductor: Patané; director: Zeffirelli; designer: Zeffirelli. Sat, 2/4 at 2: **Otello** with Ricciarelli, Kraft, Vickers, MacNeil. Conductor: Levine; director: Zeffirelli; designers: Zeffirelli & Hall. Sat, 2/4 at 8: **Adriana Lecouvreur** (See box). Mon, 2/6 at 8: **Thaïs** (Same cast as 1/31). Tues, 2/7 at 8: **Adriana Lecouvreur** (See box).

THE TRUTH ABOUT ADRIANA



Montserrat Caballé sings the title role in the Metropolitan Opera's season premiere of *Adriana Lecouvreur* on Saturday, February 4 at 8. **José Carreras** is Maurizio. The cast also includes Fiorenza Cossotto and Louis Quilico. Jesus López-Cobos conducts; the production is by Nathaniel Merrill; sets by C.M. Cristini after sketches by Paravicini (580-9830).

OTHER

Encompass Theater, 168 W 48th St. (575-1558). *Pantaloon, He Who Gets Slapped,* Wed-Sat at 8:30, Sun at 4. Thru 2/26.

Light Opera of Manhattan, 334 E 74th St. (535-6310). *Mlle. Modiste,* 2/1 at 2 & 8:30, 2/2-3 at 8:30, 2/4 at 4 & 8:30, 2/5 at 4. at 4.

Musique a la Mode, Hunter College Playhouse, 69th St. between Park & Lexington (358-4794). *Le Portrait de Manon,* 2/5 at 3.

New York Lyric Opera Co., NYU Theater, 35 W 4th St. (874-1993). *Masked Ball,* 2/2 at 7:30, 2/3-4 at 8, 2/5 at 3.

Portable Opera Players, St. Peter's Episcopal Church, 346 W 20th St. (929-2390). *Rusalka,* 2/1 & 4 at 7:30.

MUSIC DIRECTORY

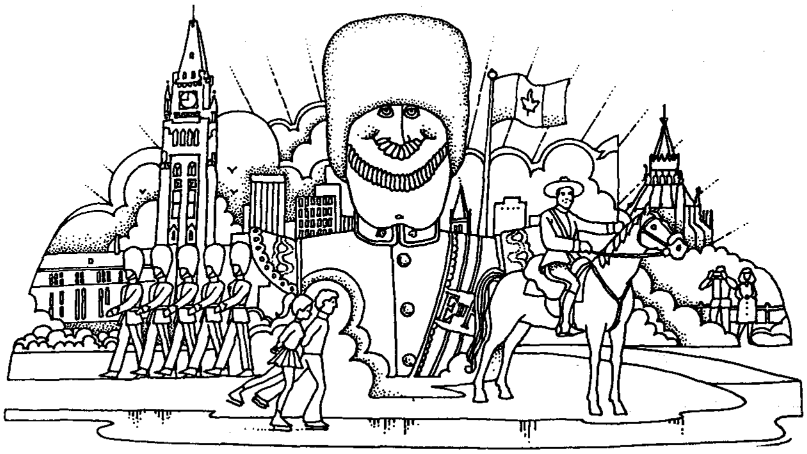
Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave (636-4100).
Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall, Seventh Ave at 57th (247-7459).
City Center, 131 W 55th (246-8989).
The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. (925-3615).
Lincoln Center: Alice Tully Hall (362-1911); Avery Fisher Hall (874-2424); Library-Museum (799-2200); Metropolitan Opera House (580-9830); New York State Theater (877-4727).
Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave at 33rd (563-8000).
Mannes College of Music, 157 E 74th St. (737-0700).
Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. (516-794-9100).
92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (427-6000).
Town Hall, 123 W 43rd (582-4536).
Westbury Music Fair, Brush Hollow Rd., Westbury, L.I. (516-333-0533).

Dance

NEW YORK CITY BALLET
NEW YORK STATE THEATER

Tues, 1/31 at 8: *Coppelia.* Wed, 2/1 at 8: *Jewels.* Thurs, 2/2 at 8: *Calcium Light Night; Dances at a Gathering; Symphony in Three Movements.* Fri, 2/3 at 8: *Four Temperaments; The Dybbuk Variations; Ballo della Regina.* Sat, 2/4 at 2: *Concerto Barocco; Kammermusik No. 2; Cortege Hongrois.* Sat, 2/4 at 8: *Brahms-Schönberg Quartet; Donizetti Variations; Union Jack.* Sun, 2/5 at 1: *Coppelia.* Sun, 2/5 at 7: *Stravinsky Violin Concerto; Chaconne; Who Cares?* Tues, 2/7 at 8: *Chaconne; Union Jack.*

THIS WEEKEND INSTEAD OF BACKGAMMON WITH THE BERKLEYS...



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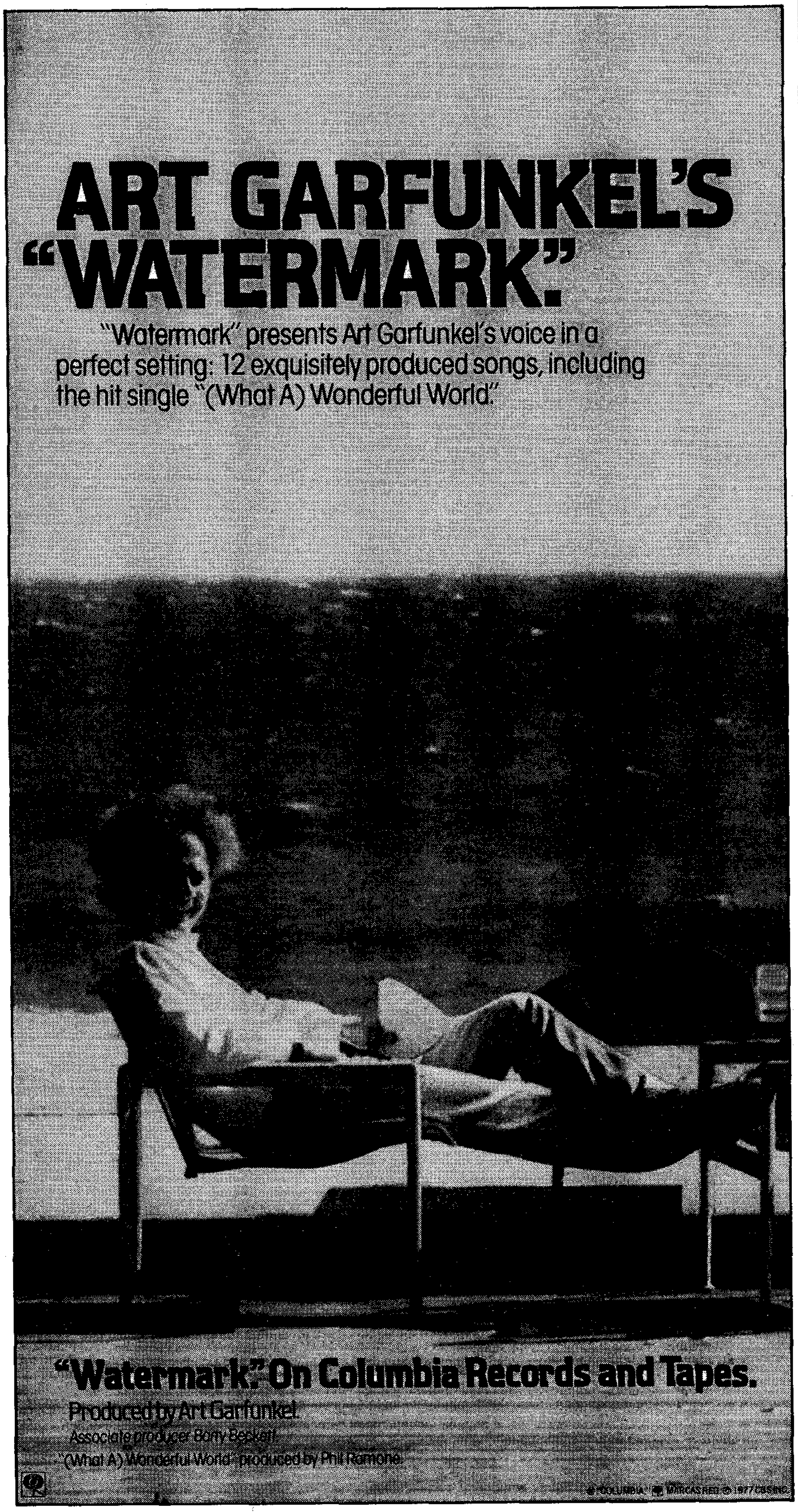
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OTHER

Sue Barnes & Michael Norman, Interarts Studio, 14 W 23rd St. (242-0694), 2/4 at 8.

James Cunningham's Acme Co., Town Hall (582-4536), 2/1 at 5:45.

Dancing in the Kitchen, The Kitchen (925-3615): David Woodberry, 2/2-4 at 8:30.

Burling McAllester, American Theater Lab, 219 W 19th St. (924-0077), 2/2-5 at 8.

Phoenix Dance Theater, Cubiculo, 414 W 51st St. (265-2138), 2/1-4 at 8.

Riverside Theater Dance Festival, Theater of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. (864-2929). Nimbus Co.: 2/1 & 3 at 8, 2/5 at 2; Robert Small & Dancers: 2/2 at 8, 2/4 at 2; Sara & Jerry Pearson: 2/4-5 at 8.

Art

Galleries are open Tues-Sat from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.
Asterisk denotes shows of special distinction.
Art listing edited by Holly Pinto.

SOLOS

57th STREET

John Batho/Earl Kerkam(1891-1965)–Four-color carbon photos/Self-portraits, still lifes from the early 40s to 1965, thru 2/18. Zabriskie, 29 W 57th (832-9034).

Dan Christensen–Lyrical color abstractions, thru 2/16. Long Contemporary, 7 W 57th (PL2-6244).

Ray Ciarrochi–Landscapes in paint and on paper, thru 2/16. deNagy, 29 W 57th (421-3780).

Kathleen Cooke–Animals in a world of silence, plus clay figures, thru 2/11. Truman, 38 E 57th (688-3516).

John Hardy–Realist phases and stages, thru 2/4. Genesis, 41 E 57th (751-7220).

David Hare–Landscapes, 2/11. Hamilton, 20 W 57th (765-5915).

Norman Ives–Recent collages, thru 2/11. Pearl, 29 W 57th (839-6310).

Kiyoshi Kawaguchi–Fantasies of triple circles, thru 2/11. Viridian, 24 W 57th (245-2882).

Georges Noel–An interlocking system in blues, violets, and grays/100 primitive art pieces, thru 2/11. Pace, 32 E 57th (HA1-3292).

Eric Orr–Drawings on glass, thru 2/18. Multiples, 38 E 57th (755-3520).

Dee Shapiro–Beads of acrylic color on canvas, thru 2/10. Zarre, 41 E 57th (752-0498).

***Bill Spira**–Small terra-cotta sculpture, thru 2/10. Dintenfass, 50 W 57th (581-2268).

Ottomar Starke (1886-1962)–Pencil drawings for his 1920 litho portfolio, thru 2/18. Sumers, 50 W 57th (541-8334).

Richard Tuttle–Works, thru 2/11. Parsons, 24 W 57th (CI7-7480).

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

Mara Abboud–Kaleidoscopes of color, thru 2/10. Clay, 1162 Mad Ave (861-4372). Mon-Sat 10-6.

Naftali Bezem–Paintings and works on paper, thru 3/30. Aberbach, 988 Mad Ave (988-1100).

Mark Davis–Watercolors, thru 2/25. Davis & Long, 746 Mad Ave (861-2811).

***Stuart Davis**–36 watercolors done in Hoboken from 1910 to 1913, 1/4-3/4. Hirschl & Adler, 21 E 70th (535-8810).

Paul Delvaux–10 years of surreal graphics, thru 2/8. Carlton, 127 E 69th (249-9880).

Louis Finkelstein–Abstract-impressionistic views of western Connecticut, thru 3/1. Ingber, 3 E 78th (744-3158).

***Gerald Geerlings**–Drawings of Paris bridges and landmarks along the Seine, thru 3/3. French Institute, 22 E 60th (644-1820). Mon-Thurs 10-8, Fri 10-5:30, Sat 10-2.

Helen and Newton Harrison–Environmental narratives consisting of collage, photo, and text wall hangings, thru 2/25. Feldman, 33 E 74th (249-4050). Mon-Sat 10-5:30.

Margaret Israel–Birds, boats, and flowers, 2/1-3/4. Ekstrom, 980 Mad Ave (YU8-8857).

Lionel Kalish–Paintings, thru 2/17. Forum, 1018 Mad Ave (LE5-6080).

Robert Lahotan–Quiet gardens and cool paths of Maine, 2/7-25. Kraushaar, 1055 Mad at 80th (535-9888).

Harvey Littleton–Hot glass and fabricated sculpture, thru 2/6. Contemporary Art Glass, 806 Mad Ave (879-4655).

Bruce A. North–Studies in color using watercolors, thru 2/11. FAR, 22 E 80th (734-7287).

Tom Phillips–Calendar images, Ter Borch series, and textural icons, thru 2/11. Lefebre, 47 E 77th (744-3384).

***Harvey Quaytman**–New paintings, thru 2/18. McKee, 140 E 63rd (688-5951).

Muriel Silberstein-Storfer–Assemblages with found objects, sand, and paint, thru 2/11. Gallery 84, 1046 Mad Ave (628-4920).

John Wesley–New paintings, 2/4-3/2. Elkon, 1063 Mad Ave (LE5-3940).

SoHo

Evalyn Aaron–Large landscapes using oriental brush strokes, thru 2/21. Mirage, 132 Greene (925-7045).

Lula Mae Blocton/Peter Schira–Paintings by both, 2/2-25. Soho Center, 114 Prince (226-1995). Tues-Fri 12-5, Sat 11-5.

Bob Bolles/Nina Paull–Steel sculpture/Color abstractions, thru 2/26. Hansen, 70 Wooster (431-5904).

Christopher Clapp–Segmented landscapes, thru 2/15. Razor, 464 W Bdwy (533-3427).

***Donald Cole**–The representational and the abstract on unstretched canvas/Gallery artists, thru 2/9. Hoffman, 429 W Bdwy (966-6676).

Marjorie DiLascia/Robert Jessel–Figurative paintings/Works, thru 2/15. Prince St, 106 Prince (226-9153). Tues-Sun 12-5.

Kochi Doktori/Lynn Umlauf–Painted works, using a grid system/Paint on cut paper nailed to the wall, thru 2/25. Broome, 90 W Bdwy (732-6196). Tues-Sat 1-6.

W. Robert Evans–Dripped abstractions dealing with illusion, thru 2/16. Alternate Space, 431 W Bdwy (966-2520).

Dan Flavin–A fluorescent light installation, 2/11. Friedrich, 393 W Bdwy (925-9380). Tues-Sat 12-6.

Kent Floeter–Works, 2/4-3/2. Boone, 420 W Bdwy (966-2114).

Knox Martin–Paintings and drawings, thru 3/8. Jack, 138 Prince (966-4235). Tues-Sun 12-6.

***Gerhard Richter**–Recent paintings, thru 2/11. Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene (431-3685).

Richard Rosenfeld–Male nudes, thru 2/25. Lohman, 55 Wooster (966-7173). Tues-Sat 1-5.

Freida Savitz/James Stevenson–Inner sides in paint and pastel/Figurative abstractions, thru 2/12. Viewing Room, 72 Wooster (431-5904).

Martin Schreiber/Dennis Whitcopf–Color Xerox/Sculptures, thru 2/25. Neill, 136 Greene (925-8633).

***Charles Schucker**–Stained, unprimed canvas, evoking nature abstractions, thru 2/25. Hutchinson, 138 Greene (966-3066).

David Shapiro–Works on paper, thru 2/23. Milliken, 141 Prince (674-3131). Mon-Sat 10-5:30.

Lynn Shelton–A silk construction, plus works on laminated paper, 2/6-3/4. Hubris, 150 Thompson (982-1827).

Martin Silverman–Sculpture, thru 2/11. Thorp, 139 Spring (925-1200).

Sylvia Sleigh–New paintings, thru 2/8. A.I.R., 97 Wooster (966-0799).

Duane Zaloudek–New paintings, thru 2/18. 55 Mercer (226-7426).

OTHER

Lisa Bradley–Noumenal forms in oils and drawings, 2/2-25. Galerie Africaine, 51 E 10th (260-6220).

Guido Brink/Susan Pear Meisel–Sculpture and multiples/Paintings and prints, thru 2/28. Transworld, 600 5th Ave (757-2700).

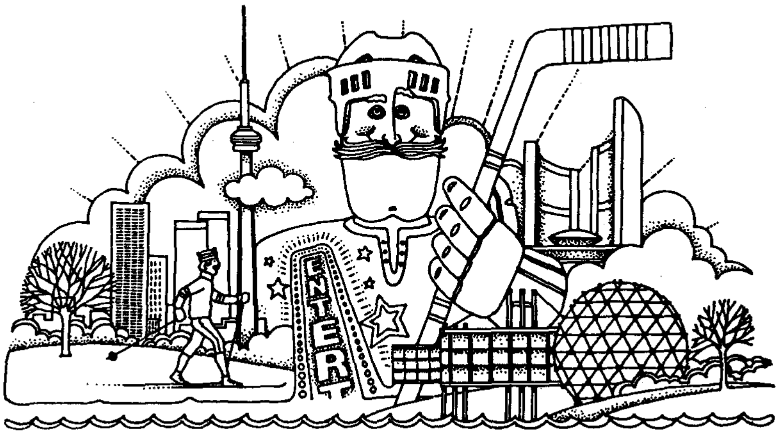
***Victor Candell**(1903-1977)–Cubist abstractions of the 30s, cityscapes of the 40s, and recent assemblages, 2/1-28. Roko, 90 E 10th (GR3-0760).

John De Pol–Wood engravings, thru 3/12. South Street Seaport, 16 Fulton (766-9020). Daily 11-6.

Tony Janetti–Watercolors, thru 2/10. Kromex, 1 Rockefeller Plaza (489-8445). Mon-Fri 10-5.

***Judy Negron**–An imaginary civilization, 2/7-28. NYU, Loeb Center, 566 LaGuardia Pl (598-3015).

THIS WEEKEND INSTEAD OF TINKERING WITH YOUR BUGATTI...



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The O'Keefe Centre and the Royal Alexandra.
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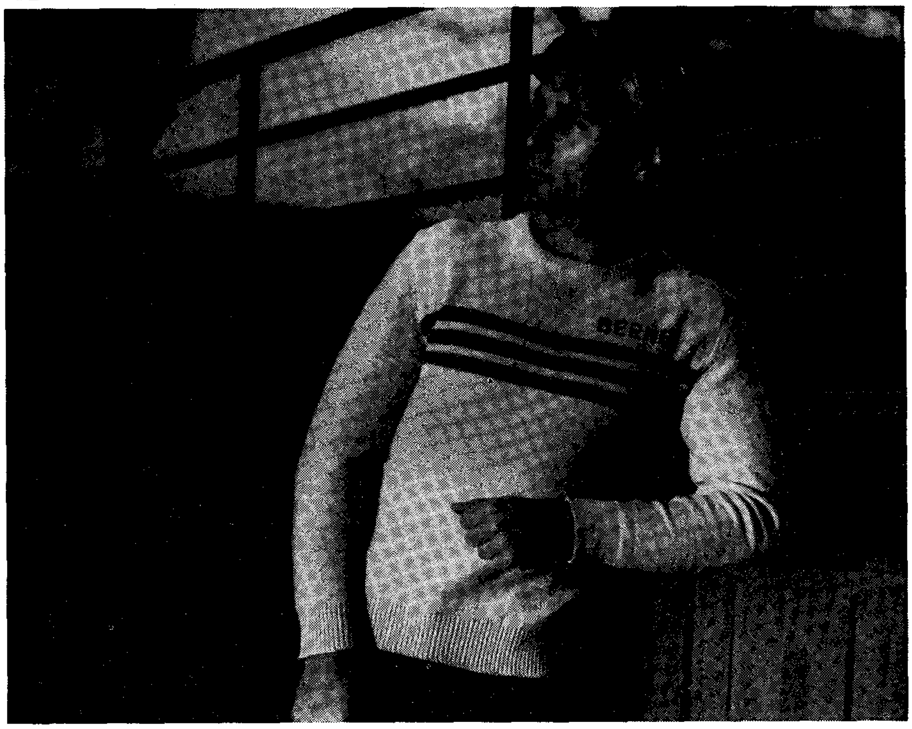

Geoffrey Beene in top form. His classic crewneck is boldly striped in navy...and sports the Beene name like a badge. In a thick natural colored cotton sweaterknit, ribbed around all the edges. Sizes S,M,L,XL, $35.

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GROUP SHOWS

57th STREET

***Hammer**–51 E 57th (644-4400). American paintings by Bensen, Cropsey, Henri, Lawson, Prendergast, others, thru 2/11.

***Kennedy**–40 W 57th (541-9600). American naïve art, including cigar store Indians, weathervanes, whirligigs, portraits, and more, thru 3/4.

***Noble/Polans**–40 W 57th (541-9510). Contemporary Latin American Art, 2/1-3/4.

Spectrum–30 W 57th (246-2525). Sports memorabilia, paintings by Bellows, Dufy, Kent, thru 2/25.

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

Elements–766 Mad Ave (744-0890). Mon-Sat 10-5:30. Teapots by 30 ceramicists, thru 2/25.

Graham–1014 Mad Ave (535-5767). Contemporary paintings and sculpture, thru 2/25.

***Grolier Club**–47 E 60th (838-6690). Medieval manuscripts and rare books from the Walters Art Gallery collection, including Sannazaro's poems, thru 2/5.

L'Ibis–667 Mad Ave (935-0490). Coptic textiles and amulets from Egypt, thru 3/6.

Rolly-Michaux–943 Mad Ave (535-1460). Dufy, Van Dongen, Binet, and Malet, thru 2/25.

***Sabarsky**–987 Mad Ave (628-6281). Works by German Expressionists, thru 2/25.

***Schoelkopf**–825 Mad Ave (TR9-4639). 19th and 20th century American painting, thru 2/9.

Shepherd–21 E 84th (861-4050). 19th century French drawings, watercolors, and pastels, plus 30 bronzes by Antoine-Louis Barye, thru 2/28.

***Touchstone**–118 E 64th (826-6111). Drawings, including pastel pieces by Kleinrock, pencil on canvas by Skoglund, others, 2/4-3/1.

Willard–29 E 72nd (744-2925). Hall, Lane, Sullivan, Zucker, thru 2/9.

SoHo

***Buecker & Harpsichords**–465 W Bdwy (260-3480). Art and documentation from the Guild Art Gallery, a 57th street establishment of the 30s, including Aronson, Gorky, Gross, others, thru 2/25.

***Drawing Center**–137 Greene (982-5266). Mon-Sat 11-6, Wed 11-9. Works by younger and unknown artists, thru 3/4.

***OK Harris**–383 W Bdwy (431-3600). Paintings by Didonna, photo works by Palaia, conceptual works by Richie, and drawings by Weller, 2/4-25.

112 Workshop–112 Greene (226-8971). Works by lesbian artists, thru 2/11.

Pindar–127 Greene. Tues-Sat 12-5. Recent paintings, sculpture, and graphics by Bavar, Delagi, Lewis, Unger, others, 2/7-3/11.

Soho 20–99 Spring (226-4167). Tues-Sat 12-6. Borstein, Gillies, Sallick, Wybrants, others, thru 2/1.

Ward-Nasse–131 Prince (925-6951). Paintings by Loring, peeled layer watercolors by Robinson, vegetable fantasies by Somerville, thru 2/16.

WIA–435 Broome (966-5894). Tues, Sat 2-5. Dwyer, Goldstein, Kassoy, Minter-Forster, 2/4-25.

OTHER

AIGA–1059 Third Ave (752-0813). Mon-Fri 9:30-4:45. *The Cover Show,* thru 2/24.

F.I.T.–7th Ave at 27th (760-7760). Tues & Wed 10-9, Thurs-Sat 10-4. Paintings, prints, drawings, and sculpture by faculty, thru 2/25.

Greenwich House–27 Barrow (CH2-4140). Stoneware by the Marsh potters, thru 2/11.

***Hall of Science**–Flushing Meadow (699-9400). Wed-Fri 10-4, Sat 10-5, Sun 11-5. Memorabilia connected with Toscanini, thru 3/31.

Interart–549 W 52nd (246-6569). Mon-Fri 2-8. Sketchbooks of women artists from 1926 to present, thru 2/7.

National Arts Club–15 Gramercy Park S (GR5-3424). Tues-Sun 1-6. 200 artists, thru 2/25.

NY Public Library–5th at 42nd (790-6551). Mon, Wed, Fri, Sat 10-6. *WPA prints from the 30s and 40s,* thru 2/28/Monographs on ship, train, and airplane models, thru 2/1/Documents relating to Thomas Edison and the phonograph, thru 3/25 at Astor Gallery, Lincoln Center.

***Pratt Graphics**–160 Lex at 30th (685-3169). Daily 10-6. Literary people picture themselves in drawings from 1962 to 1976, thru 2/9.

Songwriters' Hall of Fame–One Times Square (221-1252). Mon-Sat 11-3. Song sheets, photos, memorabilia of America's popular songwriters.

Weyhe–794 Lex Ave (TE8-5466). 12 American prints from 1919, thru 2/11.

Photography

***Eduard Denis Baldus**–French architectural studies from the 1850s, 2/4-3/1. Wolf, 30 W 57th (586-8432).

Foto–492 Broome (925-5612). Wed-Sat 1-6. Objects in an ambiguous space by Ferguson. Theatrical, surreal images by Gordin. Nighttime color by Ollman, thru 2/11.

Mitch Kearney–Punk rock groups, thru 2/13. Camera Club of NY, 37 E 60th (838-9710). Mon-Fri 1-6.

***Kodak**–1133 Sixth Ave (262-6170). Mon 12-5, Tues-Sat 9:30-5. International Newspaper Snapshot Contest winners, thru 4/14.

Les Krims–Photos/Contemporary processes, 2/1-25. Light, 724 5th Ave (582-6552).

Jill Lynne–Autobiographical self images and machine art using copiers, thru 2/19. Midtown-Y, 344 E 14th (674-7200). Sun-Thurs 12-8, Fri till 4.

Felix H. Man/Abe Rezny and Rick Silberman–A pioneer of photojournalism/Holography, thru 2/12. Neikrug, 224 E 68th (288-7741). Wed-Sat 1-6.

***Bea Nettles/Norman Sanders**–Mixed-media imagery/People at home, 2/1-3/4. Witkin, 41 E 57th (355-1461).

***F.A. Rinehart**–100 platinum prints of the American Indian, 2/7-3/4. Prakapas, 19 E 71st (737-6066).

Richard Ross–Gum-dichromate photos, thru 2/18. Sragow, 43 5th Ave (929-2734). Wed-Sat 1-6.

***Soho/Stieglitz**–34 W 13th (675-9721). Fri-Sun 1-6, Tues 7-9. Works by Alpert, cityscapes by Kaplan, Greece by MacCarthy, plus a Peruvian portfolio by Alexanian and Gersh, 2/5-28.

Space–154 W 57th (765-1776). Tues 10-5. Color dye-transfer prints by Haas, Maisel, and Turner, thru 2/24.

***Karl Struss**–Works by the only surviving member of the Photo-Secession, thru 2/11. Pfeifer, 825 Mad Ave (737-2055).

Museums

American Museum of Natural History, CPW at 79th St. (873-1300). Mon-Sat 10-4:45, Wed till 9, Sun 11-5. *Azurite and Gold:* Two magnificent mineral specimens; thru 1/31.

Asia House–112 E 64th (PL1-4210). Royal hunting scenes highlight the art of the Sasanian empire, thru 3/12.

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 851 Grand Concourse (681-6000). Mon-Fri 9-5, Sun 1-4.

Brooklyn Museum, 188 Eastern Pkwy (638-5000). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5.

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (860-2011). Tues 10-9, Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. *More Than Meets the Eye:* 400 works from the permanent collection; thru 2/12.

Fraunces Tavern Museum, 54 Pearl St. (425-1776). Mon-Fri 10-4. *Battles of the Revolution;* thru 1/31.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave at 89th (860-1313). Tues 11-8, Wed-Sun 11-5. *Forty Modern Masters:* Works by Arp, Cézanne, Ernst, Klee, Picasso, and others; thru 2/1.

Hudson River Museum, 511 Warburton Ave., Yonkers. (914-963-4550). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Ronald Bladen Outdoor Sculptures,* thru 1/31. *Warburton Avenue: The Architecture of a Neighborhood;* thru 3/19.

International Center of Photography, Fifth Ave. at 94th St. (860-1783). Daily, except Mon, 11-5, Tues til 8.

Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave. (860-1888). Sun 11-6, Mon-Thurs 12-5.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth at 82nd (TR 9-5500). Tues, 10-8:45; Wed-Sat, 10-4:45; Sun, 11-4:45. *Vanity Fair:* A treasure trove of the Costume Institute, thru 9/3. *Age of Spirituality:* Late antique and early Christian art, third to seventh century; thru 2/12. Irwin Untermyer Collection: 400 works of English and Continental decorative arts; thru 6/30.

Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 E 36th St. (685-0008). Tues-Sat 10:30-5, Sun 1-5. *Rembrandt and His Century:* Drawings, thru 2/19.

El Museo del Barrio, 1945 Third Ave. (831-7272). Mon-Fri 10-4, Sun 12-5.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W Dog; St. (581-2474). Tues-Sun 10:30-5:30. *The All-American Dog;* thru 4/2.

Museum of the American Indian, Broadway at 155th St. (283-2420). Tues-Sun 1-5.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E 53rd St. (752-7684). Tues-Sat 12-5.

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Frozen Motion:* The photographic dance images of Marcus Blechman; thru 9/4.

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W 53rd St. (977-8989). Tues-Sat 11-6, Sun 1-6.

Museum of Holography, 11 Mercer St. (925-0526). Wed-Sun 12-6. *Reflections of Future Space;* thru 4/30.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-7070). Mon, Tue, Fri, Sat, Sun 11-6, Thurs 11-9. *Posters in the Penthouse:* Rare French and American posters from the 1950s and 1960s by Matisse, Chagall, Kandinsky, others; thru 2/6. *Arp on Paper:* Drawings and collages; thru 3/5. *Le Corbusier:* Architectural drawings; thru 3/26. *Universal Pictures:* thru 1/31.

New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave. (741-8962). Weekdays 12-6, Wed 12-8, Sat 12-5. *Art Outside the Mainstream:* Figurative work by artists who have disregarded traditional drawing conventions and aesthetic attitudes; thru 2/28.

New-York Historical Society, 170 CPW (873-3400). Tues-Fri 11-5, Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Think Small:* Toys, miniatures, dolls, children's books. *Moving in the City:* Three centuries of transportation in New York.

Queens Museum, NY City Bldg., Flushing Meadow-Corona Park (592-2406). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Queens Artists 78;* thru 3/5.

South Street Seaport Museum, 16 Fulton St. (766-9020). Daily, 11-6.

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave. (427-5959). Wed 10-9, Tues-Fri 10-6, Sat & Sun 1-6. Batik paintings by Leo Twiggs and photographs by Al Fennar and Mel Wright; thru 2/19.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave at 75th (794-0663). Tues 11-9, Weekdays 11-6, Sun 12-6. Works by Wallace Berman, thru 3/5. **Whitney Museum Downtown,** 55 Water St. (483-0011). Mon-Fri 11-3.

Sports

BASKETBALL

Knicks, Madison Square Garden (564-4400); vs. Denver Nuggets, 1/31; vs. Portland Trail Blazers, 2/7. At 7:30.

Nets, Rutgers Athletic Center (201-935-8888); vs. Los Angeles Lakers, 2/3 at 8:05.

College Basketball, Madison Square Garden (564-4400). Fordham vs. Lafayette, 2/2 at 7; St. John's vs. Cincinnati, 2/2 at 9.

HOCKEY

Islanders, Nassau Coliseum (516-694-5522); vs. Washington Capitals, 2/4; vs. Minnesota North Stars, 2/7. At 8:05.

Rangers, Madison Square Garden (564-4400); vs. New York Islanders, 2/1; vs. Colorado Rockies, 2/5. At 7:35.

BOXING

Golden Gloves, Felt Forum (563-8000). Preliminary rounds, 1/31-2/2 at 8.

Doubleheader, Madison Square Garden (563-8000). Vito Antuofermo vs. Bennie Briscoe, 2/3 at 8; Wilfredo Benitez vs. Bruce Curry, 2/3 at 10.

TRACK & FIELD

Vitalis/U.S. Olympic Invitational, Madison Square Garden (564-4400), 2/4 at 6:30.

New York Ski Service–For up-to-date ski conditions and information on ski areas (both domestic and foreign) call 986-5872 Mon-Fri 2 p.m. till 6 p.m. New York Magazine will be happy to answer any and all your questions.

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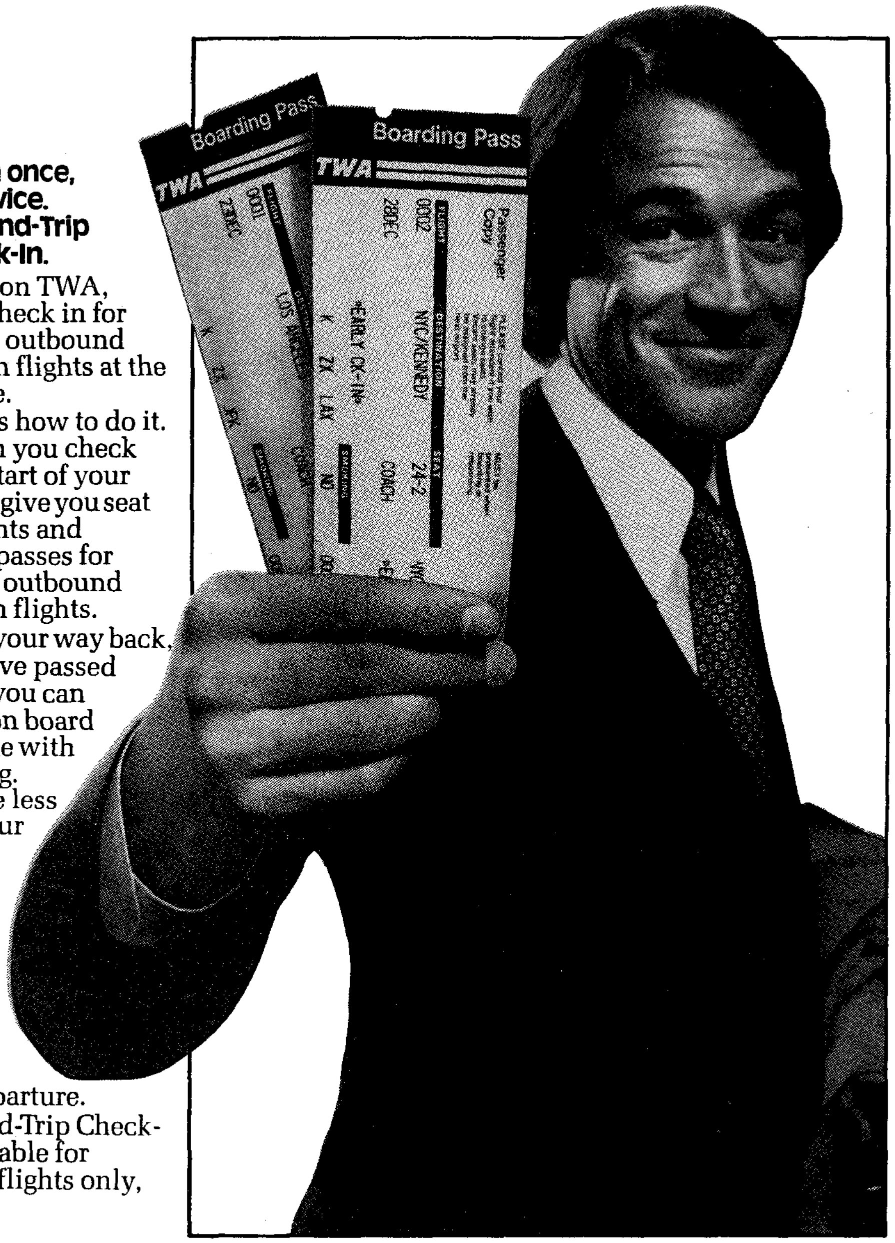
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NEW YORK

How Westway Will Destroy New York

An interview with Jane Jacobs, by Roberta Brandes Gratz

Dorothy of Oz and anyone else born in Kansas would, no doubt, be dazzled by the sheer audacity of the plan. A real gold-brick road, $4,359 an inch, running 4.2 miles up the lower West Side of Manhattan, a six-lane tunnel built mainly on landfill from the Battery to 42nd Street, replacing piers up to 34th Street. The billion-dollar highway would likely replace a considerable part of the economy of lower Manhattan, including such things as the Gansevoort 14th Street meat market, employing 4,500 persons directly and responsible, in part, for another 3,500 jobs in nearby cafés, bars, restaurants, and markets that service meat-market employees. And the real-estate speculation and redevelopment fantasies of city planners, not to mention the construction disruption, would no doubt drive away even more business that survives on the lower West Side only because of the low rents there.

A decade of planned disruption that would create jobs in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Connecticut (but few here in New York) and would leave in its wake the insular, inhospitable high-rise communities that urban planners love so much...Jane Jacobs, where are you now?

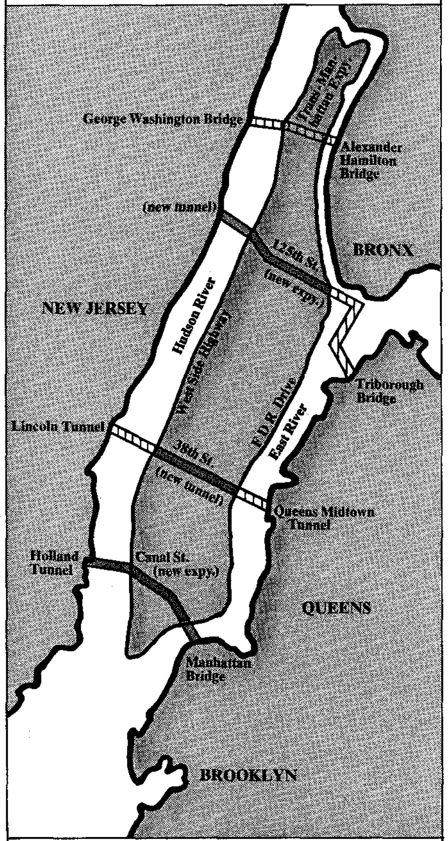
We found her in Toronto, Canada. America's foremost critic of mindless urban master-planning had left the country.

Jane Jacobs is a member of a select literary group. Only once in a great while does a popular book have an impact so profound that conventional wisdom in a given area is perceptibly, permanently changed. Exceedingly small is the club of contemporary writers whose books—such as Nader's *Unsafe at Any Speed,* Galbraith's *The New Industrial State,* or Carson's *Silent Spring*—have dramatically changed the way we think about our society.

Jane Jacobs became a member of that chosen few upon publication, in 1961, of *The Death and Life of Great American Cities.* Before that book, urban renewal meant bulldozers and massive rebuilding, high-rise ghettos and four-lane highways. After its publication, much has happened: neighborhood rehabilitation, block associations, historic preservation on a broad scale, and a growing shift in population that is bringing the middle class back to the center city in restored neighborhoods like the West Village, SoHo, Park Slope, Columbus Avenue, and the North Shore of Staten Island. What Rachel Carson did for our neglected wilderness, Jane Jacobs accomplished for a growing urban wasteland.

RICHARD JACKSON

The 1929 Plan



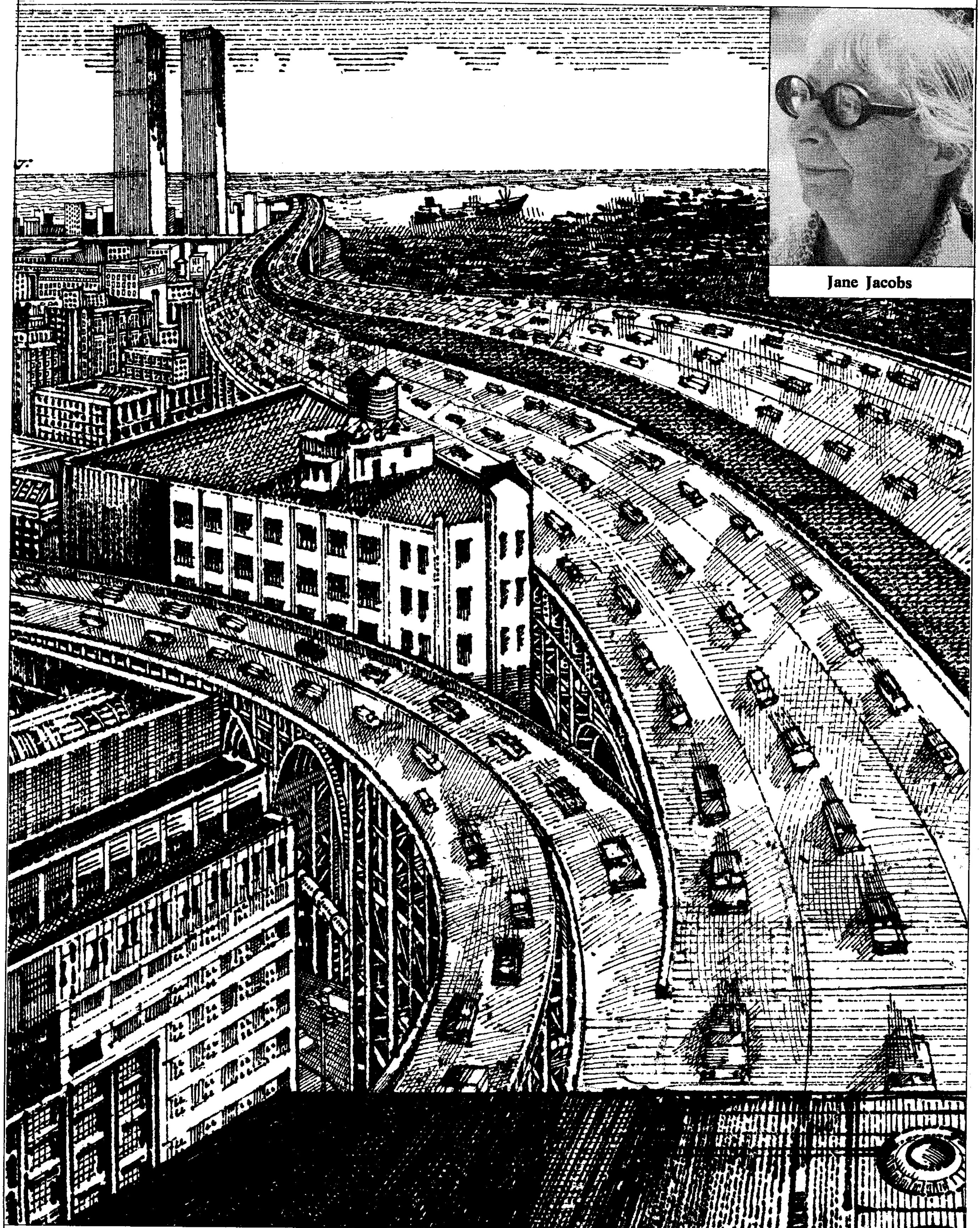
Most of the New York region's present-day highway scheme was developed in 1929 by the New York Regional Plan Committee. The plan calls for a U-shaped loop around the island (now the FDR Drive and West Side Highway) and three cross-Manhattan roadways. The southernmost route would connect the Holland Tunnel to the Manhattan Bridge via an expressway across Canal Street; next, a cross-Manhattan tunnel at 38th Street; finally, an expressway across 125th Street to connect the proposed Triborough Bridge with a new trans-Hudson tunnel. These routes would require myriad on and off ramps to connect the grid to the inner city. (Key: gray—existed in 1929; crosshatched—completed since 1929; red—never built.)

Like Nader and Carson, Jane Jacobs was a soldier-philosopher who did not shy away from the battles her work soon provoked. She was a leader in the successful fights against the Lower Manhattan Expressway throughout the sixties, against the roadway planned through the center of Washington Square Park in 1955–56, and against the West Village Urban Renewal Plan in 1961. The expressway would have cut a wide swath through Little Italy and suffocated Chinatown with exhaust fumes. SoHo would have been killed before it was born.

So why has a woman who has fought so hard for New York neighborhoods left home and country? Jane Jacobs and her family were early "casualties" of the Vietnam war. Jacobs lived 30 years in this town, married here, and raised three children here. In 1968, however, her two almost draft-age sons, James and Edward, made the decision to resist. As she always had, Jane Jacobs put family first and went to Canada.

The Jacobs family found refuge in Toronto, now Canada's biggest city. To their delight, they discovered a town "much like New York used to be." In the past ten years, Jacobs has kept a

"The master-planners will destroy the city as we know it, destroy its SoHos, Chinatowns, Little Italys. Who wants Manhattan turned into Los Angeles, a city built for automobiles, not for people? Plans like Westway are death sentences for neighborhoods."



Jane Jacobs

Future shock: *It's not just Westway, but also the crosstown expressways and on and off ramps, that will destroy our neighborhoods.*

Illustrated by Gary Viskupic

FRED W. MC DARRAH

> "There was a reason those piers on the West Side were left to decay. This area had a different destiny in store for it. It was going to be a great big real-estate ripoff when its time came."

Modest proposal: *The West Side Highway (at 12th Street), now crumbling, could be rebuilt at a fraction of Westway's cost, with extra funds used for mass transit.*

low profile, scrupulously avoiding the public spotlight, refusing constant requests for interviews and speaking engagements. However, she continues to be an active critic of urban master-planners, even in Toronto, and is now working on another book.

Late last month, I talked with Jane Jacobs in her Toronto home. The subject was Westway, and it brought an immediate and emotional response. "Westway is second only to bankruptcy in its importance to the city," said Jacobs. "It is the single most important decision New York is facing about its future. No mayor will make the difference to New York that this highway will make. If Koch does nothing more than kill Westway, he'll be one of the great mayors of the city." Westway, continued Jacobs, is a metaphor for the city; how one feels about it depends on one's vision of what the city is and what it can become.

How can one oppose Westway when the city so desperately needs jobs to revitalize the economy?

That's the question asked again and again by the parade of highway advocates at public hearings. But they never tell us who will get those jobs. And they never count the jobs that may be lost in the displacement process that inevitably accompanies new development.

A trade-in of the Westway money, for transit rehabilitation plus a modest rebuilding of the West Side Highway, according to a six-month Sierra Club study, would deliver 103,000 man-years of employment, both inside and outside of New York City; Westway promises only 78,000, and most of those will be outside the region—in plants manufacturing the steel, cement, and other component parts and materials. What's more, most of the promised Westway jobs are temporary; but many permanent jobs are endangered by the displacement of businesses along the Westway construction site.

For too long, New York has cannibalized itself for the sake of temporary construction jobs; meanwhile, we lose all sorts of low-cost industrial space and drive out all kinds of existing jobs. During the Lower Manhattan Expressway fight in the sixties, I asked Harry Van Arsdale, head of the Central Labor Council, how he felt about all the jobs that would be wiped out. He said to me, "Oh, I can't be concerned about those kinds of jobs." He was only interested in the construction jobs. To this day, that's the highway lobby's job argument, even for Westway.

A project like Westway, if it's well designed, can enhance the urban environment, in addition to promising redevelopment of a blighted part of Manhattan. Isn't there a reactionary tenor to Westway's opposition?

Quite the opposite. Westway is only one small piece of a plan for an overwhelming highway network for Manhattan that would, piece by piece, Los Angeles–ize New York. It's an old plan that dates back to 1929. Just think of that. New York prides itself on being up-to-date, and it's being run by a half-century-old plan. What we have are pieces of this plan that keep surfacing every few years. Nobody would ever consent to the insanity of doing the whole thing, and yet piece by piece it gets done.

Robert Moses was a master at this technique. He would build a bridge without saying there must be a highway at either end. Or he'd build a road and say nothing about a great big bridge that would be needed. It was a piecemeal approach and the people would have had a fit if they had seen the whole thing and what it implied.

That sounds a bit hysterical. After all, we're talking about a highway on landfill that goes from the Battery to 42nd Street—not paving over all of Manhattan.

Take a look at the 1929 plan and you'll feel differently. The plan includes not just the West Side Highway but a ring around the entire shoreline of the island, more like a big U, actually, because the top doesn't connect. Then it calls for lacings—highways running through the middle of the island from east to west to connect the sides of the ring.

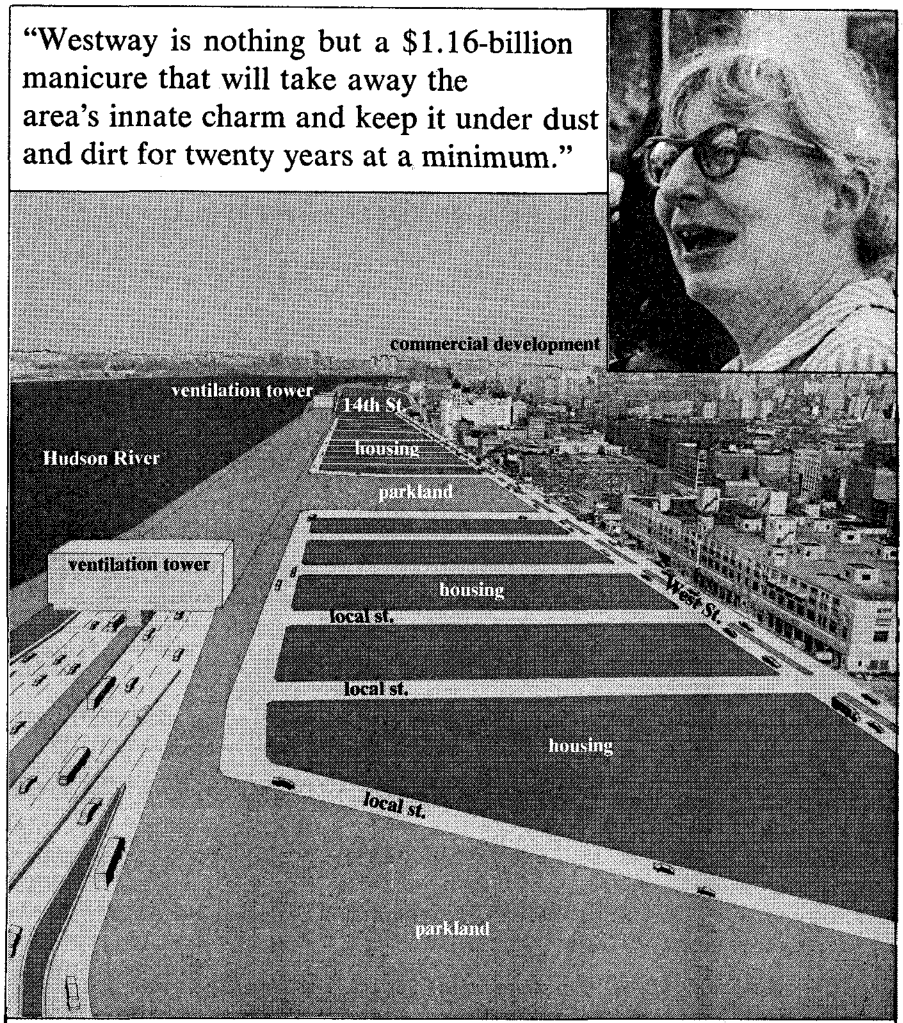
But this master plan was never put into effect.

A good deal of it was. But the worst could still come if the roadway system gets bigger, more ramps are added, and the crosstown lacings appear. The FDR Drive is part of the plan, as is the West Side Highway. You don't see the crosstown highways because we fought them all over the last twenty years. The Lower Manhattan Expressway, set to run across Broome Street, was one of the lacings.

That expressway proposal was preceded by a great deal of propaganda against the area we now call SoHo. It was called Hell's Hundred Acres or the Valley then, in the mid-fifties. It would

Photographed by Neal Slavin

> "Westway is nothing but a $1.16-billion manicure that will take away the area's innate charm and keep it under dust and dirt for twenty years at a minimum."



CITIZENS FOR CLEAN AIR INC.

Immodest proposal: *The Westway master plan, looking north from Canal Street; the pollution from the increased traffic would wreak havoc with our environment.*

be a good thing, so the argument went, to run a highway through there and get rid of these horrible buildings and turn it all into something like Washington Square Village—sterile new high rises. What has become SoHo would have been wiped out.

So what has the long-defunct expressway plan to do with Westway?

If Westway goes in, the Lower Manhattan Expressway will be revived. It probably won't be on Broome Street now. Canal, mentioned in the 1929 plan, and always considered an alternative route, is more likely. A draft report prepared for the Highways Department last April refers to a "Canal/Delancey Street Corridor"—the expressway in a modified form. And that would create pressure to rebuild the rest of the West Side Highway north of Westway to interstate standards, enlarging its car-carrying capacity and cutting into Riverside Park. And there would be new crosstown traffic routes like 34th Street and so on up the island. Westway will never be an isolated highway segment. It's like a tree trunk that has to grow branches.

Why are you opposed to a highway system in Manhattan whose basic intent is to remove traffic from our hopelessly congested streets?

It's nonsense to say that this net is going to remove traffic from the city's streets. It's got to have its ramps to draw traffic onto and off city streets, until the system has invaded the entire city, disrupted its very fabric.

As long as the highway scheme focuses on the outside edges, things stay calm. The minute the arterial roads feeding the system appear, it scares the hell out of people. Only at that point does it become clear how the master-planners will destroy the city as we know it, destroy the whole fabric, turn it over to traffic. There are plenty of people who don't want a city like this. It fills them with horror, repels them, runs contrary to their vision of what the city should be.

Those people don't want Manhattan turned into Los Angeles, a city that's built for automobiles and not for people. They don't want a city that would destroy its SoHos, Chinatowns, Little Italys. Plans like the expressway or Westway are death sentences for neighborhoods. Before the first building falls, the plan enforces deterioration, stops investment in existing businesses.

But the decay and devastation on the West Side today started long before Westway was proposed.

There was a reason those piers on the West Side were left to decay and a reason why the shipping was withdrawn from them and taken over to Port Elizabeth and other places. This area had a different destiny in store for it. It was going to be a great big real-estate ripoff when its time came. Public and private investment went elsewhere.

But what do you do for trucks, which are necessary for the city's economic life and compete with cars for road space?

The best way to improve truck access is to take out all the passenger cars you can, and transport people by mass transit. This relieves truck congestion, speeds up traffic, saves money, and makes a better climate for industry in New York.

A pro–West Side Highway, anti-Westway position will be hard to sell.

We don't have it nearly as tough as the other side. Westway proponents have a terrible dilemma. Their position is based on an enormous contradiction. If they say Westway is going to accommodate a lot of additional traffic in the years to come, they run into the problem of air pollution, even if the increased traffic moves around and through the city somewhat faster. If the increase in traffic is just 2 percent each year for the next twenty, it will be horrifying in terms of additional pollution in the city. So advocates of Westway have to minimize for argument's sake the increase in traffic and its implications.

On the other hand, these highways cost so much, how are they going to justify spending $1.16 billion if Westway won't carry more traffic than is currently handled by existing roadways? Something so enormously expensive must provide the public with some commensurately enormous service—or the whole thing is pointless. Which is, in fact, the case. Westway will do an enormous *disservice* to the city by generating increased traffic that brings horrendous environmental damage. Westway advocates must prove it would do more than accommodate the same traffic that a rebuilt West Side Highway would take care of. And a West Side rehab at $38 million is a long way from a $1.2-billion Westway.

If the environmental damage is minimized, the cost can't be justified. But both issues are never examined at the same time, at the same hearing.

The added bonus of Westway is the new housing and parks that will be

FRED MC DARRAH

"Westway is second only to bankruptcy in its importance to the city. If Mayor Koch does nothing more than kill it, he'll be one of the great mayors of New York. Westway is a metaphor for the city; how one feels about it depends on one's vision of what the city is and what it can become."

added, with through traffic out of the way, underground.

That's the same carrot the expressway advocates used in the sixties. The battle for the Lower Manhattan Expressway started in the late fifties, but a few years later people were more sensitive to environmental damage. So the whole argument for the highway changed to the subject of new land development. Suddenly it was a wonderful plan for new housing, parks, fountains, and reconstruction that would grow up on both sides of the expressway. A whole new piece of the city to develop.

Westway is the same scam. The grandiose land-development scheme is a red herring created to sell the project. Instead of talking about the highway, proponents keep trying to talk about the landfill and what will be built on it, and they hope that nobody asks the questions: "All right, if the landfill and parks and apartment houses are so great and the city really will have money to run these parks and the people of New York really do have enough income to fill up this many more apartments and so on, then why not do it on its own? Would you promote this landfill plan without the highway? Would it be totally unfeasible without the highway? Why? What is wrong with this scheme without the highway?" The reason it is so great *with* the highway is because it is simply meant to sell the highway.

You seem to feel that the landfill scheme is a myth. But the head of the design and planning phases of Westway, Lowell Bridwell, won federal approval of a new principle: Federal money for interstate highways in cities should include the extra cost of putting the highway underground, minimizing its obtrusiveness and providing free space to the city—for parks, etc.

The landfill proposal, though the planners never emphasize this, is nothing more than empty land and some zoning changes. It's up to the city to go beyond landscaping and build the parks from its own funds. Then private developers will pick up the tab for housing.

The city can always use more parks. But why are we letting the parks we have go to hell? If there's not enough money for those that now exist, how will there be any for new ones? Or will we let the old ones deteriorate further while we spend money on new ones in the way Robert Moses put money into highways and let mass transit fall apart? Why are we adding new land to the city when some proponents of Westway agree with "planned shrinkage" in areas like the South Bronx, where sewer and utility lines and streets already are in place? There's no sense to any of it.

If there ever was a real-estate scheme set up to fail, it's the Westway development. Don't forget the Battery Park experience. All we'll get is more mud flats. By the time the land scheme is a failure, nobody will care because the highway will be built.

So who is for this project if it makes no sense?

All the same people, influence peddlers, who always get a hearing no matter how discredited their advice has been in the past. President Carter told Congressman Ted Weiss that he was in favor of Westway because David Rockefeller assured him that it would be good for the city's economy. That's what Rockefeller said about the World Trade Center and look what a disaster that's been for the real-estate market.

What will be the future of the West Side if Westway is stopped?

Revitalization of the West Side would be easy compared to SoHo. It's already starting in so many places. The West Village is spilling out to the Hudson at Greenwich and Washington streets, where warehouses are being converted to apartments and co-ops.

The West Side waterfront could turn into a success story, as in Toronto, Seattle, Boston, or Vancouver. In Boston, people used to live on the piers and there were lots of restaurants on them. In the thirties, the piers were an amazing place to visit. As soon as city planning in Boston began to be taken very seriously, these things were scheduled for demolition. Suddenly they were "ramshackle." Now, of course, they're being rebuilt, coming back. Old industrial buildings there are being converted into housing, shops, and restaurants. Some of the piers themselves have actually been reconstructed.

This is one of the things New York could learn. Think of the things the unused piers could be used for. Look at the location and the pilings already there. They could build new mixed-use areas—commercial, residential, parks, artist housing—right out overlooking the river. It's happening naturally, and it could be encouraged, the way SoHo was allowed to happen. And it would finance itself. But we must kill Westway first. It's nothing but a $1.16-billion manicure that will take away the area's innate charm and keep it under dust and dirt for twenty years at a minimum.

If we stop Westway and recoup some of that money, what should we spend the money on?

Transit. It's no accident that the transit system has continued to go down while enormous amounts of money have been spent on highways. It will be the ruination of New York if you keep trying to supply, first and foremost, roads for the automobile and let everything else just fit into the margins.

You're opposed to the automobile, aren't you?

I'm not a fanatic against automobiles. In fact, I think it's a very good thing we have them instead of horses. I'm not a fanatic at all. Furthermore, I don't think they need to be eliminated from cities by any means. I don't think we should bar them.

But the minute you start whittling away the other amenities, the minute you begin devoting virtually all the transportation money to this one purpose, then you're eroding the city.

But you wish car lovers would stay outside the city limits?

There are some people who prefer to travel by automobile—no matter what. They love what Marshall McLuhan calls the "one-ton metal cocoon." Okay. No one is making them get out of their cars if they want to be in them. But they have to accept some of the disadvantages of travel by car in the city. They make their own choice. But the point is that the city should not be remodeled for cars.

It's impossible to remake large cities to accommodate all the cars or potential cars. And if you try, you have to distort priorities and that's what erosion is all about. That's why the stakes are higher in the Westway fight. The Lower Manhattan Expressway was preliminary. The chips are down on this one and herein lies the future of New York. ■

Begelman Babylon

By Jeanie Kasindorf

"...Sid Luft's files go back to 1961. He's sure they show that Begelman's check-cashing problem was more than 'aberrational'..."

Sid Luft sat in his Wilshire Boulevard apartment last December, reading the *Hollywood Reporter.* Columbia Pictures president David Begelman, the paper said, had just been reinstated after misappropriating $61,008 in corporate funds and $23,000 in expenses.

Begelman had walked into a Beverly Hills bank, forged the signature of actor Cliff Robertson on the back of a $10,000 Columbia paycheck, and cashed the check himself. "My misdeeds, my misappropriation of funds were aberrational," Begelman said after being reinstated. "I know it won't happen again." Sid Luft is sure he knows better.

Listening to the din of traffic through huge rubber-tree leaves that shaded the balcony, the 60-year-old Luft began sorting through the heavy black file box he had carried with him for ten long years. Luft was sure the files would show what he had believed all along, that David Begelman's check-cashing problem was more than "aberrational."

The files go back to the day in 1961 when Luft's wife, Judy Garland, signed a management agreement with Freddie Fields Associates, a new talent agency that had been formed by Freddie Fields and his friend David Begelman.

The early sixties were a difficult time for Sid Luft. A former test pilot and electronics consultant, he had married Judy Garland in 1952 after leaving the aircraft industry to become a Monograms Pictures producer. Since marrying Judy, he had managed her career and produced *A Star Is Born.* Now it was going sour; Judy wanted a new manager. "I was the father, the sweetheart, the lover, everything. And now I'm relieved," Luft said, snapping his fingers as if his story were taking place today. "I'm being replaced."

Soon after that, Judy went on her first national tour, accompanied by her new agent, David Begelman. It was the beginning of three years during which Judy and Sid fought constantly and were often apart. "I was the villain," Sid remembers. "I stole all of her money, according to them. She was childlike about business. You can't run a company and sing your songs and do your bookkeeping and be an executive. They set her up."

In February 1963, Sid and Judy were reconciled. This time Luft moved in on Begelman. Judy authorized Luft's attorney, Guy Ward, to take the financial records of her Kingsrow Enterprises, the company Freddie Fields Associates (soon to become Creative Management Associates) set up for her, from Begelman's Park Avenue office. Ward turned over the records, which ran from January 1961 to April 1963, to Oscar Steinberg, a Beverly Hills accountant. On June 27, 1963, Steinberg produced the five-page report that Luft has kept locked in his black file box to this day.

NEW YORK TIMES

Begelman, his sins revealed, is forced out by Columbia.

"I wish to advise you," Steinberg wrote, "of certain items requiring additional explanation." They included:

☐ Thirteen checks, totaling $35,714, which had been written by David Begelman to "Cash" on Judy Garland's Kingsrow Enterprises account. Begelman had then cashed them at the Hotel Sahara and the Dunes Hotel in Las Vegas. The checks had been written from May 1962 to October 1962 and ranged from $500 to $6,000 each. The $35,714 total was listed in the Kingsrow ledger as part of Judy Garland's salary, spent for "protection."

☐ A $50,000 bank transfer had been made from a "Judy Garland" account in the Chase Manhattan Bank in Berkeley Square, London, to Chase Manhattan on Park Avenue in New York in December 1962. A letter of instruction transferring the funds had been signed before a notary by Judy Garland. Garland later testified that though she trusted Begelman she had not known about the transfer until after it had taken place. Begelman had told her, Garland testified, that the money had gone to pay someone who was blackmailing her. The letter had instructed the bank to deposit $24,355 of the $50,000 to the "Executive Producer Account, Special" for David Begelman. "Mr. David Begelman," the letter said, "is empowered to be the only signatory on the account." The letter of transfer also instructed the bank to deposit $3,245 of the $50,000 to the account of "201 East 62nd Street Building Company Inc." David Begelman and his second wife, actress Lee Reynolds, later moved into a coopera-

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Illustrated by Mary Mullin and Larry Weil

> "...'Look, suppose he did steal $300,000,' said Judy Garland. 'Sweep it under the rug. I'm going to make $20 million'..."

tive apartment being built at that time at 201 East 62nd Street.

☐ A $10,000 check had been written on the Kingsrow account to the Chase Manhattan Bank. It had been listed on the Kingsrow ledger as "bank transfers." "I was advised by an officer of the Chase Manhattan Bank," Steinberg wrote, "that such check was deposited to an account in the name of 'David Begelman in trust for Judy Garland.' Subsequently," Steinberg reported, "the account was changed or transferred to an account in the name of 'David Begelman,' and later the funds were withdrawn." In a divorce deposition a year later, Judy Garland testified she knew nothing about the $10,000 transfer.

☐ Five checks for $490.33 each had been written on the Kingsrow account as payment to Creative Management Associates for "TV-production supervisors" for a Judy Garland television special. The employees were never identified in the Kingsrow ledgers. All the checks had been written by David Begelman.

☐ A $750 check had been written from Kingsrow to Creative Management Associates as payment for an agent's commission for Judy Garland's appearance on a Jack Paar television special. Steinberg said that the agent's commission for the show "apparently" had already been paid to CMA out of the fee from Paar's production company. The check for $750, amounting to a double commission, had been written by David Begelman.

☐ In the files that Steinberg used to make his report, Luft discovered that when Judy had appeared on that Jack Paar special in November 1962, part of her compensation had been the use of a new 1963 Cadillac convertible. Although Judy Garland's signature is on a letter about the Cadillac from Paar's production company, Luft says Judy never knew she was entitled to the car. Luft has no record of the 1963 or 1964 passenger registration, but the 1965 registration is in the name of David Begelman. Luft says that five months later, when he and Judy moved to California, they had to buy two new cars. "She didn't even know about the Cadillac," Luft says. "She said to me, 'I don't have a car.' "

The week after Luft received the June 7,1963, report, the fighting between him and Judy started again. Judy was in rehearsal for a CBS television series produced by Begelman and Fields; she didn't want anything to spoil it. "When Judy got a copy of the letter," Luft says, "she said, 'Look, suppose he did steal $200,000 to $300,000. Sweep it under the rug now. I'm going to make $20 million on these television shows. What is $300,000?' That sentiment would be echoed on the Columbia Pictures lot fourteen years later.

On July 1, the fighting got worse. Sid left the couple's Bel-Air home for Newport Beach to "cool off" for a few days. When he came home, all his clothes had been put into storage. Still, he refused to give up. He was determined to arrange a showdown meeting with Begelman and Fields.

The meeting took place on August 22, 1963, in a Sunset Boulevard office building. While Luft fought with Fields and Begelman for more than three hours, he carried in his shirt pocket a microphone disguised as a cigarette pack. It transmitted the voices to the street below, where a private detective, a man Luft calls "the bug," sat in a car monitoring a reel-to-reel tape recorder.

Several days before the meeting, Luft had asked Begelman about the $50,000 London-bank transfer and was told it had been used to bribe someone who had taken a picture of Judy in a British hospital. In the picture, Begelman said, she had a stomach pump in her mouth and her dress was torn open exposing her breasts. Luft didn't believe that story. "Listen when I ask him about that in the meeting," Luft said as he played the tape, "he's trapped."

Luft: I'll tell you, that was the most disturbing phone call that I had with you, about that $50,000 thing, that [photo] negative — $50,000 you said that she paid . . . for a negative, right?

FILTER CIGARETTES
Marlboro
20 CLASS A CIGARETTES

The disguised microphone at the secret meeting.

Begelman: I didn't tell you that . . . did I? Because I swear on my life . . . on my child's life.

Luft: You said it on the phone. You said to me the nurse took a picture with a camera.

Begelman: I told you this?

Luft: Yeah, you said [to Judy], "Are you listening, Judy?" Judy said, "Yes, I saw the negative."

Begelman: But I told you this?

Fields (to Begelman): Be quiet.

Luft: And I said to you, "Dave, I've got some things to ask you." And I said, "What happened to that $50,000 from England?"

Begelman: Do you want me to tell you the truth? I was not around then. It happened in England. Apparently she was taken to the hospital. They were pumping her stomach and she was disrobed down to here, and somebody took a picture of her.

Luft: You saw the picture?

Begelman: Oh yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah.

Fields: [On another portion of the tape, Fields complained about the Steinberg audit] It was a f--king 25-cent police job. You know all that schmuck Oscar did . . . it was so stupid because I offered to sit down with him at that time."

Luft (to Fields): You said the last time I was in here, you said $35,000 [the checks Begelman made out to cash] went to hoodlums. What is "hoodlums"?

Fields: Well, that can be explained; it all can be explained.

Luft: Explain it to me. First [you] said it was hoodlums, then . . . it was guards.

Fields: Well, a combination of both.

Luft: Thirty-five thousand dollars to guards, who are, what, hoodlums?

Fields: Thirty-five thousand dollars isn't much. That's only ten weeks of guards.

Luft: Guards where?

Fields: Well, she had guards around the clock.

Luft: Where?

Fields: In Scarsdale. They were running $3,000 a week.

Luft: No. I'm talking about the moneys that David signed in Las Vegas.

Fields: Well, some of those were those, and the guards in Las Vegas, and the guards in Reno.

Luft: Cash?

Fields: Sure, those got cash or they were paid by checks that nobody wanted Judy Garland's name on.

Luft: It doesn't look good to me.

Fields: It still doesn't?

Luft: No.

Begelman: You know, when you came to Las Vegas [to try to take his children away from Judy]...you went to the ranch in your car and . . . you pick Joe up and you start driving the car and somebody stopped you.

Luft: Right.

Fields: As a result of that Judy has that town ringed with hoodlums . . . not ordinary plainclothesmen which she had engaged from a licensed detective agency . . . she got a group gotten for her by somebody in Las Vegas. If you had showed up in town again and tried to take the children out of town, you'd have been stopped. I mean, nicely stopped, there's no one killed, you know....My point is that I did it at Judy's direction.

[Begelman started writing the checks in May, four months before Luft tried to take his children. In that divorce-hearing deposition a year later, Judy Garland testified that she had not given David Begelman permission to draw sums of cash from her account from August 1962 to October 1962 and that when she paid for protection, it was to legitimate guard agencies.]

Later in the conversation, the three men tried to come to an agreement.

Luft: Well, I'm not a doctor. . . . I think that Judy cannot stand this harassment any longer and I don't think that she'll function properly unless we have an . . . understanding. . . .

Begelman: Freddie, I would like for you . . . to draw a check to Sid for, like, $1,000. . . . Sid, look, here's what I'd like to propose. As a temporary measure that will give you more than the $1,000 . . . that we give Sid $1,000 a show [for each episode of Judy's new television series]. You follow me? I mean give him the $1,000 now because he needs it tomorrow.

Luft: Or yesterday and the day before.

Begelman: But give him $1,000 a week, $1,000 a show, which she'll be doing every week. Subject only to a relationship between us, you know what I mean. That's not, that's not, certainly not a buyoff or a payoff. This is the only way we can make our handshake a little more realistic with you . . . $1,000 a week isn't going to buy you a new Rolls or anything, but it'll take the pressure off you to try to come up with a plan or also give you the opportunity to talk to Judy, like, cooler . . . because when you're under pressure, when you're desperate, then you obviously, you translate your desperation to her. Will that relieve some of that pressure?

Luft: Of course it will.

Begelman: Well, let's start with that, Sid. I, I, you know . . . look, we're playing such a f--king dangerous game with you and I don't care, so I'll go all the way with you. All right.

Fields: And I'll only tell you this. If you, or you really in anger, in an emotional weak moment or for any other reason ever really divulge all of this, then I'll laugh. Then I'll just, I'll never talk to you again, but I'll laugh, you know, because you're a schmuck.

Luft: Deny it.

Fields: No, I won't deny it. I'll just laugh because I think it'll all work against you in the end. You know?

Luft: Yeah.

Today, Freddie Fields says he never talked to Sid Luft about checks that Begelman had written. "I don't know what he's talking about," Fields says. "He never talked to me about anything except his own problems, his own financial problems, and his problems with Judy." Fields does remember talking to Luft about the Steinberg audit. "Everything was checked out, as far as I know," he says. "Luft's charges are fictitious and erroneous."

David Begelman's attorney, Frank Rothman, says, "I have checked out with David and Freddie whether or not there is any validity to the charges that they did anything inappropriate with Judy Garland's funds, and the answer to that is unequivocally no."

The next years were good ones for David Begelman and Freddie Fields; for Sid Luft they were not quite so good. Luft took one check for $1,000; then, he says, he took no more. Three months after his meeting with Begelman and Fields, a messenger from Judy's new law firm, the same firm that represented Fields and Begelman, went to attorney Guy Ward's office to pick up the ledgers and checks Oscar Steinberg had used in his audit. They did not know that Ward had put copies of the checks and documents in a safe.

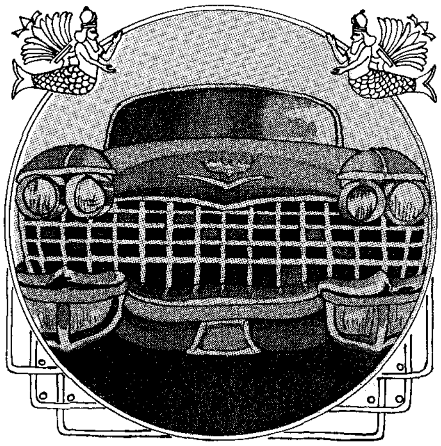
In 1965 Sid and Judy were divorced. Luft didn't see his ex-wife until the fall of 1966, when she called him, crying. The Los Angeles County marshal had posted a foreclosure notice on their home. Judy was broke. This time Luft was able to convince Judy to use the Steinberg audit and the photocopied documents to file suit the next year against Fields and Begelman in New York. The suit, which asked $2.5 million in damages, claimed that Fields and Begelman had "improperly and unlawfully paid to and retained for themselves from the gross earnings of [Judy Garland and Kingsrow Enterprises] property and monies substantially in excess of the commission to which they were entitled."

After the suit was filed, Luft says, he got a phone call from a man who called himself Frank Sacco and said he was with David Begelman in Begelman's Madison Avenue office. "He said he wanted to be the middleman," Luft remembers, "who could straighten things out after Judy filed the suit." Luft felt threatened and he told Sacco that the only place the suit would be straightened out would be in court. He never heard from him again.

Frank Sacco is a convicted loan shark who preyed upon gamblers and businessmen living beyond their means in New York in the 1960s. In 1972, Sacco was sentenced to twenty years for extortion. He has since been

CULVER PICTURES

Judy Garland and Sid Luft in happier days.



The mysterious Cadillac of uncertain ownership.

"... Sid Luft makes no secret of his delight that, after all these years, the score is going to be settled. He opened champagne ..."

identified as a member of the East Coast Mafia.

In 1968 Judy signed a new contract with Fields and Begelman. At the same time, she moved to dismiss the year-old lawsuit. Luft filed a motion of intervention to take over the suit himself. In December 1968, the New York Supreme Court granted Luft's motion. The suit is still pending in New York.

A few days after Christmas 1968, Freddie Fields asked Luft to meet him at Frascati's restaurant on Sunset. "Sid, I know what you want," Luft remembers Fields saying, "and I have $100,000 in my pocket. But before I give it to you, you have to take an ad out in *Variety* and the *Reporter*. The gist of the ad will be that things you have said about Freddie Fields and David Begelman are a figment of your imagination." Luft recalls starting to laugh. "I said, 'I don't want your $100,000. The only thing I want from you is to get you in the goddamn courthouse.' "

Short of money and swamped by the IRS suits that would drain him for the next ten years, Luft never prosecuted the lawsuit. Instead, he sat quietly by, trying to revive his career as a producer, mumbling occasionally to friends about "that crook," and watching Begelman's career flourish until September 1973, when Columbia Pictures named David Begelman its new president.

"We ran a check," Columbia Pictures Industries president Alan J. Hirshfield says. "We made the usual inquiries and he checked out very well. He was working for a public company, so we relied on what was there." (The company was Creative Management Associates, the firm Begelman and Fields controlled when they managed Judy Garland.)

What they found was a life story that bore little resemblance to the life David Begelman had actually lived. David Begelman had grown up around the Grand Concourse in the Bronx. The son of a master tailor, he was a kid who always dreamed about being in show business. Later, after his dream had come true, he told some friends he was a graduate of Yale University, while telling others he went to Yale University Law School. *Who's Who* lists him as a Yale graduate, class of 1947. However, Yale University and Yale Law School have no record of David Begelman's ever attending.

When he became president of Columbia, Begelman arrived at a studio which had a $225-million debt and not enough money to put a new film in production. His arrival, everyone in Hollywood will tell you today, gave the company the first respectability it had had in years. While Hirschfield sat in New York keeping the banks at bay and trying to reduce the company's $225-million debt, Begelman started setting up more deals.

Begelman called in favors from former CMA clients, brought them into the studio, and almost overnight Columbia was in the moviemaking business again. "He had to work abracadabra," his mentor, producer Ray Stark, says admiringly. That first year the studio suddenly had one hit after another: *Tommy, Funny Lady, Shampoo.*

Last fall, after four years as president of Columbia Pictures, David Begelman, who was by then making $300,000 a year, had helped reduce the company's debt to $60 million. His $20-million gamble, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, is a $100-million hit.

In February 1977, Cliff Robertson came across a form saying that Columbia Pictures had paid him $10,000 in 1976. Robertson hadn't worked for Columbia that year, so he asked his secretary to find out what it was all about. Soon after, Robertson got a call from David Begelman.

Robertson remembers that Begelman seemed cool, unruffled, completely in control. After getting as much information about the tax form as he could, Begelman invited Robertson to lunch the next time Robertson came to California. "It's been too long," he said.

NEW YORK TIMES

Begelman, his sins forgiven, returns to Columbia.

Four weeks later, Begelman was on the telephone again, this time to Michael Black, Robertson's Beverly Hills agent. He had solved the mystery of the $10,000 check, Begelman said. A young man had admitted forging it and had come in with his father and promised to repay it. Begelman had been sympathetic when the young man had said he had never done anything like that before. Wouldn't Cliff Robertson, Begelman asked, be equally generous?

Robertson said he would. But to protect himself in case of an IRS inquiry he wanted a copy of the check. When Robertson called the Wells Fargo Bank on Beverly Drive, he asked the teller whether she could remember who had brought the check in. Of course, she said. It was Mr. Begelman.

Cliff Robertson called his attorney and asked him to phone the Burbank and Beverly Hills police and the Los Angeles district attorney. He wanted an investigation, but he did not want to give the police what they needed to prosecute, a formal complaint; this, he apparently felt, might hurt his career.

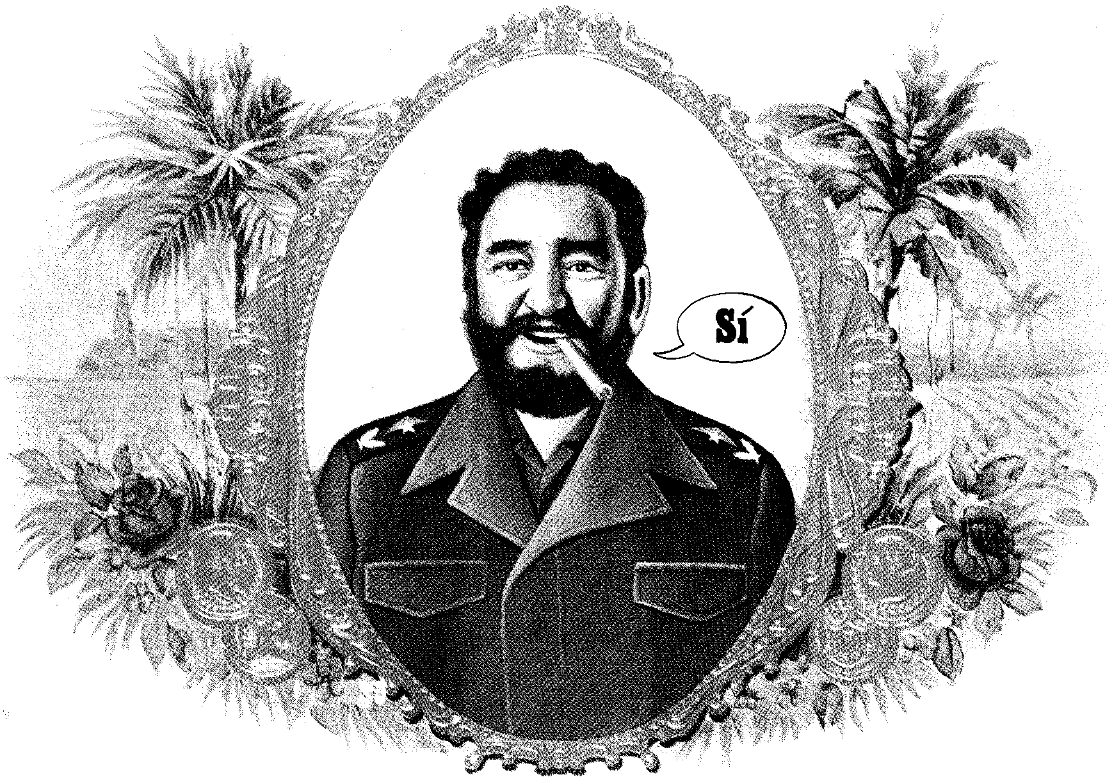
It was only after Begelman was reinstated as president that Robertson, in what one of Begelman's friends would call "Robertson's biggest role in the last five years," decided to talk to the Washington *Post*. He told reporters he was incensed that no prosecution was taking place. "I didn't know what the hell was going on," he said. "I thought I was a character in a Kafka novel." Meanwhile, though, a police investigation was quietly progressing.

Before the end of January, Luft's New York attorney plans to serve David Begelman and Freddie Fields with notice to appear for deposition on that 1967 suit. Begelman and Fields, it is expected, will try to dismiss the lawsuit for failure to prosecute for the last ten years. Luft's attorney believes that under New York law, however, they stand only a slim chance.

"Columbia has covered up for David just like Freddie Fields once did fifteen years ago," Luft said. "There's a list a mile long of people who've covered up for David Begelman. You know there's a book called *The Mask of Sanity*. Well, that's what he wears."

Sid Luft makes no secret of his delight that, after all these years, the score is going to be settled. The other night he was feeling so good that he opened a bottle of champagne. "You know," he said, "I'm not much of a believer. But I'm patient." ▬

Are Cuban Cigars Worth Smuggling?



By Frank Mankiewicz

"... All over this country, cigar smokers are sending checks to Switzerland. What comes back is the McCoy–Havana cigars ..."

Late in the afternoon of February 2, 1962, President John F. Kennedy summoned his press secretary to the Oval Office. "Pierre," he asked, "do you think you can round up 1,000 Petit Upmanns by ten o'clock tomorrow morning?" Pierre Salinger had been given tougher assignments, but few stranger ones. He could probably get the cigars, he thought, but why did the president need them?

The next morning Salinger told Kennedy the 1,000 Havanas, ordered from all over the country, were on the way. "Thanks, Pierre," said the president of the United States, who then, with a flourish, signed the proclamation embargoing all trade between Cuba and the United States.

The story has the ring of truth: Kennedy would not have hesitated to use his advance knowledge to stock up on the precious commodity. The story is also illustrative of the state of American foreign policy; Kennedy was a moderate smoker—one imagines that he thought the embargo would last only a few years. No one, least of all President Kennedy, would have doubted Pierre Salinger's ability to come up with a few thousand more if the occasion demanded it.

Yet since that day in 1962, not one Cuban cigar has been sold—legally—in the United States; moreover, not until last year was any Cuban cigar brought into the country legally, even if purchased legally abroad.

Because of the recent thaw in Cuban-American relations, an American returning from abroad—including Cuba itself—may bring up to $100 worth of goods of "Cuban origin" through U.S. Customs. At current prices in Havana, that means about 100 top-quality cigars.

Even prior to 1977, the State Department permitted travel to Cuba, for the Supreme Court has decided that the

> "...'What are those?' asked the friendly Customs inspector. 'Those,' I said, 'are cigars given me this morning by Fidel Castro'..."

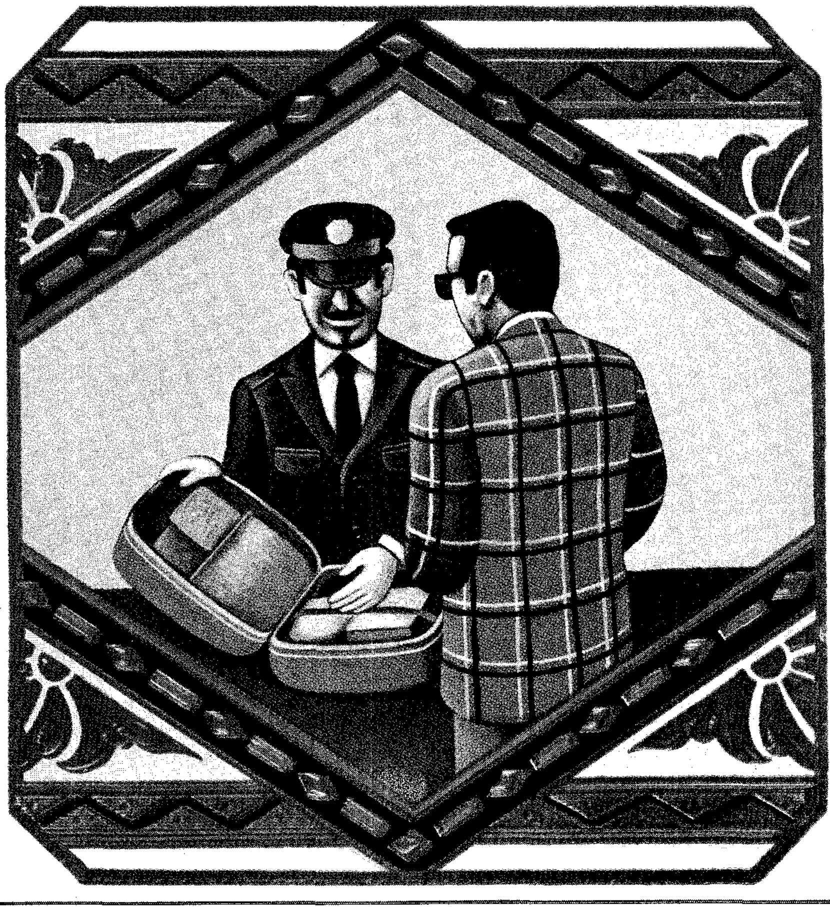
government can neither prohibit travel nor penalize it after the fact, although it can warn Americans against it. But the ban on Cuban goods remained in effect and was lifted only rarely. In 1974 I traveled with a film crew to Cuba and conducted a thirteen-hour interview with Fidel Castro. We returned through the Baltimore airport, where the Customs inspectors looked at every camera, light, and box of film, as well as the baggage of the whole crew. Among my own baggage were two large, rather ornate wooden boxes of Castro's own brand of cigars, given me that very morning in Havana.

They were too large to conceal, and that policy did not appeal to me anyway. So I put them under my arm and sauntered through the line. "What are those?" asked the friendly inspector. "Oh," I said, "those are cigars." "From Cuba?" "Yes," I said, "they were given me this morning by Fidel Castro, as a gift for Henry Kissinger. But if they are illegal, please take them" (this last accompanied by a glance at his name tag). Thus it was that Dr. Kissinger acquired a box (but only one) of Cohiba specials (the brand is used only for the *"máximo líder"* himself and for his guests), which I hope he shared, in moderation, with his friends.

Serious cigar smokers have never allowed an embargo to prevent them from obtaining a supply of the genuine article. Some of that supply, of course, like President Kennedy's, was laid in before the blockade. Some aficionados manage to cadge cigars from travelers returned from the Pearl of the Antilles; some buy more than the legal quota in Canada or England and bring them back concealed in socks, underwear, or Tampax wrappers; and some carefully replace the identifying band from each cigar bought overseas with bands from legal cigars.

And some receive packages marked "Unsolicited gift—value less than $10" on a regular basis from two tobacconists in Geneva who mail cigars around the world, but especially to the United States.

All over this great land, particularly in New York and Los Angeles, thousands of cigar smokers are communicating regularly with Geneva, sometimes by letters of request, sometimes by check. What comes back is the McCoy, genuine Havana cigars—Upmann and Montecristo, Partagas and Hoyo de Monterrey—in plain boxes, with the bands removed.



This trade, under the blockade, has been substantial. The Swiss are not known for fancying Cuban tobacco; yet, of 125 million cigars sold for export last year in Cuba, Switzerland took approximately 12 percent of the market. Since West Germany, for example, accounted for only about 3 percent, one can well believe that Americans last year illegally imported something like 10 million Cuban cigars —and presumably did so each year of the blockade before that.

Why does all this go on? Why are cigar smokers so agreed that there is no cigar like a Cuban cigar? Why is the argument over the *best* always confined to a comparison of the merits of this or that brand of Havana? In short, why is it almost impossible to find a smoker who will not agree that there are two kinds of cigars in the world—Cuban *and all the others?*

First of all, it must be understood that when one speaks of a "Cuban" cigar, one is talking about a cigar manufactured in Cuba for export. Only about 25 percent of the cigars produced on the island are exported, and they are the ones that have earned—and continue to earn—the priceless reputation. The 300 million cigars turned out for Cuban domestic consumption—the White Owls of the Caribbean, as it were—do nothing to enhance the prestige of the Cuban cigar.

The figures are instructive. Cuban tobacco officials estimate an annual worldwide production of 25 *billion* cigars. Most of these are cheap and small, but they qualify as cigars. Spain, for example, manufactures 500 million cigars each year, and 450 million are made in the Canary Islands. Some of the latter—Ramón Allones, Upmann, Montecristo—have the same names as Havana brands. These are produced by the original owners of those firms, who fled the island with their expertise and some tobacco seeds when Castro expropriated the tobacco plantations.

Why is Cuban-grown tobacco the best? The answer most frequently found is a version of the one given in Zino Davidoff's *Connoisseur's Book of the Cigar:* "All great smokers discovered long ago the irreplaceable virtues of this magic island: its geology, wind, water, its miraculous soil."

Gaston Montes León, the director of one of the six cigar factories in Havana, gave six reasons for the supremacy of Cuban cigars. First, he said, there is the climate. The tobacco ferments naturally in Cuba; elsewhere this process is often artificial. If another area, such as Jamaica, has the same climate, it lacks the soil. If the soil is similar somewhere, the days of sun and the temperature will be different. Second, he cited the skill of Cuban cigar makers. Third, he told me, the soil of the fabled "Vuelta Abajo," a portion of the province of Pinar del Río, is the best soil in the world for growing tobacco which will continue to grow and "work" even after it has been stored, cured, cut, wrapped, packed, and boxed.

Fourth, methods of manufacture are better because they are handed down from father to son. Fifth, there's the force of history—"centuries of excellence." His sixth reason was "*amor*—we look on a cigar as we would a woman; we do not mistreat her." (This romantic analogy is a favorite of cigar lovers. Davidoff writes: "I discovered Cuba's perfume and her sensual warmth as an immature adolescent discovers an ardent, knowledgeable woman.")

The cigar is not mistreated; that much seems to be true. In a visit last year, it seemed clear to me that at every stage of the creation of the export cigars there was enormous respect for the product.

The leaves begin as a dark green and lighten as they grow. Oddly, the greener—lighter, more *claro*—the cigar desired, the earlier the leaf will be cut. For a darker, more mature cigar, the plant must live longer. The leaves are then cut and dried, either by sunlight or by a special fire—again, to obtain the lighter-colored cigar—and then piled under cloths for the fermentation. After months of storage, experts divide the leaves into wrappers (the best leaves) and filler, and within those categories by color, size, and thickness.

Then, the first phase of the manufacture begins, in a large room where the spine of the leaf is removed. This is a job historically performed by women, but divisions of labor by sex are disappearing fast in Cuba, and nowhere more than in cigar manufacture. There are men who do this job now, and there are women who cut, trim, fill, and shape the cigar itself—once the exclusive preserve of male workers. That father-to-son tradition cited by Montes León is almost purely figurative now; it has been replaced by father-to-daughter, and one imagines that mother-to-daughter will be along in a generation or so. Nearly 60 percent of the cigar-factory employees are now women.

The cigar makers still sit side by side at benches in a large workroom, cutting, filling, rolling, sealing, selecting, and placing by size and color. The ancient tradition of the morning and afternoon "education breaks," in which educators mount the stage in front of the workers and read aloud from great drama and literature, has been continued. But now, a spokesman from the Communist party or the Committee for the Defense of the Revolution will also assign community or factory tasks, explain important articles in the party's morning newspaper, *Granma,* or perhaps read the text of a speech by one of the members of the Central Committee.

Smokers' Choice

Name the ten best Cuban cigars, we asked a panel of puffers who have been savoring them for decades. I can't, each of them said, but I can tell you what *I* like. And, it turned out, they all liked **Montecristo** (in Switzerland, No. 1's are $53 the box of 25). Also **Romeo y Julieta** (Churchills are $74.50 a box in Switzerland). Three of our four experts chose **H. Upmann** (Lonsdales are $53 the box of 25 in Switzerland); two favored **Hoyo de Monterrey** Bourbons (between $55 and $60 a box in Switzerland), and one liked **Por Larranaga** Lolas en Cedros ($25.50 a box in Switzerland). Pierre Salinger's favorite: **Punch** P's ($35 a box in Switzerland). Dunhill's in Montreal and Toronto sells some of these, at considerably higher prices.

Politics is everywhere. Sections of the workroom are divided into "brigades," competing in productivity under the banner of a "Hero of the Revolution." When I was there, the Allende Brigade was in the lead, those named for Lenin and for the Puerto Rican nationalist Albizu close behind.

There are some machines. In the factory I visited, I was proudly shown an AMF sorter, cutter, and filler made in Trenton in 1951, still functioning at close to its original capacity. But in this factory, the Montecristos and the Romeo y Julietas were all made by hand. The machines turned out the local products.

From the large workroom, the cigars are hand-carried to a larger, quieter room, where they are sorted by shape and color and then boxed and packaged after the band and label have been affixed. Then they are sealed, the wrapper-guarantee of the Cuban government is attached, and they are stored, ready for shipment.

Jaime Más, director of the state cigar trust, will be in charge of the Cuban-cigar export to the United States if and when the embargo is lifted (he does not foresee this happening soon). Más thinks the embargo may even have been a kind of blessing to the cigar industry. Before 1962, 64 percent of all the cigars, and 76 percent of their dollar value, went to the United States. In 1959 that meant an American market of 45 million cigars, out of 70 million produced for export.

The embargo forced Cuba to find alternative markets, while it forced Americans to find other high-priced cigars to import. Jamaica, Honduras, and the Canary Islands have taken up the slack here, each taking about 25 percent of the high-priced-cigar market. Más thinks it is significant that no country's cigar has dominated the American scene, and it makes him believe that Cuba can retake a large share once trade resumes. "We will be back to 80 percent in a few years," he predicts, "for one good reason—quality." It is hard to argue with him.

As of now, Más isn't sure just *how* Cuba will market the cigars in America. There will be trouble, he acknowledges, with some of the trademarks. He is aware that a New York court has held that the trademark is the property of the individual, in this case the individual who fled Cuba and is now producing cigars elsewhere. He thinks the law of that case may prevail and that the government of Cuba may be restrained from marketing cigars—at least in the United States—under some of the old and honored brand names.

But, he points out, the government now manufactures, for export, 26 different trademarks embracing 900 different *tipos* of cigar, based on size. Thus an Upmann can be a Churchill (the largest size) or something smaller. A Montecristo can be No. 1 (the largest) through No. 5. Many of those marks and size designations, Más believes, will survive.

And even if they do not, the man in charge of recapturing the U.S. market is unperturbed. "We have the unassailable trademark," Más says, "the one which says 'Havana' or 'Made in Cuba,' and that is the only one we need." He has a point. After all, as he says, "did anyone, anywhere, ever say of a successful man, 'That man must be powerful and important—he smokes a cigar from the Canary Islands'?" Havanas, *puros,* Cuban cigars—whatever they are called—are the world standard, says Jaime Más, and they will remain so. No company, he says with a grin, would spend money to make a cigar that looks as if it were made of Sumatran filler with a wrapper from Connecticut.

He's got us there. ■

Medical Mystery Tours

By Pascal James Imperato with Mike Jahn

> "... Because of complacency, New Yorkers are still easy prey for the microorganisms that caused the great epidemics of the past..."

After her shift at a Manhattan hospital, a 31-year-old Thai nurse stopped off to buy some raw ground pork. She intended to make a traditional Thai dish called "labb." It was March 15.

Once home, she marinated the meat at room temperature, and after ten days, the proper time for marinating the raw pork, she and her Thai roommates ate heartily. Over the course of the following week, the nurse sold or gave the remainder of the labb to six Thai friends. They, in turn, served it to six other fellow countrywomen. In all, twenty Thai women ate the meat.

Three who had their meal on March 31 left the following day for a vacation in Miami, where, on April 9, they began to show the symptoms of trichinosis. The parasite which causes the illness, *Trichinella spiralis*, a roundworm about 3 mm. long, enters the body when infected meat is eaten. Its larvae circulate throughout the body, invading muscle tissue. What results is intense pain and sometimes death.

On April 15 the three nurses returned to New York feeling better. But one of them became ill again and on April 27 was examined at the Manhattan hospital where she worked. Two days later, she was hospitalized. The examining physician was not sure what was wrong with her and called my office for help. Samples of her blood and a piece of muscle tissue taken from the vicinity of the knee were analyzed by the Department of Health's Bureau of Laboratories on First Avenue near 26th Street. Trichinosis was diagnosed and an alert was sounded. The first serious epidemic of that disease in New York in ten years had erupted.

Epidemiology is the study of the spread of and the means of controlling diseases in the human community. I am an epidemiologist, a disease detective, and, strange as it may seem, New York City still needs a disease detective.

For all our sophisticated medical techniques, New Yorkers are still easy prey for the microorganisms that caused the great epidemics of the past. The problem is one of complacency, on the parts of both the physician and the public. Medical students today are not given enough formal instruction in the diagnosis and treatment of communicable diseases. Many of our doctors wouldn't recognize a case of bubonic plague if it kicked them in the shins. At the same time, many members of the public, wrongly believing that a disease which once ravaged whole populations has been eradicated, fail to get themselves immunized against it. The result in New York City has been a series of mini-epidemics. It is the job of the Health Department—the detectives—to come in and repair the damage (if possible), minimize casualties, and prevent the disease from spreading. Herewith some examples that have occurred during the time I have been with the Health Department. Names of all people have been changed to protect the privacy of those involved.

The twenty Thai nurses were quickly traced, and following treatment, all recovered. We tried to trace the infected pork but were unsuccessful. The butcher shop where it was bought obtained it from a pork distributor in New York, which in turn had got it from a Pennsylvania meat-packing plant. That firm got its meats from wholesalers in New Jersey and Ohio who dealt with a multitude of farms. The trail was too obscure. Now, for the obvious question: Why did twenty nurses eat uncooked pork? In Thailand pork is not always cooked. There, pigs are fed vegetables and seldom carry *Trichinella spiralis*. But in the United States, where pigs sometimes feast on garbage, leftovers from the slaughterhouses, and even rats, pork can become infected and must be cooked.

Lack of caution while preparing food is a frequent source of disaster. In 1973, a Brooklyn woman canned the tomatoes she grew in her backyard. With the aid of her daughter, she then prepared a sauce with those tomatoes for her large Italian family. The sauce was a great success, but three days later the mother fell ill, with hoarseness, weakness, inability to open her eyes, and breathing difficulties. She was hospitalized, and her family physician, after examining her, diagnosed "heart failure." She died a day later. On the day of her wake, her daughter experienced the same symptoms and called the same family physician. He told her she was hysterical over the death of her mother and advised her to forget it.

But the symptoms grew worse, and the daughter went to the emergency room of a Brooklyn municipal hospital. There, an alert intern suspected botulism and called us. We confirmed his suspicions and rushed antitoxin to Brooklyn. It was already too late, and the woman died.

Botulism is caused by a toxin (poison) produced by the bacteria *Clostridium botulinum*, which grows in improperly canned or preserved foods. The toxin attacks the body's cranial nerves, which control such functions as swallowing, speech, sight, and breathing. Botulism has a high mortality rate, especially if the symptoms appear soon after the contaminated food is eaten. None of the rest of this family was affected. The clostridium toxin is destroyed by being boiled for five minutes or more. Apparently, the mother and daughter tasted the sauce as they were cooking it, thereby ingesting the toxin. The Health Department tested the uncooked tomato sauce remaining in the can and found it rife with toxin. The key word here is complacency. Lack of

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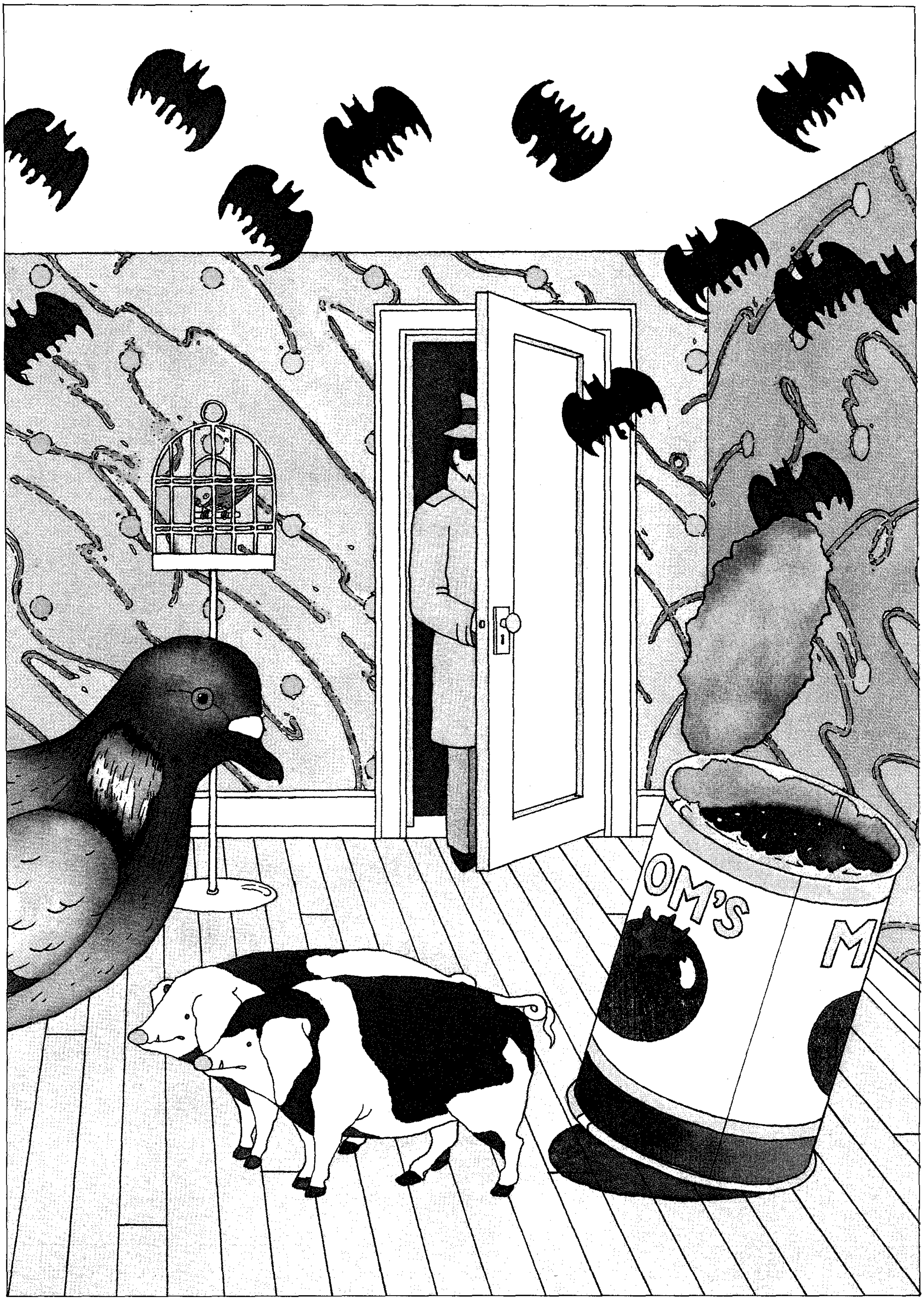
Pascal James Imperato is commissioner of health for the city of New York. Mike Jahn's latest novel is Killer on the Heights.



Illustrated by Frank Olinsky

"...With only four cases logged in any year since 1960, diphtheria is considered to be eradicated. In fact, it's lying in wait..."

awareness of proper canning procedures combined with the misdiagnosis by the family physician took two lives.

In 1972, complacency almost allowed a widespread epidemic to start. A family of poor whites, consisting of a mother, father, fifteen children, and two grandchildren, lived in a ramshackle house on a largely black block in south Jamaica. It was a particularly hot week in June when one of the children, three-year-old Marie, came down with a sore throat. Her mother took her to a local private hospital, where Marie's condition was diagnosed as a sore throat. She was sent home with prescriptions for aspirin and tetracycline, an antibiotic. But a few days later, the "sore throat" grew worse. Her mother returned her to the hospital, where once again she was told the little girl had a sore throat. But this time she was admitted to the hospital. She died twelve hours later of what was diagnosed as "fulminant tracheobronchitis"—in other words, a bad sore throat that occurs suddenly.

A month after Marie died, five-year-old Jennifer came in from playing out on the street with several dozen local children, complaining of a sore throat. By lunchtime, Jennifer felt worse. She coughed long, deep coughs which sprayed mucous a foot in front of her. She wasn't hungry and went to lie down on the mattress she shared with two older sisters. The next morning her throat was swollen, and even her mother, who was not given to medical awareness, noticed it. But she chalked it up to a "bad cold" and let it go.

Two days later the coughing was worse and Jennifer's neck more swollen. Her breath was foul, and she could hardly swallow. Her parents called a city ambulance, which took her to the same hospital in which her sister had died. This time, the physician in attendance was more alert. He didn't know what Jennifer had but he sent the little girl to a large Queens medical center, where the pediatric resident immediately suspected diphtheria. She called me and described the symptoms over the phone. Jennifer was now discharging mucous and pus from her nose, and her cough brought up phlegm streaked with blood. Her temperature was 102; she was tired and had trouble breathing—due largely to the fact that the inside of her throat was lined with a thick, leathery membrane. Furthermore, Jennifer showed signs of heart damage.

I ordered tests to be run on the girl and on all members of her family. She was seriously ill with diphtheria, and six siblings had it as well. We were sitting on the verge of an epidemic. While Jennifer was put on antibiotics and antitoxin in an attempt to save her life, we set to work to find out where Jennifer had picked up the disease. The Health Department virtually took over the neighborhood. Everyone who had had contact with Jennifer was tested, but no bacillus was found. Hours of questioning produced nothing. There were no other outbreaks of diphtheria in the city at that time, and there was no way of determining where it came from. It killed and it left, leaving in its wake the shards of our vanity when we thought we had everything licked. Jennifer died of heart failure caused by a toxin produced by the diphtheria bacillus. The rest of the children were successfully treated and lived. The epidemic was prevented, but at the cost of two lives. Had the family been inoculated against the disease, and had the physician been able to recognize one of the most easily recognizable diseases known to man, none of this would have happened. But he was a young doctor and had never seen a case of diphtheria. Since 1960, there have been only four cases logged in any year. So diphtheria is considered to be eradicated. In fact, it's lying in wait.

Many dangerous and potentially fatal organisms thrive all around us, hidden until they come into contact with an unprotected human being. One such organism is the fungus *Cryptococcus neoformans,* which lives in the feces of pigeons and other birds. An elderly woman who lived on Central Park West was in the habit of feeding pigeons on her windowsills. They kept her company, and their cooing comforted her. But they also laid a thick carpet of dung on the windowsill and on top of her air conditioner, which sucked the dried fecal dust into the apartment. One day in 1975, the woman developed a fever and a severe headache. She was hospitalized, and cryptococcus was found within her body. The fungus may attack the skin, lungs, or other parts of the body, but it has a predilection for brain tissues, especially the meninges—the three layers of tissue which envelop the brain and spinal cord. She developed a severe case of meningitis and, despite intensive treatment, died. We inspected her apartment and found the fungus in the air-conditioning unit and on all the windowsills. Eventually, anyone who stayed in that apartment for long could have been killed.

Birds and other beasts of the air are often the carriers of disease. Tommie Johnson was three years old when, in 1974, he came down with a high fever and headache. Two days later he was worse, and his pediatrician admitted him to a local hospital in Queens, where his illness was diagnosed as pneumonia. Pneumonia is inflammation of the lungs combined with the filling up of the lungs' air sacs with fluid, cells, and cellular debris. Tommie didn't respond to treatment and was transferred to a large medical center in Manhattan. A week after first coming down with the symptoms, the little boy died. That same day, his mother fell ill with the same symptoms and was sent immediately to Manhattan.

The Health Department was called in. I asked the father if the family had a parrot or any other bird. He told me about Billie the parakeet, who had died ten days before Tommie fell ill.

As it happened, the day Billie died Mrs. Johnson had cleaned out the cage while Tommie stood by. The family's two other children were away at school at the time. Now I was sure what the problem was—ornithosis, commonly called "parrot fever." Ornithosis is caused by *Chlamydia psittaci,* a microorganism whose various strains cause illness primarily in various species of birds and in man. In man, it causes pneumonia.

I had Billie's cage tested and found it heavily infected with *Chlamydia psittaci.* The organism had lived happily in the parakeet for four years but didn't manifest itself until the bird became weakened—perhaps by old age, exposure to cold, or some similar factor. At this point, the bird started passing the microorganism in its feces, so that when Mrs. Johnson cleaned out the cage, with her son present, they both inhaled some of the fecal dust and contracted parrot fever. Despite treatment, Mrs. Johnson died a few days after hospitalization. The rest of the family was treated with antibiotics to prevent the disease and survived. There is a corollary to this story. All exotic birds legally imported into the United States are treated with tetracycline, which kills the microorganism. But many exotic birds are smuggled into the country from Central and South America via Florida.

Such "illegal" birds may be infected with parrot fever. Incidentally, not only parrots or parakeets can carry the disease: Pigeons, ducks, turkeys, pheasant, and chickens can be carriers too.

When bad news comes on wings, it can come exceedingly fast. On a warm day in 1972 I received a call from the director of the medical department at a huge bank building on Wall Street.

That morning, a bat had flown into the building's lobby and started going after people. Now, I knew that healthy bats don't fly around in the daylight hours. But rabid bats do. They also go after people and, if they can, bite them.

"Anyone bitten?" I asked.

"Only Hoxha," the doctor told me. Hoxha was the Albanian custodian. He had caught the bat and then somehow had been bitten on his leg.

"On his *leg?*" I asked.

"He put the bat in his pocket," the doctor said.

"You've got to be kidding. Where's the bat now?"

"In his other pocket."

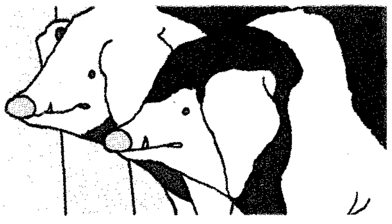
"What!" I exploded. "Get it out of there and send him over. The bat too."

Hoxha stood in front of my desk, reached into his pocket, pulled out the bat, and dropped it on the desk. Our chief veterinarian slammed a glass jar over the creature and hauled it off to the lab. "Probably rabid," he said as a parting gesture. It was.

Rabid dogs and cats, once a scourge, are now unheard of in this city. Bats are now the principal carriers of the disease here. The bats in question migrate in large numbers through New York City each spring and summer. Anyone bitten by one is presumed to have been exposed to rabies until proven otherwise. Rabies is caused by a virus transmitted by the bite of an infected animal. The symptoms aren't pleasant to read—hyperexcitability, fever, paralysis of the muscles which control swallowing, spasms, convulsions, maniacal behavior, twitching of the limbs, and respiratory paralysis resulting in death.

If you see a bat in New York during the day, it is probably rabid. If you see one on the ground, do not pick it up, mistaking it for a wounded bird. Most of the city's twenty annual cases of bat bites occur this way.

Bats migrate, and so do people. In 1972, on the spur of the moment, a graduate student traveled to Ghana, West Africa. After a week's stay in Africa, she returned to her home on Staten Island. Ten days later, she was ill with a fever, headache, and chills. Her family physician said she had the flu and gave her a shot of penicillin. But the symptoms grew worse over the next two days. Her mother became alarmed and called another physician. He examined the girl and confirmed what the first doctor had said. But the mother was not easily dissuaded. She called my office and got me on the phone. Having spent six years in Africa with the U.S. Public Health Service, I was well acquainted with the symptoms of malaria. The girl now had a temperature of 104. I had her taken to a hospital on Staten Island, where my diagnosis was confirmed. She was treated with chloroquine and recovered. Again, it was a case of complacency. The girl should have been taking the drug before, during, and after her trip to an area in which malaria is endemic. And the first two doctors who examined her should have spotted a case of malaria, which is one of the most well-known diseases that plague mankind.



New York's Epidemics

Disease is always present in the environment, but occasionally it spreads rapidly and dramatically throughout the human community. Perhaps the most disastrous outbreak of this century was the influenza pandemic of 1918, which killed between 20 million and 30-million persons worldwide. In New York, about 2 million contracted the disease, of whom 10,886 died. The city has been ravaged by flu several times since. In 1920, there were 69,824 cases reported. The flu epidemic of 1957 produced 6,092 cases in New York. In 1968, approximately 8,000 were affected.

Typhoid struck in 1907, producing 4,326 cases in New York. It returned in 1924 (1,687 cases) and 1931 (637). Measles infected 79,646 New Yorkers in 1941, but there were many other outbreaks: in 1908 (38,276), 1920 (35,083), 1922 (40,569), 1954 (41,037), and 1962 (29,631).

The city suffered through a serious outbreak of scarlet fever in 1908, with 24,426 cases reported. Other outbreaks occurred in 1901 (16,692), 1932 (21,093), and 1940 (13,569). Diphtheria struck 18,317 New Yorkers in 1903, causing 1,980 deaths. In 1914, 17,129 contracted the disease. Other years in which the disease reached epidemic proportions were 1921 (15,110 cases) and 1927 (10,776). Polio affected 9,023 New Yorkers in 1916 and 4,138 in 1931. Other peak years for the illness were 1935 (2,054), 1944 (1,890), 1949 (2,446), and 1950 (1,064). **—M.J.**

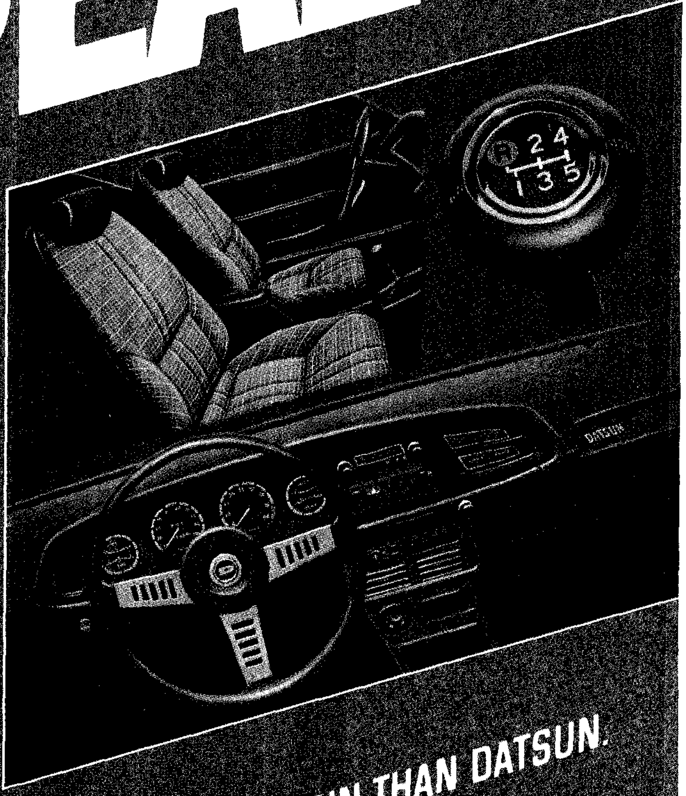
We come now to the final two case histories.

On December 13, 1975, a group of people from Massachusetts and Connecticut dined at Patricia Murphy's Candlelight Restaurant on East 49th Street between Fifth and Madison avenues. A month later, at least four persons from that group came down with typhoid fever. It was another epidemic. Altogether fifteen had the disease. It was one of New York's largest outbreaks of typhoid since Typhoid Mary—an ill-fated Irish cook who contaminated hundreds of people in the early 1900s. The Health Department moved in and closed the restaurant. A total of 76 employees of the eatery were interviewed, some of whom had since moved to South America, but the carrier of the disease was never found. Due to prompt action, no one died, but a great many might have. After an incredibly extensive investigation, which took the Health Department as far as Venezuela, I am left with but one conclusion. It was the holiday season. The restaurant very probably hired illegal aliens as kitchen help "off the books," and one carried the typhoid bacillus.

Finally, a few months ago, my office announced that a 34-year-old Manhattan woman had died from polio. On October 22, 1977, the woman was admitted to Mt. Sinai Hospital with symptoms of paralysis. Within a day the paralysis became generalized throughout her body. Polio as well as other paralytic diseases were considered and treated, yet the patient died November 6 of pneumonia, a common cause of death in cases of polio. The last case of polio in the city occurred four years earlier, in 1972, and there was no spread to any of the patient's most recent contacts. Needless to say, the woman who died three months ago had neglected to be adequately immunized against polio.

Conclusions? We no longer see massive epidemics and bodies lying in the streets, so we no longer think of ourselves as vulnerable. But a doctor who cannot diagnose diphtheria is the equivalent of a professor of English literature who cannot identify the author of *Hamlet.* Pathogenic organisms are out there, not so much in the wilderness as in the subway and the cupboard, waiting for one of us to make a mistake.

SX APPEAL...



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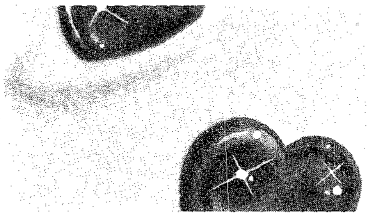
What's Free in February

By Leonore Fleischer

"*...I Am a Camera*, classical guitar, *Where Have All the Stars Gone?*, jazz, 'Moral Issues in Lincoln's Time,' New York Philomusica..."

Poetry, Talks, Drama

Drama at the library—At the Jefferson Market Branch of the New York Public Library (425 Ave. of the Americas, at 10th St.), 2/6 at 6:45 P.M.: *The Man of Mode or Sir Fopling Flutter,* a Restoration comedy by George Etheredge, presented by the Highstar Playhouse; repeated at the St. Agnes Branch (444 Amsterdam Ave., near 81st St.), 2/8 at 7 P.M., and at the Inwood Branch (4790 Broadway, near Dyckman St.), 2/15 at 7 P.M. At the Lincoln Center Branch (111 Amsterdam Ave., at 64th St.): 2/6, 7, 8, at 4 P.M., "Equity Theatre Informal"; 2/17 at 4 P.M. and 2/18 at 2:30 P.M., Fulton Theatre Company. At the Riverside Branch (190 Amsterdam Ave., at 69th St.), 2/15 at 7 P.M.: *I Am a Camera,* by John Van Druten, based on the *Berlin Stories* of Christopher Isherwood, performed by Company in the House—Charlotte Parsons, Glenn Wolleman, Robb McIntire. At the 67th St. Branch (328 East 67th St.), 2/27 at 6:30 P.M.: dramatic presentation by Playwrights Ink. At the Spuyten Duyvil Branch (650 West 235th St.), 2/27 at 7:30 P.M.: *Visitation,* by Al Evans, and *Where Have All the Stars Gone?,* by Henry G. Merz, presented by the Riverdale Showcase, Inc.



Library lectures—At the Donnell Branch of the NYPL (20 West 53rd St.): 2/2 at 6:30 P.M., "Lessons of Experience," studies of the small co-op, its advantages, costs, and availability, cosponsored by the Brownstone Revival Committee of NYC; 2/9 at 6 P.M., "Victorian Society in America"; 2/16 at 6:30 P.M., an illustrated lecture by the Artists-Craftsmen of New York; 2/27 at 6:30 P.M., law lecture.

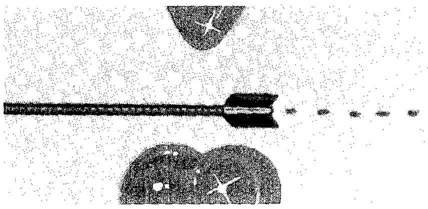
Morality at Cooper Union—Continuing lecture series on aspects of public morality, in the Great Hall at Cooper Union (7th St. and Third Ave.) at 8 P.M.: 2/13, "Moral Issues in Lincoln's Time," a symposium on the historical and poetic views of the era of emancipation; 2/27, *The Autobiography of Miss Jane Dubois,* a videotape portrait by Alan Hertzberg, shedding light on realities rarely confronted by society.

Send information for March to Leonore Fleischer by February 8.

Poetry at the library—At the Donnell Branch of the NYPL, 2/23 at 6:30 P.M.: Philip Levine and Shirley Williams reading from their own works, introduced by Stanley Plumly.

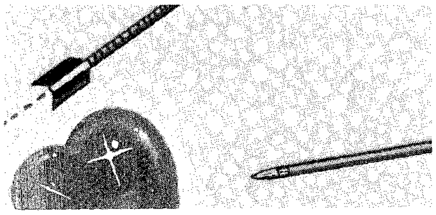
Poetry and song—At the Church of the Transfiguration (1 East 29th St.), 2/5 at 4 P.M.: "Jubilate Agno: A Celebration of Christopher Smart," selections from the eighteenth-century poet Christopher Smart, read by Allen Ginsberg, Muriel Rukeyser, James Wright, Galway Kinnell, Philip Levine, and others. The choir of the College of the Holy Cross, Worcester, Massachusetts, will sing Benjamin Britten's musical setting of selections from the poem.

"Update on Health"—In the Warburg Lounge of the 92nd St. "Y" (1395 Lexington Ave.), Wednesdays at 7:15 P.M.: 2/1, common skin problems; 2/8, alcoholism; 2/15, venereal disease; 2/22, contraception. Programs include an introduction to the topic and viewing of a film, followed by discussion and a question-and-answer session with a medical authority. All seating on first-come, first-seated basis.



Music and Dance

"American Landmark Festivals"—Recitals performed at historical sites. At the Theodore Roosevelt Birthplace (28 East 20th St.), Saturdays at 2 P.M.: 2/4, Lisa Lyons, violin; 2/11, Carolyn Pollak, oboe; 2/18, Virginia Hutchings, piano; 2/25, Ellen-Zoe Hassman, cello. At Federal Hall National Memorial (26 Wall St.), Sundays at 2 P.M.: 2/5, David Apter, piano; 2/12, Lisa Lyons, violin; 2/19, Carolyn Pollak, oboe; 2/26, Virginia Hutchings, piano.



Classical guitar—At the Yorkville Branch of the NYPL (222 East 79th St.), 2/6 at 7 P.M.: Mark Lubin, guitar, and Glenda Bergman, violin/viola.

Concerts in Greenwich Village—At the Jefferson Market Branch of the NYPL (425 Ave. of the Americas, at 10th St.): 2/1 at 7 P.M., "An Evening of Original Jazz Compositions," with Ken Simon and his group; 2/27 at 7:30 P.M., the Tregellas Quintet.

Concerts and recitals—At the Manhattan School of Music (Broadway at 122nd St.) at 8 P.M.: 2/3, Ernest Ulmer, piano, music by Froberger, Sweelinck, Schubert, Ravel, Debussy, Rachmaninoff; 2/6, the Manhattan Trio—Ariana Bronne, violin; David Wells, cello; Joseph Seiger, piano—music by Mozart, Ziffrin, Mendelssohn; 2/10, the Manhattan Orchestra, George Manahan, conductor, music by Stravinsky and Saint-Saens; 2/14, new music by school alumni—Lieberman, Kushner, Lockwood, Cohen, Babits, Konigsberg; 2/15, the Manhattan Percussion Ensemble, Paul Price, conductor; 2/16, Lucy Cross, lute; 2/21, the Manhattan Chamber Ensemble performing Schoenberg's Chamber Symphony.

Dance in Lincoln Center—At the Lincoln Center Branch of the NYPL (111 Amsterdam Ave., at 64th St.), 2/28 at 4 P.M.: Clare Johnson and Paul Knopf.

Lunchtime performances—In the gallery of the Downtown Branch of the Whitney Museum of American Art (55 Water St.), Wednesdays at 12:30 P.M.: 2/1, Laurie Speigle performs her own music, using computers; 2/8, *Womanhouse,* a film; 2/15, Tannis Hugill, dance

(Continued on page 54)

February C

ESDAY

Rutgers Athletic Center
et information: 201 935-8888)
y, 2/3, 8:05 P.M.—Los Angeles Lakers
esday, 2/8, 8:05 P.M.—Indiana Pacers
y, 2/10, 8:05 P.M.—Detroit Pistons
ay, 2/12, 1:45 P.M.—New York Knicks
sday, 2/16, 8:05 P.M.—Seattle SuperSonics
y, 2/17, 8:05 P.M.—Cleveland Cavaliers
y, 2/24, 8:05 P.M.—Houston Rockets
ay, 2/26, 1:45 P.M.—Boston Celtics

York City Ballet
of the best of George Balanchine's recent
s, *Chaconne* and *Union Jack*, will be danced
ht at eight at the New York State Theater.
advantage.

York Philharmonic
el Kubelik conducts works of Honegger,
rt, and Schumann at 7:30 P.M. at Avery
r Hall. Pianist Martha Argerich is soloist.

d's Noodles
e Valentine's Day singles Chinese-cooking
nstration will be held at Foo Chow Restaurant
d Avenue near 74th Street) at 7 P.M.
UN 1-4350.

s Falco Dance Company
ensemble opens Dance Umbrella's new
n tonight at 8 P.M. at the Entermedia Theater
nd Avenue at 12th Street). Call 691-3500.

thtrap"
Ira Levin thriller starring John Wood
previews tonight at eight at the Music Box
ter (239 West 45th Street, CI 6-4636). Marian
ers and Marian Seldes co-star.

ese Lantern Festival Day Parade
ne Lower East Side from 1 to 3 P.M., public-
l children carry Chinese lanterns and walk
gh Chinatown to City Hall Park.

fit Concert
splendid guest artists (Eugenia Zukerman,
; Robert White, tenor; and Samuel Sanders,
st) will play at 8 P.M. at the Brotherhood
gogue's sanctuary (28 Gramercy Park South).
oncert is open to the public, and a contribu-
f $5 is required. For information, call 674-5750.

WEDNESDAY

1

Winter Antiques Show
It's a big one, with entries from all over the world. The show opened January 28 and continues through February 5 at the Seventh Regiment Armory (Park Avenue and 67th Street).
Open Monday through Saturday noon to 9 P.M., Sunday 1 to 6 P.M.; $4.

8

"Ruby and Oswald"
A three-hour dramatic re-creation drawn from authenticated events retraces the lives of Jack Ruby and Lee Harvey Oswald over a four-day span preceding and following the presidential assassination. It's on Channel 2 tonight at eight.

"Interludes"
Today's celebrity at Town Hall (123 West 43rd Street) at 5:45 P.M. is actress Joan Fontaine.

15

Cissy Houston
A genius of rhythm and blues comes center stage at 5:45 P.M. at Town Hall (123 West 43rd Street). Come after work and enjoy.

"Sachiko Hidari: Actress and Director"
The Far Road is the first film in a series of eight featuring one of Japan's most brilliant actresses. It plays at 7:30 P.M. at the Japan Society (333 East 47th Street). Call 832-1155 for reservations.

22

Children's Story Hour
It's for those between the ages of four and eight and is at the New-York Historical Society (170 Central Park West, near 77th Street) at 2 P.M.

"Le Roman de Fauvel"
The fourteenth-century French musical drama is realized in authentic form. There are mimes, masks, puppets, processionals, and medieval instruments. See it at 8 P.M. at Alice Tully Hall; $7.

FEBRUARY HOCKEY HOME GAMES
Rangers, Madison Square Garden
(Ticket information: 564-4400)
Wednesday, 2/1, 7:35 P.M.—New York Islanders
Sunday, 2/5, 7:35 P.M.—Colorado Rockies
Wednesday, 2/8, 7:35 P.M.—Minnesota North Stars
Sunday, 2/12, 7:35 P.M.—Montreal Canadiens
Wednesday, 2/15, 7:35 P.M.—Vancouver Canucks
Sunday, 2/19, 7:35 P.M.—Colorado Rockies

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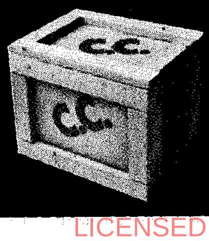
6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM
CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC.,
DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF.
BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY.



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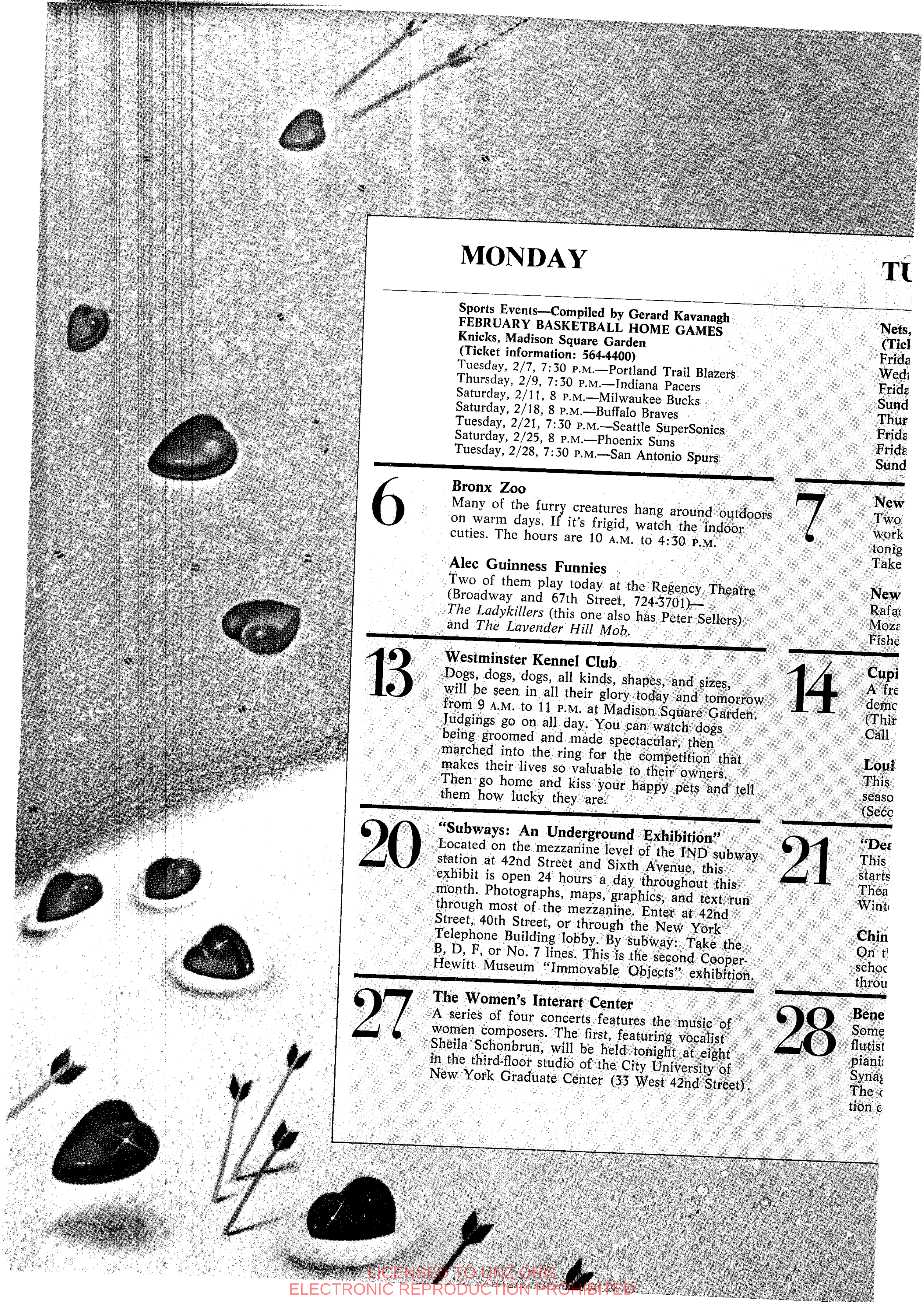

MONDAY

Sports Events—Compiled by Gerard Kavanagh
FEBRUARY BASKETBALL HOME GAMES
Knicks, Madison Square Garden
(Ticket information: 564-4400)
Tuesday, 2/7, 7:30 P.M.—Portland Trail Blazers
Thursday, 2/9, 7:30 P.M.—Indiana Pacers
Saturday, 2/11, 8 P.M.—Milwaukee Bucks
Saturday, 2/18, 8 P.M.—Buffalo Braves
Tuesday, 2/21, 7:30 P.M.—Seattle SuperSonics
Saturday, 2/25, 8 P.M.—Phoenix Suns
Tuesday, 2/28, 7:30 P.M.—San Antonio Spurs

6

Bronx Zoo
Many of the furry creatures hang around outdoors on warm days. If it's frigid, watch the indoor cuties. The hours are 10 A.M. to 4:30 P.M.

Alec Guinness Funnies
Two of them play today at the Regency Theatre (Broadway and 67th Street, 724-3701)—*The Ladykillers* (this one also has Peter Sellers) and *The Lavender Hill Mob.*

13

Westminster Kennel Club
Dogs, dogs, dogs, all kinds, shapes, and sizes, will be seen in all their glory today and tomorrow from 9 A.M. to 11 P.M. at Madison Square Garden. Judgings go on all day. You can watch dogs being groomed and made spectacular, then marched into the ring for the competition that makes their lives so valuable to their owners. Then go home and kiss your happy pets and tell them how lucky they are.

20

"Subways: An Underground Exhibition"
Located on the mezzanine level of the IND subway station at 42nd Street and Sixth Avenue, this exhibit is open 24 hours a day throughout this month. Photographs, maps, graphics, and text run through most of the mezzanine. Enter at 42nd Street, 40th Street, or through the New York Telephone Building lobby. By subway: Take the B, D, F, or No. 7 lines. This is the second Cooper-Hewitt Museum "Immovable Objects" exhibition.

27

The Women's Interart Center
A series of four concerts features the music of women composers. The first, featuring vocalist Sheila Schonbrun, will be held tonight at eight in the third-floor studio of the City University of New York Graduate Center (33 West 42nd Street).

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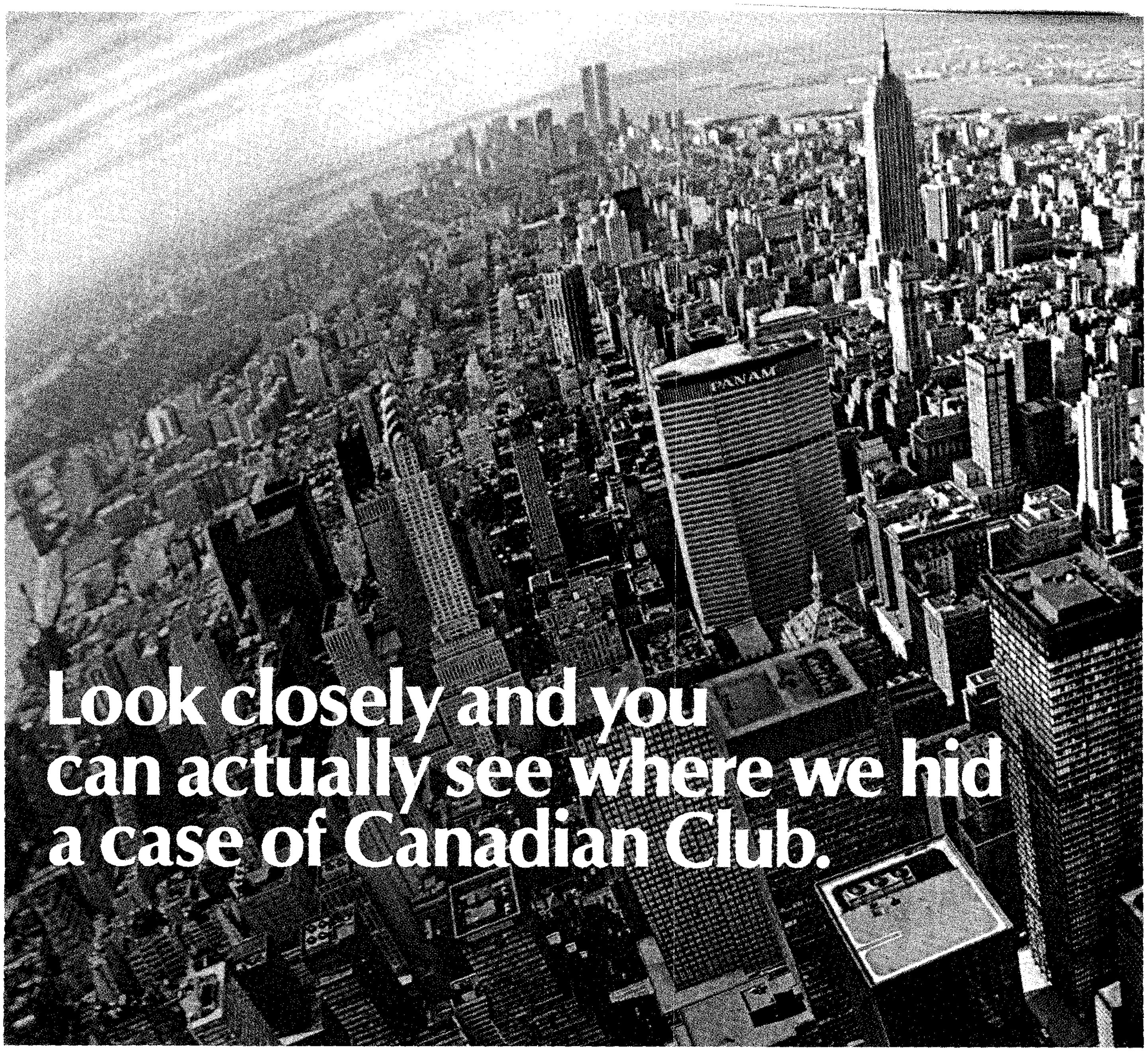
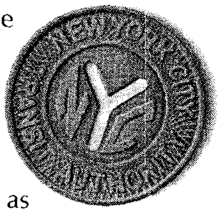


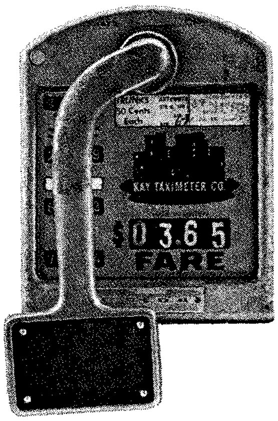
Look closely and you can actually see where we hid a case of Canadian Club.



There are more than 7 million stories in the Big Apple. One of them is a hidden case of Canadian Club whisky that is yours...if you can find it. Just follow these directions.

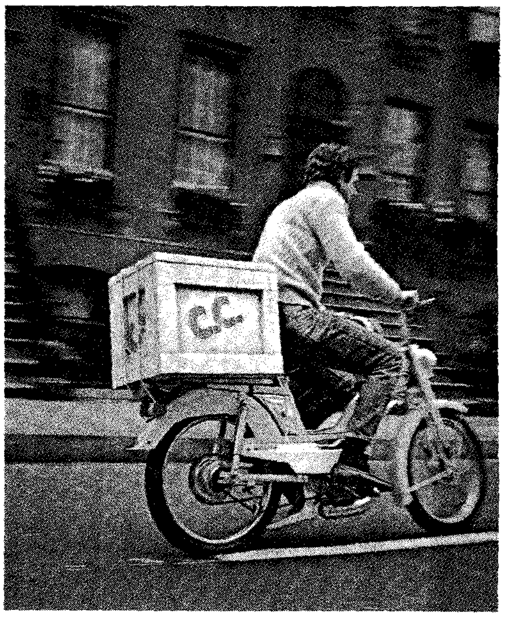
Get an early start.

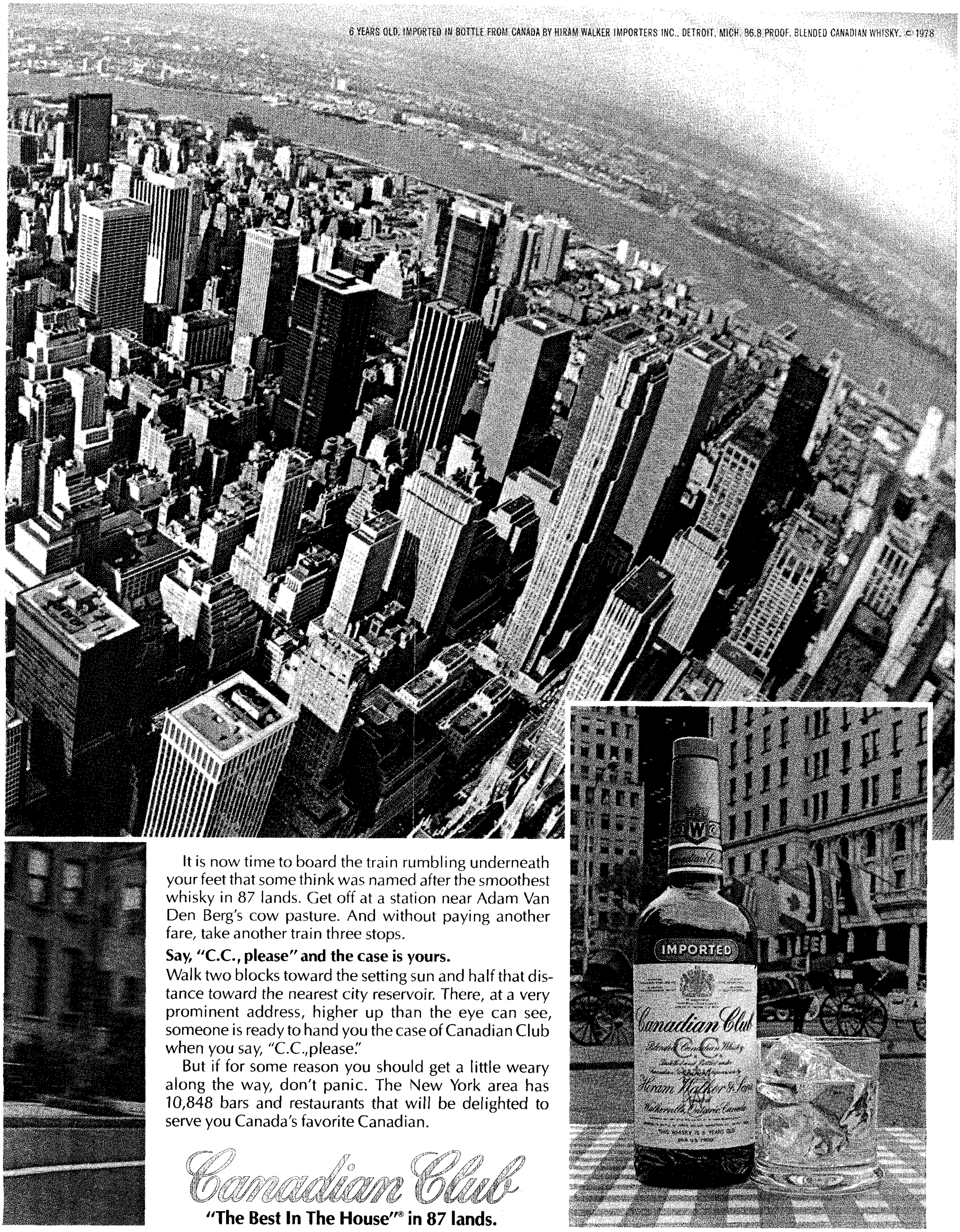
Begin your search for the world's finest tasting whisky at the bottom of the world's 3rd tallest building, right in the heart of Manhattan Island. Immediately proceed by taxi in as straight a line as possible toward "The House that Ruth Built." Get out the second the meter reads $3.65 and walk past a rolling hot dog stand toward the wonderful sound of 196 fountains. Hop onto the nearest double-decker bus and ride the same number of blocks as there are bridges out of town.



You're getting very close.

This would be a good time to savor a C.C. on the rocks with some pleasant company. Then, at your leisure, stroll over to a familiar mounted officer and climb into one of the cabs waiting for you. Tell the driver to let you off after he has made a right, a left and a right. Remind him not to break the law.




IMPORTED
Canadian Club
C.C.
Blended Canadian Whisky
Hiram Walker & Sons
Walkerville, Ontario, Canada
THIS WHISKY IS 6 YEARS OLD

6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. © 1978

It is now time to board the train rumbling underneath your feet that some think was named after the smoothest whisky in 87 lands. Get off at a station near Adam Van Den Berg's cow pasture. And without paying another fare, take another train three stops.

Say, "C.C., please" and the case is yours.

Walk two blocks toward the setting sun and half that distance toward the nearest city reservoir. There, at a very prominent address, higher up than the eye can see, someone is ready to hand you the case of Canadian Club when you say, "C.C.,please."

But if for some reason you should get a little weary along the way, don't panic. The New York area has 10,848 bars and restaurants that will be delighted to serve you Canada's favorite Canadian.

Canadian Club

"The Best In The House"® in 87 lands.

ert

Illustrated by Dave Calver

f Jelly Roll Morton
Community Church
ist Bob Greene,
drummer Bobby

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omedy ventriloquism,
26 Third Avenue, near 61st
quired. Call 752-1165.

s Music?
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nd Norman Blake.
NYU Loeb Student Center
rdia Place, 427-1488).

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Quentin Keynes, narrates
the American Museum
A.M. Call 873-1300.

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Saturday, 1 to 7 P.M.
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Trio” with the New Little
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at 2 P.M. at Riverside
and 120th Street).

ter
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11 A.M. on Saturdays and
tellations and planets
r grown-ups, $1.35 for

SUNDAY

5

“Masterpiece Theatre”
Anna Karenina, a ten-part series with Nicola Pagett (Elizabeth Bellamy of *Upstairs, Downstairs*—remember?), begins tonight on Channel 13 at nine.

“The Devil's Disciple”
George Bernard Shaw's play, featuring Margaret Hamilton, Barnard Hughes, George Rose, Chris Sarandon, and Carole Shelley, plays at eight tonight at the Brooklyn Academy of Music.

12

Luciano Pavarotti
The great Italian tenor offers the first vocal recital to be given from the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, and it will be broadcast on Channel 13 at 4 P.M.

Haydn
At 5:45 P.M. today at Carnegie Recital Hall (Seventh Avenue and 57th Street) the Haydn Quartet performs Haydn quartets (naturally).

19

Paper Bag Players
This group performs at 1 and 3 P.M. in *Everybody, Everybody* at the 92nd Street “Y” (at Lexington Avenue). Children go for it.

Sir Roland Hanna's New York Jazz Quartet
With the aid of Jon Faddis (one of the brightest young trumpeters), the quartet gives a heavenly concert at 5 P.M. today at the Church of the Heavenly Rest (Fifth Avenue and 90th Street); $6.

26

Concept One Theater
That Lil' Baker Girl, a play by Jerry Maple, is presented at 3 P.M. in the Trinity School Auditorium (101 West 91st Street). It's free.

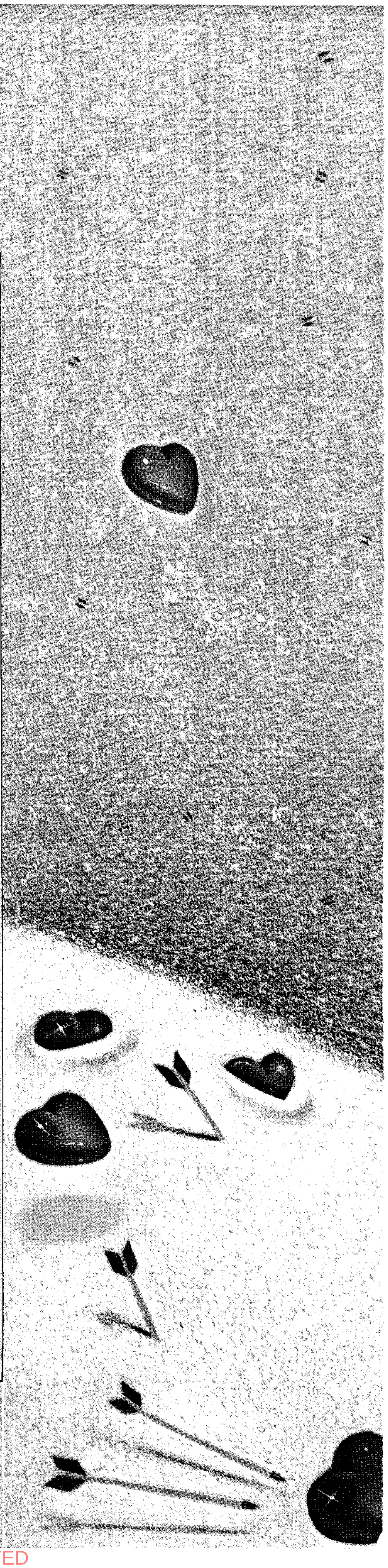
Saint Peter's Church Jazz Vespers
Today you may hear the Vera Auer Quartet at 5 P.M. in the sanctuary of the church (Lexington Avenue at 54th Street). Call 935-2200.

ENTS AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN IN FEBRUARY

rdham vs. Lafayette
John's vs. Cincinnati
John's vs. Duquesne
utgers vs. North Carolina
anhattan vs. Georgetown
ordham vs. Notre Dame

Wednesday, 2/22: 7 P.M.—Seton Hall vs. St. Peter's
9 P.M.—Fordham vs. Manhattan

Boxing
Golden Gloves, Felt Forum
Preliminary rounds: 2/7–9 and 2/14–16, 8 P.M.
Quarterfinals: 2/21–23, 8 P.M.



y-Life Guide

By Ruth Gilb

AY

oking School
Herald Square store and learn ok. Call 758-8990 and register ur classes held on February 2,

nergency"
nost readable thriller about a United States who defects to Red lter Stovall (E. P. Dutton, $8.95).

eth Century"
l starts previewing tonight, going for it. The director is Hal are John Cullum, Madeline Kahn, a. Book and lyrics are by Betty olph Green, and the music is by s based on plays by Ben Hecht Arthur, with Bruce Millholland. t the St. James Theatre (246 398-0280).

"
—this is the Ted Tiller version, It runs tonight through February Library Theatre (Riverside Street, 663-2028) at eight.

arren
lectures on literature at eight s Loeb Student Center Auditorium Place); 50 cents.

e of a Sailor
our parents to the South Street n Street), where it's Family Week. rselves or your siblings with part of a workshop on tattooing. scussion on the history of the art, real tattoos of some residents all 766-9062 for details.

7:35 P.M.—Chicago Black Hawks
:35 P.M.—Atlanta Flames

u Coliseum
tion: 516 694-5522)
:05 P.M.—Washington Capitals
:05 P.M.—Minnesota North Stars
8:05 P.M.—Detroit Red Wings
:05 P.M.—Los Angeles Kings

FRIDAY

3

"Shuffle Along"
An all-black cast sings and dances original numbers from the 1921 show. It plays at Theatre Off Park (28 East 35th Street, 683-4991) Thursday through Sunday at 8 P.M.

Frank Lloyd Wright
The Spaced: Gallery of Architecture (165 West 72nd Street, 787-6350) will be showing lithographs of Wright's early works through March 4.

10

New York City Mission Society Benefit
Dina and Cliff Robertson are hosting a preview of Geoffrey Holder's *Timbuktu* tonight at seven at the Mark Hellinger Theater (237 West 51st Street, 674-3500). Stars are Melba Moore and Eartha Kitt.

Virginia Johnson
The principal dancer of the Dance Theatre of Harlem appears at Marymount Manhattan College (221 East 71st Street) at 8:30 P.M.

17

Movie Suggestions to Try on Your Date
At the Whitney Museum of American Art, starting at noon, take in some documentaries: *Golden Gloves—Who's the Champ?* and *Running With the Bulls.* At the Bleecker Street Cinema (144 Bleecker Street), enjoy Claude Lelouch's *And Now My Love* and *Happy New Year.* At the Carnegie Hall Cinema (883 Seventh Avenue, at 57th Street), catch up with Ingmar Bergman's *Face to Face* and *Persona,* both starring Liv Ullmann.

24

Gem and Mineral Show
From 10 A.M. to 9 P.M. today, visit 40 retail booths and 20 wholesale booths with merchandise from all over the world. It's at the Statler Hilton Hotel.

Bide-a-Wee's Winter Dog-Obedience Course
Make Fido a nicer pet. A seven-week course costs $40. Classes meet once a week at 410 East 38th Street. To register, call 734-6055.

Saturday, 2/18, 1:15 P.M.—Atlanta Flames
Saturday, 2/25, 8:05 P.M.—Chicago Black Hawks
Tuesday, 2/28, 8:05 P.M.—Toronto Maple Leafs

SATURDAY

4

The New Orleans Jazz c
Tonight at eight at the (40 East 35th Street) pian bassist Milt Hinton, and Rosengarden play.

The Magic Towne Hou
Herb Reynolds, king of plays tonight at ten at 10 Street. Reservations are r

11

Who's Who in Bluegras
We'll tell you. Tonight at the Country Gentlemen Tickets are $5.50 at the Auditorium (566 La Gua

"Exploring Darwin's Is
Darwin's great-grandson, and discusses his film at of Natural History at 11

18

National Antiques Show
It opens at Madison Squ nine-day run. Hours for 10 P.M. Monday through Sunday. Admission is $3

"Happy Concerts for Y
At Avery Fisher Hall: "B the New York Percussion Orchestra Society; 11 A.M

25

Pumpernickel Players
See *Pandora's Box* today Church (Riverside Drive

Planetarium's Sky Thea
At the American Museum visit the planetarium at find out how to find con in the night sky; $2.35 f the rest.

OTHER SPORTING EV
College Basketball:
Thursday, 2/2: 7 P.M.—Fo
9 P.M.—St
Saturday, 2/11: 1 P.M.—St
3 P.M.—R
Thursday, 2/16: 7 P.M.—M
9 P.M.—F

For additional clues to the hidden case of C.C. call 755-1010

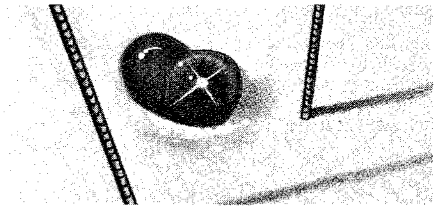
"*. . . The Blue Angel*, ballads of early America, *I Am a Fugitive From a Chain Gang*, dixieland, *The Dragon Wore Tennis Shoes . . .*"

(Continued from page 47) performance; 2/22, Trio Sonata—flute, oboe, classical guitar.

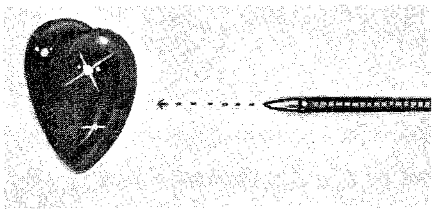
Music at Cooper Union—In the Great Hall at Cooper Union (7th St. and Third Ave.) at 8 A.M.: 2/9, WNYC Folk Festival, starring Oscar Brand and his guests; 2/10, "David Eyges and Friends," recital by the cellist-composer, with ensemble; 2/24, the Boehm Quintette, program of Bach, Milhaud, Klughardt, and world premiere of *Wind Quintet*, by Charles Wuorinen.

Music at the library—At the Donnell Branch of the NYPL (20 West 53rd St.): 2/1, 8, 15, 22, at 12:30 P.M., dixieland jazz, played by the Jazzmen; 2/4 at 2 P.M., opera selections; 2/11 at 2:30 P.M., Dorie Don Vito in "Songs, Etc."; 2/14 at 6:30 P.M., "Abe Lincoln," a program of folk-based original and classical music performed by Gila Ducat-Lipton and Ed Lipton; 2/18 at 3 P.M., Charlotte Anthony, songs and ballads of early America; 2/25 at 2:30 P.M., the music of American composer Gerald Ginsburg.

Music in Lincoln Center—Concerts and recitals at the Lincoln Center Branch of the NYPL: 2/1 at 5:30 P.M., "Joy in Singing," conducted by Winifred Cecil (also on 2/15 at 5:30 P.M.); 2/3 at 4 P.M., Michael Gurka, clarinet; 2/4 at 2:30 P.M., "Young Artists Concert" (also on 2/10 at 4 P.M.); 2/11 at 2:30 P.M., John McCauley, piano; 2/14 at 4 P.M., Judith Alstadter, piano; 2/21 at 4 P.M., Chaim Freiberg, piano; 2/22 at 4 P.M., Society of the Classical Guitar; 2/23 at 4 P.M., Heidi Upton, piano; 2/24 at 4 P.M., Performers Ensemble; 2/25 at 2:30 P.M., Alan Cox, flute. Limited number of seats available; apply in person after 3 P.M. on the day of the concert or, if it is a Saturday, after noon, at the Amsterdam Ave. entrance.



Music at Mannes—Concerts and recitals featuring students and faculty in the Recital Hall of the Mannes College of Music (157 East 74th St., 737-0700) at 8 P.M. Mannes Opera Workshop, Harvey Vincent, director: 2/1, scenes from Monteverdi, Beethoven, Massenet, Puccini; 2/8, scenes from Leoncavallo, Debussy, Rossini, Moussorgsky, Smetana. Mannes College Percussion Ensemble, Howard Van Hyning, director: 2/3, works of Saperstein, Ohana, Keagle, Albright, Lifchitz. Student recitals: 2/10, music of Dana Perna, composition student; 2/16, guitar-ensemble class of Roslyn Dlugin; 2/17, chamber ensemble featuring Steven Knope, French horn, music by Mozart and Brahms; 2/20, brass quintet from the chamber-music class of Per Brevig; 2/23, vocal chamber music, class of Antonia Levanne; 2/24, Mannes student composers. Faculty recitals: 2/13, Edward Aldwell, piano, music of Handel, Beethoven, Brahms; 2/21, Michael Collier, piano, music of Schoenberg, Mendelssohn, Liszt, Beethoven.



"Winter Music"—Concert series at the NYU Graduate School of Business Administration (100 Trinity Pl.), Wednesdays at 12:30 P.M.: 2/1, Emerson String Quartet, program including Ravel and Schubert; 2/8, Eliot Fisk, classical guitar, program including Scarlatti, Bach, Castelnuovo-Tedesco; 2/22, New York Philomusica, thirteen winds.

Films

"Destination America"—At the Donnell Branch of the NYPL (20 West 53rd St.) at noon, a nine-part series, beginning in February, covering immigration by many national groups; two parts will be shown each Thursday: 2/16, *The Journal: Old World, New World* and *The Irish: On a Clear Day You Could See Boston;* 2/23, *The British: Made in Britain* and *The Germans: Where Have All the Germans Gone?*

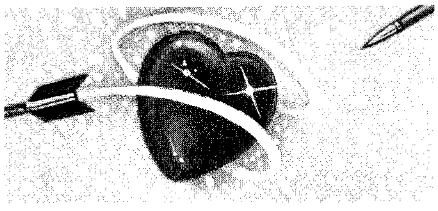
Documentaries — At the Donnell Branch of the NYPL, 2/7, 14, 21, 28 (continuing through 3/21), at noon: *How Yukong Moved the Mountains*—twelve documentary films made in the People's Republic of China, 1973–75, by Joris Ivens and Marceline Loridan, in Chinese with English voice-over.

Film and filmmaker—At the Donnell Branch of the NYPL, 2/6 at 5:30 P.M.: *My Hands Are the Tools of My Soul,* with the filmmaker present.

Movies at the library—At the Allerton Branch of the NYPL (2740 Barnes Ave., Bronx), 2/4 at 2:30 P.M.: *The Blue Angel* (1930). At the Bloomingdale Branch (150 West 100th St.), 2/28 at 2:30 P.M.: *The Astonished Heart.* At the Donnell Branch: 2/2 at noon, *Eadweard Muybridge: Zoopraxographer* and *Nanook of the North;* 2/9 at noon, *The Threepenny Opera;* 2/21 at 2:15 P.M., *Brief Encounter.* At the Webster Branch (1465 York Ave., near 78th St.), 2/16 at 7:30 P.M.: *I Am a Fugitive From a Chain Gang.* At the West New Brighton Branch (976 Castleton Ave., S.I.), 2/16 at 4 P.M.: *The Phantom of the Opera* (1932).

For Kids

For teenagers—At the Donnell Branch of the NYPL (20 West 53rd St.), 2/4 at 2:30 P.M.: concert by the Renaissance Choir, Stuyvesant High School.



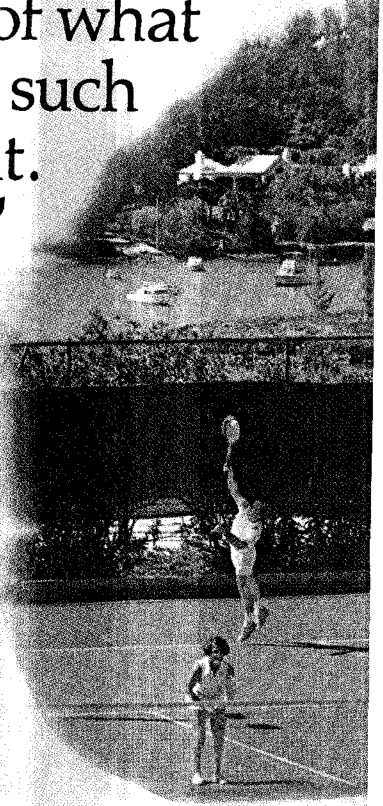
Live at Lincoln Center—At the Heckscher Oval in the Lincoln Center Branch of the NYPL (111 Amsterdam Ave., at 64th St.): 2/11 at 2 P.M., Humperdinck's *Hansel and Gretel,* presented by Ellen Silvers; 2/21 at 2:30 P.M., *Ote* and *The Goat Well,* puppet shows for children ages six through twelve. Reservations advisable (799-2200, ext. 237).

Meet the author—In the Central Children's Room of the Donnell Branch of the NYPL, 2/4 at 3 P.M.: an afternoon with Maria Gripe, award-winning Swedish author, for ages eight and up.

Staten Island events—At the Staten Island Children's Museum (15 Beach St.): 2/5 at 3 P.M., films—*Eskimo Artist Kenojauk, Homespun, The Dragon Wore Tennis Shoes, The Owl Who Married a Goose;* 2/12 at 3 P.M., films—*The Land of the Long Day* and *The Living Stone;* 2/14 at 3:30 P.M., storytelling with Ma'lis Wendt of the NYPL; 2/19 at 3 P.M., films—*Brown Wolf* and *Adelie Penguins of the Antarctic;* 2/21 at 2 P.M., short plays performed by the Storybook Players of New Dorp High School; 2/26 at 4 P.M., films—*Snow, It's Snow, Neige.* Also free is the museum's current exhibit, "Day After Winter: Part I," a multisensory exploration of how people have adapted culturally to winter. For hours, call 273-2060. ■

"The people are so proud of what they're doing. And they take such delight in telling you about it. It gives you a feeling of history."

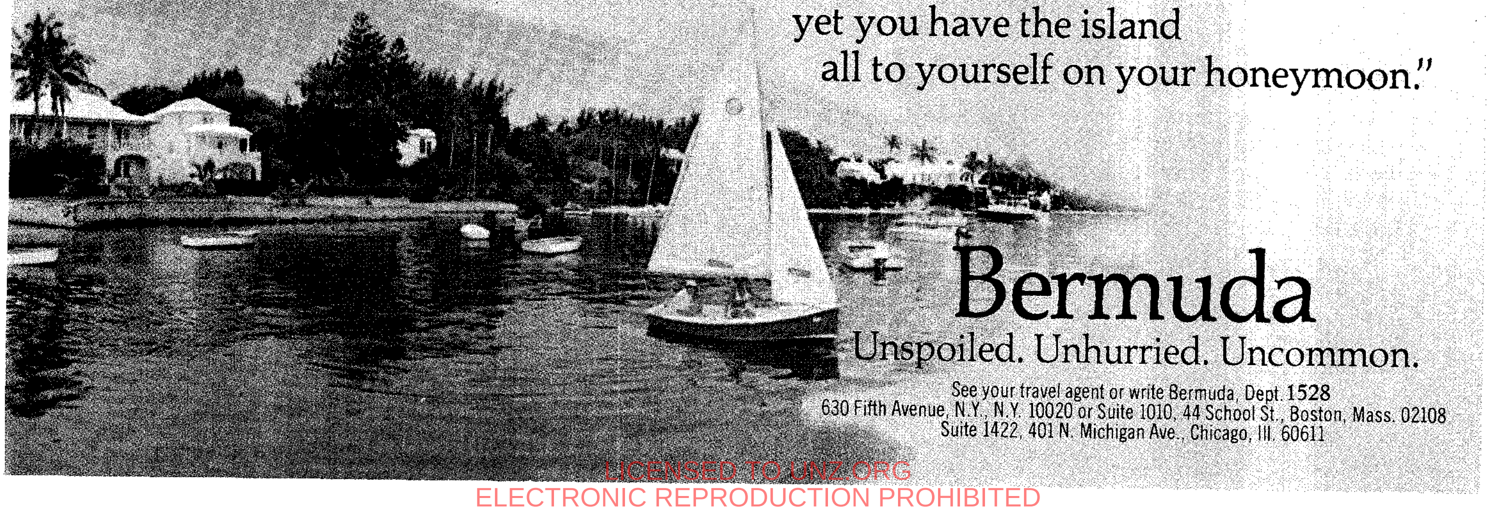
Thom and Carol Frazier talk about their honeymoon in Bermuda. Especially their visit with the Band of the Bermuda Regiment.



"There's a special feeling you get, playing tennis in Bermuda. Right where it all began in our part of the world."

"What a nice plus, to be able to get to all this in an hour and a half."

"You hear Bermuda is full, yet you have the island all to yourself on your honeymoon."



Bermuda

Unspoiled. Unhurried. Uncommon.

See your travel agent or write Bermuda, Dept. 1528
630 Fifth Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10020 or Suite 1010, 44 School St., Boston, Mass. 02108
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Ogilvy Comes to New York, Ogilvy Goes to Hollywood

By David Ogilvy

> "...I wanted adventure. I figured that the same effort would produce three times as much lucre in America as in little England..."

David Ogilvy

When I emigrated to the United States, my English friends thought I was nuts. Why jettison a burgeoning career and start again in a country where I did not know a solitary soul? It wasn't as if I were a starving Sicilian or a refugee from Hitler's Germany. I had drawn a first-class ticket in the lottery of life, and here I was, embarking in steerage.

Why? Partly because I wanted adventure. Partly because I figured that the same effort would produce three times as much lucre in America as in little England. Partly because I wanted to prove that I could succeed on my own, without the patronage of my family. Partly because I was inspired by the New Deal and thought that Roosevelt was handling unemployment better than Neville Chamberlain. And partly because my imagination had been fired by books I had read, starting with *Huckleberry Finn,* going on with Willa Cather, Edith Wharton, and Sinclair Lewis, and culminating in *John Brown's Body,* Stephen Vincent Benét's narrative poem about the Civil War. I did not share the jealous antagonism which was then prevalent in England toward the United States. An elderly judge had been heard to say, "American women dress like fashion plates, have the voices of peacocks and the manners of cooks." When I got engaged to a girl from one of the first families of Virginia, a Scottish cousin wrote, "One always supposes that all American women are like Mrs. Simpson. However, there may be some exceptions and if so, we hope your financée is one of them."

When the skyscrapers of Manhattan came in sight, I wept with exaltation. While the ship was being warped into the dock, I could see a laborer digging up the street with a jackhammer; he was smoking a cigar, a luxury which only dukes could afford in England.

I carried two letters of introduction. One was from Sir Humphry Rolleston, my doctor uncle, to Dr. Emanuel Libman. The first time I entered Libman's office, he seized me by the neck and jabbed his thumb under my ear. It hurt like hell, and I let out a bellow. It was his invariable opening gambit. It measured the patient's threshold of pain, which he thought was an important preliminary to diagnosis. Then he stared at me in silence for several minutes.

"You have bleeding from the bowel."

"How do you know?"

"The muscles at the top of your back ache."

"How do you know?"

"Never mind how I know. Before you go to bed tonight, take six calomel. Tomorrow morning, drink a bottle of Pluto water, and follow that with an enema. Now come and lunch at Voisin —I will introduce you to Belle Da Costa Greene, Mr. Morgan's librarian."

Dr. Alexis Carrel, who was then head of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, told me that the most important thing in medicine was to persuade Libman to write down his methods of diagnosis before he died. But this tiny, white-faced old man got childish pleasure out of mystifying his fellow doctors and never did so. He published more than 100 papers but held back his magic tricks. He could *smell* disease. Once, on entering a hospital ward, he announced, "I smell typhoid—get him out of here." Sure enough, it was found that a patient who had just been admitted was in the early stages of typhoid.

The day after Libman saw President Harding at a reception, he telephoned Eugene Meyer in Washington:

"Who is the vice-president?" Libman asked.

"His name is Coolidge. Why do you ask?"

"Because Harding will be dead in six months."

And so he was. In 1944 Libman saw Roosevelt in a newsreel and predicted his early death by cerebral hemorrhage.

Libman's patients included Sarah Bernhardt and Albert Einstein. When Einstein was living in Berlin, he used to cable Libman every time he felt ill, describing his symptoms. Libman sent his diagnosis by return cable. He told me that the first time Harpo Marx consulted him, he walked in *on his hands.* "Why are you walking upside down?" asked Libman. "I have diarrhea. I can't hold my stool."

My other letter of introduction was

David Ogilvy is a founder of the Ogilvy and Mather advertising agency. This reminiscence of his early years is adapted from his forthcoming book, Blood, Brains, and Beer.

Culver Pictures / Photographed by Matthew Klein

from my cousin Rebecca West to Alexander Woollcott, who had been for many years the most influential drama critic in New York—fat, kind, witty, sentimental, and rude. In *Myself Among Others,* Ruth Gordon recalls my arrival on Woollcott's island in Vermont:

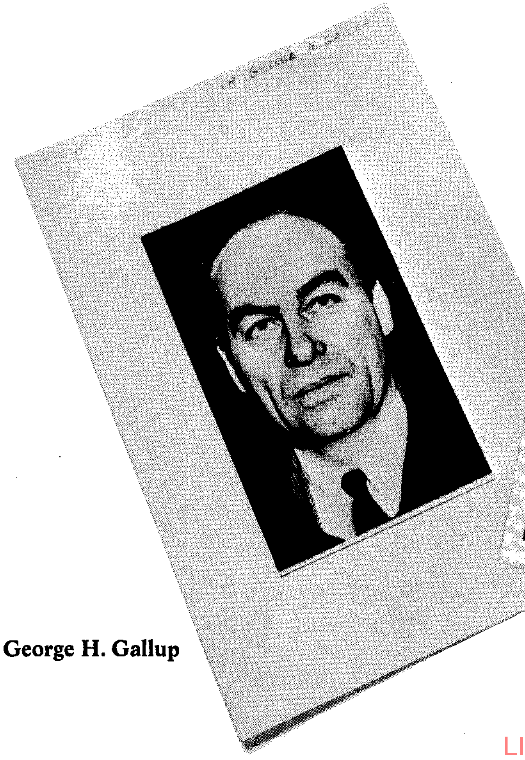
> Bull's motorboat hit the dock and a tall young man with flaming red hair got out and followed his luggage up the path to the breakfast table.
>
> "Livingstone, I presume," said Woollcott and turned to the table. "This is David Ogilvy. David, these are spongers."
>
> "Good morning," said the new guest, "is there a writing table?"
>
> "What kind of a goddam unnatural question is *that?*" asked Woollcott. "Sit down and drink some coffee, better than you or any subject of your government deserves."
>
> "Thanks, but first I must write the president of the Central of Vermont railroad about that *disgraceful* trip."
>
> Woollcott's interest was caught. "What disgraceful trip was that?"
>
> "This country must *do* something about that railroad bed. May I have a sheet of paper? I wish to register my complaint."

The "spongers" were Harpo and Susan Marx, George and Bea Kaufman, Alice Duer Miller, Raoul Fleischmann, Robert Sherwood, Ethel Barrymore, and Ruth Gordon—with whom Woollcott pretended to be in love. During a lull in the conversation at dinner, Woollcott said in a loud voice, "Ogilvy, you are a middle-class Scotsman with no talent." I spent the rest of the evening rowing Miss Barrymore on the lake in the moonlight. She told me that Churchill had fallen in love with her when she first appeared on the London stage in *Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines;* every time he had come to New York during the subsequent 50 years he had sent her roses within half an hour of landing.

I find it difficult to describe my early days in New York without gushing about American hospitality. At the top of my list I put Charles C. Burlingham, then 80 and the doyen of the reform movement. "C.C." had been responsible for exposing the corruption of Mayor Jimmy Walker and had then engineered the election of Fiorello La Guardia. Every Sunday morning, the grateful La Guardia typed a long letter to Burlingham reporting the political events of the previous week, and I was allowed to read these masterpieces of indiscretion. His pet hate was Mussolini, but he kept quiet about it for fear of alienating the Italian vote in New York. However, one evening (October 17, 1938) after dinner at the Century, he let his hair down to me: "Do you know what I would do if I were Roosevelt? I would send the Atlantic Fleet into the Mediterranean. Then I would invite the British navy to join in celebrating some anniversary—any anniversary would do. Then I would send a signal to Mussolini: 'See here you son of a bitch. You lay off or get blown to hell!' " By this time the Little Flower was shaking his fist, purple with rage. Burlingham taught me to play croquet in his garden at Black Point on the Connecticut coast and gave me an education in American politics. He lived to be 100, an iconoclast to the end.

At this point I had the luckiest break of my life: Dr. George Gallup invited me to join his organization in Princeton. If you ever decide to seek your fortune in a foreign country, the best thing you can do is get a job with the local Gallup poll. It will teach you what the natives want out of life, what they think about the main issues of the day, what their habits are. You will quickly get to know more about the country of your adoption than most of its inhabitants. How many Americans, for example, would guess that 65 percent of their fellow countrymen say grace before meals, or that 46 percent go to church on an average Sunday? (In England it is 3 percent.)

George Gallup is a great man. The son of an itinerant philosopher, he escaped from poverty by keeping a herd of dairy cows when he was still in high school. At the University of Iowa, he became editor of the student magazine, converted it into a daily newspaper, and invented a method for measuring the number of people who read every



Dr. George H. Gallup

Alexander Woollcott

"...Given a synopsis of the story, the title, and cast, we could predict how many people would see a picture—*before it was made*..."

news item and every feature—an invention which was to revolutionize journalism and advertising. In the presidential election of 1936, *The Literary Digest* predicted the victory of Landon by nineteen points. Gallup questioned its methods; he believed its research was too concentrated on upper-income groups and, by polling a more representative sample of the population, predicted the election of Roosevelt. The result was oblivion for *The Literary Digest*, renown for Gallup.

During a visit to Hollywood, I had written to my brother: "I would like to apply Gallup's methods to measuring the popularity of movie stars, pretesting stories, forecasting trends, etc. The motion-picture industry is thrashing about in ignorance of what the public really likes. I swear it is possible to eliminate the blind ignorance and false statistics which are throttling this giant industry." By an extraordinary coincidence, this was precisely the job Gallup now asked me to do. After a few weeks of indoctrination, I accompanied him to Hollywood. The day we arrived, Gallup and I lunched with George Schaefer, head of the RKO studios. Gallup was no salesman, and I was tongue-tied with nerves, until Schaefer reached under the table and snapped the elastic in my Congress gaiters. This unfroze me, and I was able to put on an articulate pitch. We then drove to 20th Century–Fox, where we found Darryl Zanuck striding up and down the biggest office I have ever seen, polo mallet in hand. I did my stuff again and all seemed to be going well until Spyros Skouras joined the meeting. This belligerent Greek, who was chairman of the board and chief executive officer, knew all the answers. Who needed research? Zanuck, being more intelligent, thought *he* did, and invited Gallup and me to spend the weekend as his guests at the Arrowhead Springs Hotel. What a lark! I started by having a free checkup with the hotel doctor, who gave me a beaker of castor oil. Then I had a mud bath and ordered a Gargantuan dinner, with a magnum of Lafite. At the next table sat the doctor, eyeing me nervously in case his depth charge exploded. On Monday morning Schaefer telephoned to say that RKO would give us a twelve-month contract—on an exclusive basis. When Zanuck heard this, he gave orders that Gallup and I were never to be allowed on 20th Century property again.

We had undertaken to perform four services for RKO:

> To measure the popularity of movie stars in terms of their power to sell tickets. I called this the Audit of Marquee Values.
>
> To pretest the audience acceptance of films based on Broadway plays, novels, and original screenplays.
>
> To test the selling power of different *titles* for pictures.
>
> To find out how many moviegoers had heard of each picture before it was released. I called this the Index of Publicity Penetration.

To pretest a story, we showed a synopsis to a cross section of moviegoers and asked if they would like to see it as a movie. We found that people had a tendency to exaggerate their interest in Abraham Lincoln, but we learned to avoid such traps by first asking respondents if they would prefer to spend the evening listening to a radio comedian like Jack Benny or reading Shakespeare. If they said Shakespeare, we knew they were liars and broke off the interview.

Given a synopsis of the story, the title, and the cast, we were able to predict how many people would see a picture—*before it was made.* Our average error was less than 10 percent. Soon we started recommending our own ideas for pictures and certifying our recommendations with test scores. I recommended to David Selznick that he make an epic about the life of Jesus Christ, but he funked it. I suggested to Disney that he make *Alice in Wonderland*, and he did so. Sometimes our clients invested big money in buying a story without first running it through our test. It was a ticklish business when I had to tell them that the public had no interest in their purchase. This happened with Paul Gallico's *Snow Goose* and many other admirable properties.

The studio people wasted endless time arguing about titles; we were able to tell them which title would sell the most tickets. When we tested the title *Syncopation*, 43 percent did not even know what the word meant: "Is it some kind of religion?" When we measured "publicity penetration," we found that three moviegoers out of four had not heard of the average picture at the time of its release. The publicity was too little and too late, so the picture could not realize its full potential.

Only a quarter of the population went to the movies in any given week. At first I assumed that the others were too busy listening to the radio, reading, playing cards, or seeing their friends, but this proved to be wrong. We found that they weren't doing *anything*, while the people who often went to the movies also read a lot, *and* listened to the radio, *and* led active social lives. As for me, I had to go to the movies three or four times a week to keep abreast of the product. I have never gone since.

By measuring the popularity of movie stars in terms of their power to sell tickets, I calculated how much each star contributed to the receipts of a picture, and told our clients how much he should be paid. Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Mickey Rooney, and Gary Cooper were worth four times as much as Ronald Reagan, Greta Garbo, or Marlene Dietrich.

Every two months I issued charts showing the rise and decline of each star's popularity. It had always been assumed that people went to the movies to ogle the opposite sex. I demonstrated that the exact opposite was the case. When men went to the movies they identified themselves with the *male* star in the picture; among men, the thirteen most popular stars were *men* stars. When women went to the movies they identified with the *female* star. Only Hedy Lamarr and a few other sex symbols were more popular with men than with women. Boys wanted to see boy stars, old women wanted to see old-women stars, sophisticated people wanted to see Katharine Hepburn and Laurence Olivier. Undereducated moviegoers plumped for their own kind—Abbott and Costello, Betty Grable, George Raft, etc. I invented a party game. After getting each player to make a list of his six favorite stars, I could identify the author of each list in terms of his age, sex, income, and geographic origin. People voted for the stars who most resembled themselves.

The big stars were convinced that the public would get sick of them if they appeared in more than one picture a year. I demonstrated that this was a fallacy; stars who appeared in only one picture showed an average loss in popularity of 17 percent, while stars who made three pictures a year showed an average gain of 9 percent. I discovered that some stars had a *negative* effect at the box office; their names on the marquee repelled more ticket buyers than they attracted. The list, which

I called "box-office poison," and classified "top secret," included some of the most famous names in show business and ruined their careers. Their personalities dazzled the producers but left the public cold.

My father used to say that it was a mistake to meet your favorite author. He had once dined with Sir James Barrie and found out what an odious little creep he was. I found that it was equally a mistake to meet my favorite movie star. One day I had tea with Charles Laughton in his fuchsia garden and found him to be a repulsive egotist. Almost every star I met suffered from this disease. No doubt they had been pleasant enough when they were soda jerks in Des Moines or cowboys in Wyoming, but money and adulation went to their heads. I encountered only two exceptions: Loretta Young, whose Catholic piety kept her humble, and Harpo Marx. Harpo spoke little but laughed loud and often. On a table in his living room, I saw a photograph of Roosevelt inscribed, "From your friend." His harp teacher lived in New York and gave him lessons over long-distance telephone. One day, Harpo gave a recital. At the end, the audience cheered their heads off, but for several minutes Harpo did not take a bow. He had run around to the back of the auditorium and was leading the applause.

As time went by, high muckamucks in other studios—Louis B. Mayer, David Selznick, Walt Disney, Harry Warner, Walter Wanger, Jack Cohn, and Y. Frank Freeman—showed interest. In due course some of them became our clients. My favorite was David Selznick, who took to ordering surveys the way other people order groceries. During a story conference with Aldous Huxley and Robert Stevenson he telephoned and asked me for a survey to settle an argument they were having about the story line for *Jane Eyre*. "Forget it," I said. "Our tests show that *Jane Eyre* is going to be a flop *whatever* you do. In any case, you should not use research as a substitute for creative judgment."

I could not have had a better boss than Dr. Gallup. His confidence in me was such that I do not recall his ever reading any of the reports I wrote in his name. Once he had worked out the methodology of the research, he lost interest and moved on to something new. I would have been happy to pay Gallup for the education he gave me. Apart from polling, he taught me three things of consummate value:

☐ "Grant graciously what you dare not refuse."

☐ "When you don't know the answer, confuse the issue."

David O. Selznick

☐ "When you foul the air in somebody else's bathroom, burn a match and the smell will vanish."

Gallup is a man of remarkable humility. When a magazine published an article attacking his methods on 38 counts, he summoned his lieutenants and told us that he agreed with 36 of them.

Anyone who works for a polling organization is constantly subjected to heckling—"I have never been interviewed, and I don't know anybody who has." One evening in Pennsylvania Station, an interviewer accosted me, clipboard at the ready. Would I answer a few questions? I had written those questions myself. Candor compels me to admit that they sounded so dumb that I went back to my office and canceled the survey.

In spite of the fact that Gallup paid me only $40 a week, my wife and I contrived to support four refugee children from England and to live at Mansgrove, the most beautiful eighteenth-century house in Princeton. Our neighbor Jerry Lambert kept us supplied with flowers from his great garden and took us sailing on his yacht, *Atlantic*. This three-masted schooner had a crew of 39 and had sailed across the Atlantic Ocean from Sandy Hook to the Lizard in twelve days, four hours, and one minute—the all-time record, not excluding the clippers.

Jerry, who had made a quick fortune out of advertising Listerine as a cure for halitosis, maintained a private polling organization and placed it at the disposal of Tom Dewey, who was trying to get the Republican nomination. When Dewey was to make a major speech on foreign policy, Jerry's pollsters prepared short statements which summarized every possible opinion on each major issue. They then showed these statements to a cross section of voters and asked which most nearly reflected their views. The statement which received the most votes went into the speech. This cynical approach would have won the nomination for Dewey if he had not looked, in Alice Longworth's phrase, like "a little man on a wedding cake." Instead, Wendell Willkie was nominated; Jerry Lambert offered him the same service during the run-up to the election, but Willkie was too cocksure to pay attention to public opinion and was duly obliterated by Roosevelt.

Harpo Marx

Jerry was that rare phenomenon—a successful businessman with a first-class mind.

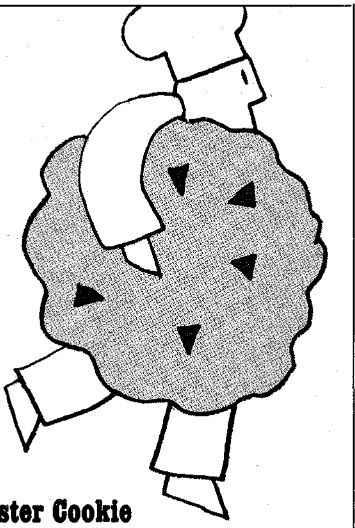
Julius Rosenwald, who made a huge fortune as head of Sears, Roebuck, once said, "I never could understand the popular belief that because a man makes a lot of money he has a lot of brains. Some very rich men who made their own fortunes have been among the stupidest men I have ever met in my life. Rich men are not smart because they are rich. They didn't get rich because they were smart. Don't ever confuse wealth with brains."

Gentle reader, do you know what your IQ is? I had always supposed mine to be about 145, below the genius level but normal for professional and administrative types. But I recently tested myself and scored 96, which is normal for ditchdiggers. ■

BEST BETS

Recommendations of events, places, and phenomena of particular interest this week

By Ellen Stern

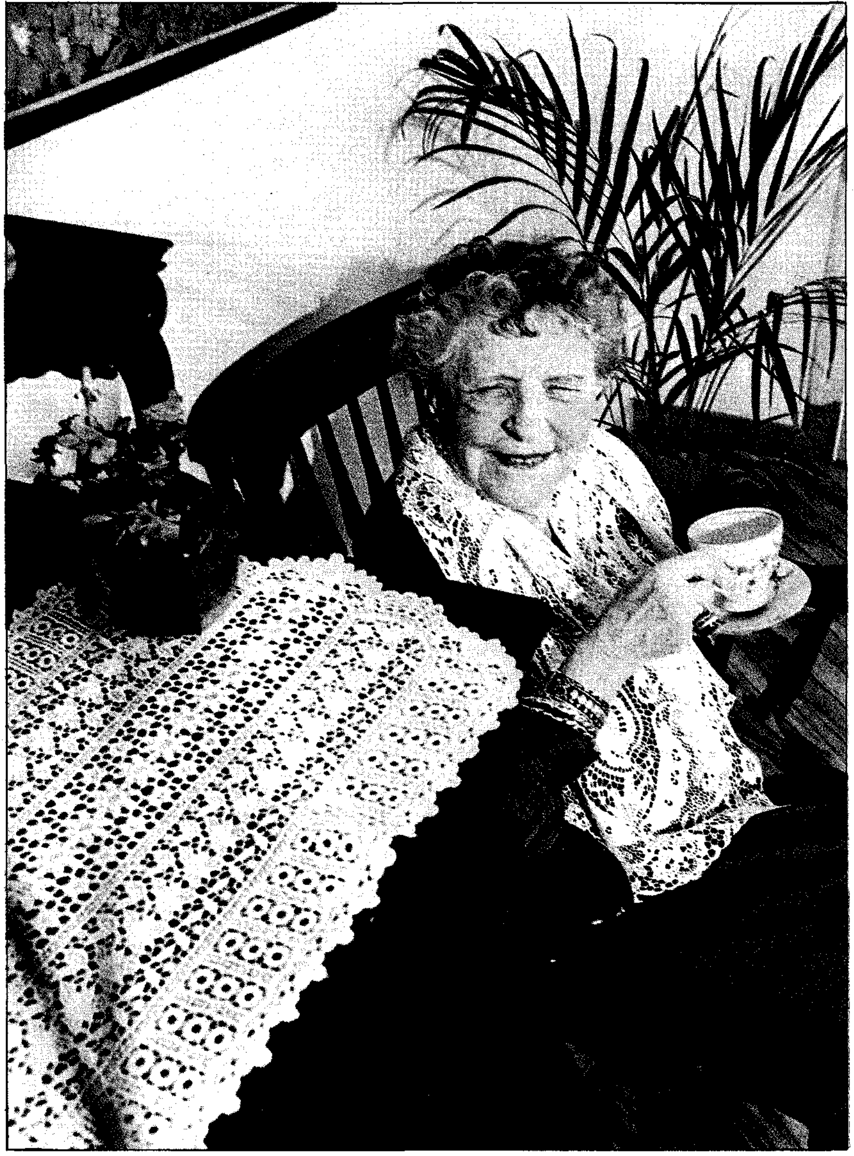


Monster Cookie

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man, bake me a chocolate-chip cookie as big as a pan . . . seven inches in diameter and a hundred times better than the others we read so much, and care so little, about. This one costs $1, comes from the oven at Lady Astor's, and is sold only in the lobby at the Public Theater, across the street.

PUBLIC THEATER/*425 Lafayette Street*

CHRIS CALLIS



Hello, Doily!

In the continuing saga of born-again fashions, the lace dresser scarf–turned–scarf ($15) may be one of the most useful. At home you can always lend it back to the piece of furniture whose top you most want to protect. And no storage problems either. **—Priscilla Tucker**

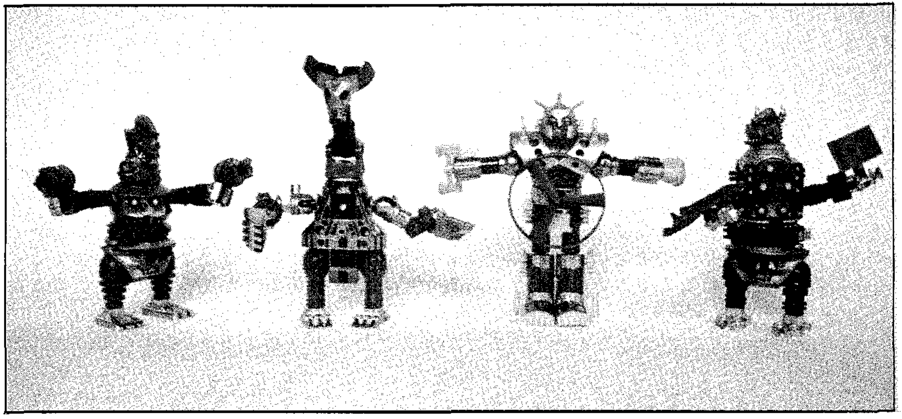
BLOOMINGDALE'S/*Main floor*

The Space Race

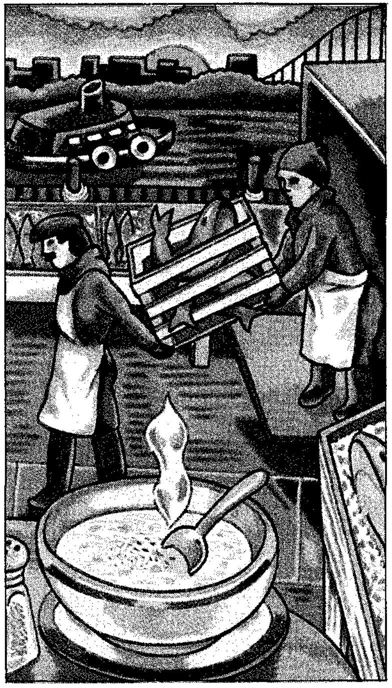
They bend, eject, pop, shoot, and R2-D2 knows what else. They are Japanese robots, planes, UFO stations, and monsters made of gloriously colorful metal ($7.95–$30). Koos van den Akker bought 30 for his shadow-box window on Madison; Mel Brooks bought 36 for fun; David Brenner dropped the Black King and repented by buying six; Jackie O came in but left because the line was too long.

LINCOLN CARD AND GIFT SHOP/*Madison Avenue and 60th/751-9225*

BARBRA WALZ



ROBERT PENNY



Ain't We Got Fin

"All men are equal before fish," said that great vacuum, Herbert Hoover, and he didn't even know about a 6 A.M. Fulton Fish Market tour (followed by a chowder breakfast) or a course in scaling, cleaning, and filleting fish (followed by a snack of clams on the half shell) offered by the South Street Seaport. Other salty events are a February lecture series on steamships (*"Leviathan* and Her Sisters," "Steam Ferries of Old New York," "Development of the Steamship Engine in New York Harbor," etc.) and one in March on preserving New York's maritime heritage. Reservations for tour and course: 766-9020.

FULTON FISH MARKET TOUR AND BREAKFAST/*February 23, April 27, June 15/$9*

FISH-PREPARATION COURSE/*April 15, May 8 and 22/$25*

A Class by Itself

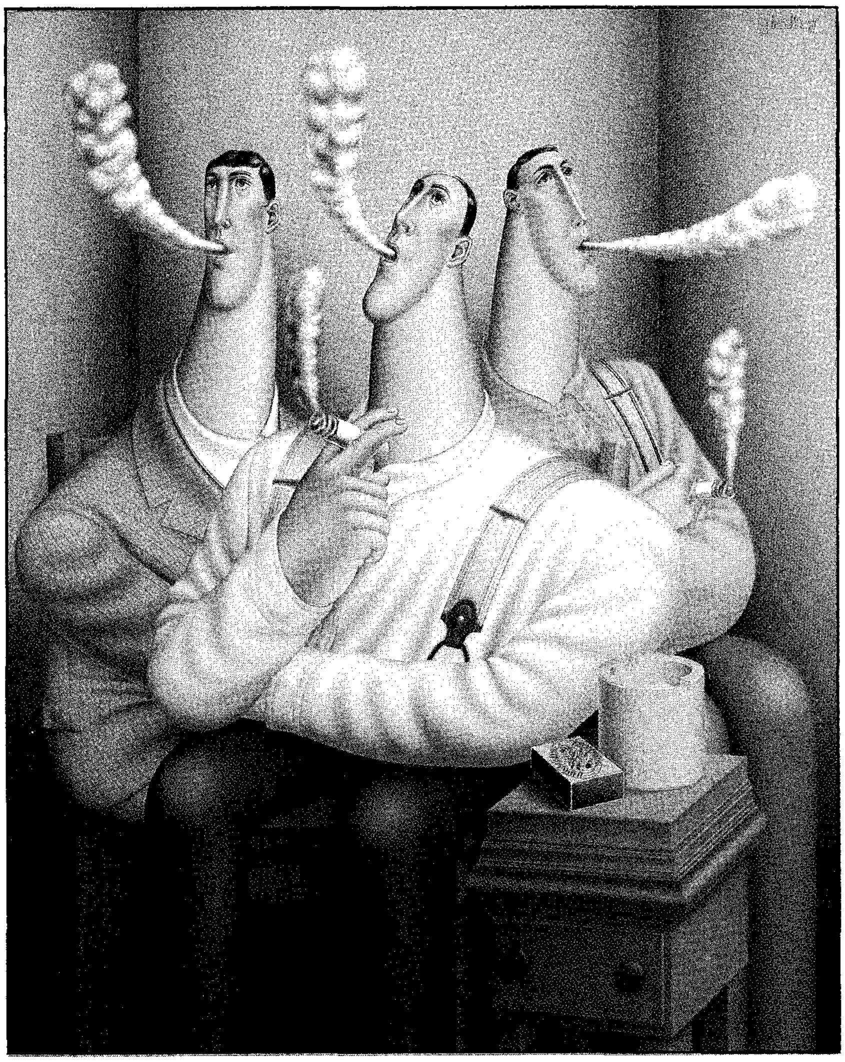
Stop picking on the New School and its curious curriculum. There are other voices, other rooms just itching to compete. The West Side Y's "New York Night Life" is a one-shot ($5) that will teach us "how to get those hard-to-get tickets, how to handle a menu (or a rude maitre d'), and in general how to cope." Terrific.

WEST SIDE YMCA/*Adult Education*
5 West 63rd Street/787-4400

Routes

The subway map now in use (and designed by the exalted Massimo Vignelli) is the picture of perplexity: Parks are gray; water is light gray; the same measure of space means 1,000 feet in one instance and 2¾ miles in another; there is no way to find out which train stops when; and, best of all, the colors indicating subway lines are no help whatsoever to the color-blind. "There is no geographic, cartographic reality to it," says John Tauranac, who devised the brilliant undercover maps of New York for a 1972 issue of *New York* Magazine and has now created a revolutionarily clear subway map for the MTA. "The only thing imperfect here," he says, "is that the distance between Fifth and Eighth avenues is twice what it is in reality because of the complexity of the system." All subway routes are printed in red, neighborhoods are noted, streets are named; there are clear codes for train schedules full-time and part-time, for buses to the airports, for the new free-transfer points, etc. Before it is officially published, the new map will be exhibited—along with some 30 old ones dating from the first subway map, issued in 1904—at Cityana, there to be studied and judged by the subway-riding public. Makes sense.

THE GOOD, THE BAD . . . THE BETTER?/*February 1–March 4/Cityana Gallery*
16 East 53rd Street/Fifth floor/752-2079



Where There's Smoke

Roy Carruthers does not smoke, but he likes to paint people who do. Why? "I'm interested in the idea of the human being as factory," he explains.

ROY CARRUTHERS/*February 4–25/ACA Galleries/25 East 73rd Street/628-2440*

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The Passionate Shopper / Peter D. Lawrence

THE PERFECT SHIRT

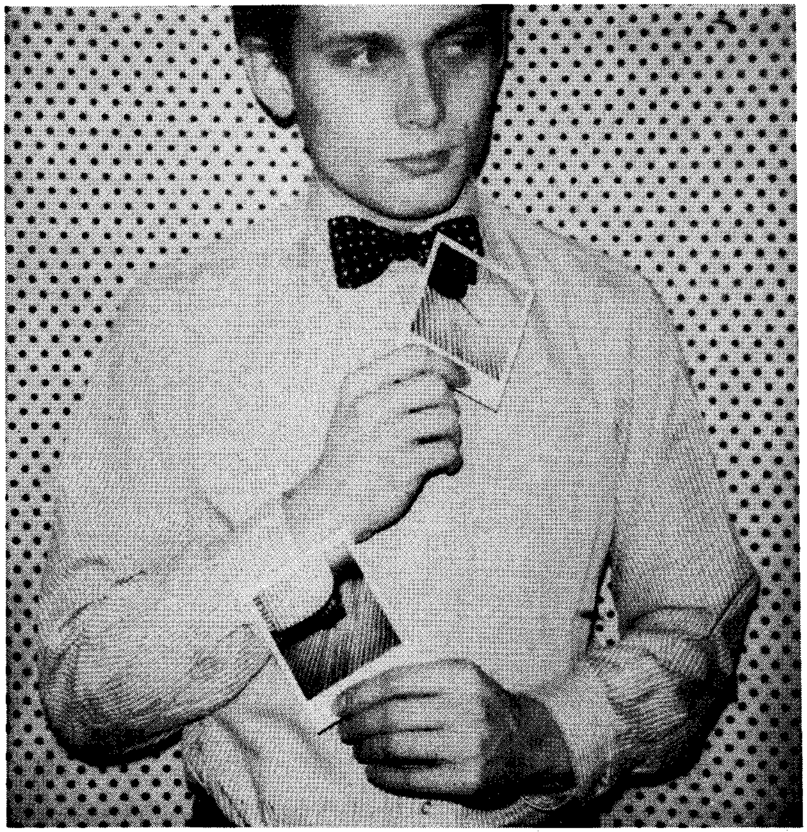
"...A custom-made shirt or blouse can actually cost you less than a designer's ready-made garment. And it may fit much better..."

There's almost nothing more luxurious than a garment made just for you. You choose your material; your measurements are carefully taken; and a skilled tailor produces a piece of clothing that really fits you. Too expensive, you think, as visions of a $3,000 French couturier gown or a $500 Savile Row suit flicker through your brain. Or impossible, you say; it can't be done here in New York. But in both cases you are wrong—that is if you are willing to start with something basic, a custom-made shirt or blouse.

If the very word "custom" brings out the puritan in you, here are four good reasons for having a shirt or blouse custom-made: (1) You can never find a ready-made shirt or blouse that fits you properly; (2) you have an old garment that fits like a dream and you have never been able to find another just like it; (3) you hate synthetics and easy-care synthetic-and-cotton mixtures, yet you find a limited selection available in ready-made cotton shirts and blouses; and (4) a custom-made shirt or blouse can actually cost you less than a designer's ready-made garment.

According to most tailors, a custom-made shirt or blouse must be made from a brown-paper pattern that has been individually cut according to your measurements and specifications. The usual practice is for the new customer to decide the type of design he or she wants, including shape, length, and height of collar; type of sleeve and cuff; and amount of body fullness. If you do not know what you want, most tailors will suggest a suitable style. Measurements are then taken, and in most cases a sample garment is made. One or more fittings are given to make sure you obtain a perfect fit. By the time your first shirt or blouse is ready, an individual paper pattern has evolved. If you ever want an additional shirt or blouse, it will be made from this pattern.

This is the traditional method of making custom-made shirts and blouses, and it is still followed by many shirtmakers. Indeed, old-timers swear it is impossible to make a custom-made shirt any other way. "If you do not have a paper pattern," says shirt designer Chris Batsides, of Chris-Arto, Inc., "each time you make a customer's shirt it will come out differently."



Besides a custom fit, here are some of the special features you can expect with most custom-made shirts or blouses: a choice of several hundred fabrics (usually only cottons, silks, and wools) or the option of using your own fabric, plus fine single stitching and hand-sewn mother-of-pearl buttons.

Because the traditional method of making custom shirts is both time-consuming and expensive, many shirtmakers have developed another system. Instead of making individual paper patterns for each customer, they start with one or more basic patterns which are altered according to the customer's measurements. Depending upon the individual shirtmaker, as many as ten different measurements can be adjusted to your body. Normally, you can have collar size and sleeve length measured to the quarter inch (versus half-inch increments for ready-made shirts and eighth-inch increments for garments made from individual patterns), a choice of different collar and cuff styles, and varying amounts of tapering in different parts of the body. Although some shirtmakers still call this "custom" work, most refer to such shirts as "special order" or "made to measure."

There are at least several dozen establishments in New York that make custom-made or special-order men's and women's shirts and blouses. Here is a

Illustrated by Don Rodan

Show the world you love New York with this pin.

Here's a way to show everyone how proud you are to be a New Yorker and prove you've done something to help your City. Just contribute ten tax-deductible dollars—or more—to the non-profit Citizens Committee for New York City, Inc., and we'll send you this goldplated lapel pin. (You can't buy it anywhere.) Or if you'd like, we'll send you the same symbol in the form of a charm. Each one is about the size of a quarter. Order it for yourself or give it as a Valentine to your favorite New Yorker.

On February 14th, the Citizens Committee is sponsoring a Valentines Night Salute to the City. This Dinner-Dance is being held in the Grand Ballroom of the Hilton Hotel. See, hear, and rub elbows with New York's V.I.P.'s. For ticket information call: (212) 975-1061.

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"... Chris-Arto offers a choice of 450 natural fabrics, and, as an added service, does custom laundry—$2.25 to $2.50 a shirt..."

selection of sixteen places, running the gamut from well-known department stores to small tailors housed in office buildings and brownstones. All sixteen make men's shirts, seven make women's man-tailored shirts, and four do blouses as well as man-tailored shirts. In all cases the work seems to be of good quality. There is a wide variation in price, depending upon the type of work and the material you select—from $16.50 up to well over $100. Most places require a minimum order of three to six shirts or blouses. Only where it is specifically indicated are the shirts made from individual paper patterns.

Brooks Brothers (346 Madison Avenue, at 44th Street, 682-8800) sells both custom-made and special-order shirts. Measurements for the custom-made shirts are taken only on the second floor of the main Madison Avenue store. Prices for men's shirts and women's man-tailored shirts start at $50 (for 100-percent-cotton oxford). Cotton broadcloth starts at $53, Sea Island cotton is $70, and Japanese silk $75. All of Brooks's custom shirts are made from individual paper patterns. Hand-sewn monograms are $5 extra. Minimum order: three shirts; delivery time: four to six weeks.

Special-order shirts, for men only, can be ordered at any Brooks Brothers store. These shirts are made from stock patterns adjusted to your measurements. You can specify sleeve length to the quarter inch, variations in body size, and your choice of nine different collars. Prices range from $25 to $65. Monograms are $5 extra. Minimum order: three shirts; delivery time: six weeks.

Chris-Arto, Inc. (39 West 32nd Street, sixth floor, 563-4455). Each week, more than 500 custom-made shirts and blouses are prepared from individual paper patterns on the premises. New customers start with a sample shirt that is altered until perfect. This becomes one of the six shirts in the required minimum order. Prices for men's shirts and women's blouses or man-tailored shirts start at $50 (for imported broadcloth). Sea Island cotton runs $70 to $75, Viyella $80 to $85, and Italian silk (in plain colors or patterns) $125 to $150. A man's pleated evening shirt costs $75 to $80. You can choose from over 450 natural fabrics or bring your own. The price is about $40 for a shirt or blouse made from your fabric. Hand-sewn monograms: $2.50 to $10; delivery time: three to four weeks. As an added service, Chris-Arto also does custom laundry—for $2.25 to $2.50 per shirt.

The Custom Shop (716 Fifth Avenue, near 56th Street, CI 7-2094), a national chain of clothing stores, has twelve branches in Manhattan, including its main Fifth Avenue store. It specializes in its own custom-made shirts for men and man-tailored shirts for women. Its shirts are not made from individual paper patterns, but the people at the Custom Shop say their shirts are strictly custom-made according to their own system, using ten different body measurements. Customers have a choice of collar styles and lengths, of five different collar-back heights and four different types of cuffs. Sleeve lengths are measured to the half inch. The Custom Shop will also copy your own shirt. Prices for men and women start at $17.50 (for a Dacron-and-cotton mixture). There is a wide selection of cottons in the $20-to-$29.50 price range. Prices are based on an order of four shirts. For smaller orders there is an additional charge per shirt. A shirt made from your own material will cost about $15, the price varying according to the material. Monograms are $2.75 extra. Delivery time: six to eight weeks.

Harold and Dorothy Denhof of **Denhof Shirts, Inc.** (162 Madison Avenue, near 33rd Street, 679-1648), have been designing men's shirts for over 30 years. Although their shirts are not made from individual paper patterns, they say they are custom-made according to their own process. All colors are hand-cut. There is no minimum order, and a fitting will be given on your first shirt if necessary. "If you want more tapering," says Mrs. Denhof, "I'll take it in." Prices for men's shirts start at $19.50 (with a choice of cottons and cotton-and-polyester mixtures). A Sea Island–cotton shirt is $40. A pleated cotton man's evening shirt is $35.50. A shirt can be made from your own material for $17.50. Hand-sewn monograms: $2.25 extra; delivery time: about four weeks.

Custom-made shirts for men and women are made from individual patterns on the premises of **Duhamell, Inc.** (944 Madison Avenue, between 74th and 75th streets, RE 7-1525). No synthetics here, only imported cottons and silks. Prices start at $52 (for cotton broadcloth). Sea Island cotton starts at $69, silk at $120. Men's pleated evening shirts are $125 and up. Prices for shirts made from your own material are available on request. Hand-sewn monograms start at $5. Minimum order: six shirts; delivery time: about three weeks.

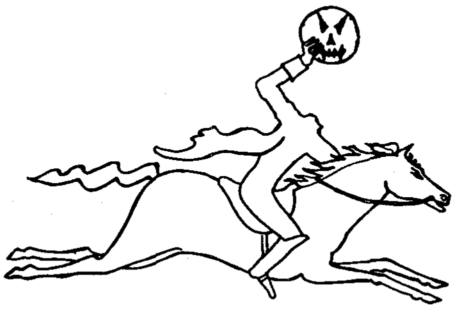
Dunhill Tailors (65 East 57th Street, EL 5-0050) makes custom shirts for men from individual paper patterns. Prices start at $45 (for 100-percent-cotton oxford). Sea Island cotton is $75; for a pleated evening shirt, add $13 to the price of the shirt you've chosen. Silk is $75 to $125. Hand-sewn monograms: $5; minimum order: four shirts; delivery time: three to four weeks.

Bolts of exotic batiks and hand-loomed cotton from India, Indonesia, and Malaysia line the walls of **Handloom Batik** (250 Mulberry Street, 925-9542). Designer Leitner Winstead will turn any of the shop's colorful cottons (which sell by the yard for $4 to $12) into a specially made shirt or blouse. Each shirt or blouse is made from your measurements, according to Ms. Winstead's own designs. Prices vary according to material but usually run about $40. (Ms. Winstead, who started making shirts three years ago for musicians and rock stars, also makes one-of-a-kind shirts and blouses from antique fabrics. Her antique shirts, not sold through this shop, start at $50.) The store, closed for the winter, will reopen in mid-March. There is no minimum order on Handloom shirts and blouses. Delivery time: about two weeks.

Don't be fooled by the small showroom at **Kallos & Boros** (667 Madison Avenue, near 60th Street, eighth floor, 421-9097). Fine custom-made shirts for men, as well as women's blouses, all from individual paper patterns, are made on the premises. New customers receive one or more fittings on their first shirt or blouse. When this sample is perfect, Mr. Boros will proceed with the rest of your order. Men's shirts start at $67, women's blouses at $85. A man's Swiss voile shirt is $67 to $75, a pleated cotton evening shirt $85 to $135, and silk crepe de Chine $145 and up. A woman's crepe de Chine blouse starts at $150. Monograms are extra. Minimum order: six shirts (on reorders, three), or three blouses; delivery time: four to six weeks.

Sy Mondschein (341 Madison Avenue, entrance on 44th Street, 697-5217) makes custom-made shirts for men and made-to-measure shirts for men and

"A PIP OF A NEW OASIS . . .
AS TASTEFUL AS IT IS CHEERFUL"—*N. Y. Times*



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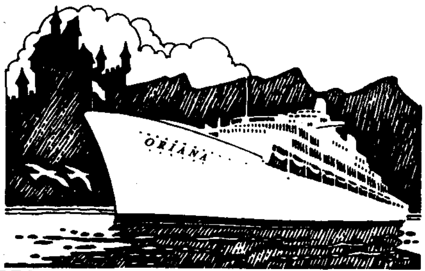

women. Custom shirts from individual paper patterns can be made in any style. Prices start at $30 (for a cotton oxford or a cotton-and-polyester mix). Sea Island cotton is $55, and Italian silk is $75. A pleated cotton evening shirt runs from $50 to $65. Made-to-measure shirts start at $17.50 (for domestic cottons and polyester-and-cotton mixes). Sea Island cotton is $42.50. Monograms start at $3.75. Minimum orders: four on all men's shirts, but you can order two and pay a $7.50 cutting charge, which is refundable when you order two additional shirts; women can buy a minimum of two shirts. Delivery time: four to five weeks.

Custom-made shirts for men only are the rule at **Pec & Company** (45 West 57th Street, PL 5-0758), and they are all made on the premises from individual paper patterns. New customers start with a sample shirt, which, after fittings and alterations, becomes part of the three-shirt initial order. You can choose from a wide selection of cottons and silks beginning at $60 (for Sea Island cotton or Swiss voile). A man's pleated cotton evening shirt is $75, a Japanese silk shirt $140. A shirt made from your own material will cost about $50. Hand-sewn monograms start at $3. There is no minimum on reorders. Delivery time: five to eight weeks.

At **Carlin Poster** (134 East 61st Street, 688-1462), custom-made men's shirts and women's man-tailored shirts are made on the premises from individual paper patterns. A sample shirt is made for new customers, with as many fittings as necessary. Prices start at $52.50 (for imported cotton broadcloth). Sea Island cotton is $55.50. Viyella $125, and silk $125 and up. If you cannot find what you want among Mrs. Poster's more than 100 fabrics, bring your own. The charge will depend upon the type of material and the style of the shirt you order. Hand-embroidered monograms will run you $3 for three initials. Minimum: six shirts on new orders, three shirts on reorders; delivery time: two to four weeks.

At its Fifth Avenue store only, **Saks Fifth Avenue** (PL 3-4000) takes measurements for custom-made shirts for men and women. Women's shirts are made in a masculine style, but square bottoms and other adjustments are possible. All shirts are made from individual paper patterns. Prices start at $44 (for 100-percent-cotton oxford). Sea Island cotton is $78 and up, and silks run $115 to $140. Saks will also cut and trim your own material for $40 per shirt. Hand-sewn monograms start at $3.50. Minimum order: four shirts; delivery time: about six weeks.

Since 1921, **Seewaldt & Bauman** (565 Fifth Avenue at 46th Street, MU 2-3958) have been making custom-made men's shirts. All shirts are made on the premises from individual paper patterns. New customers start with a sample shirt that becomes the first shirt in the six-shirt-minimum initial order. Prices start at $40 (for 100 percent imported cotton). Sea Island cotton runs $55 to $60, a man's pleated cotton evening shirt is $75 to $85, and silk is $85. Stanley Seewaldt emphasizes that all fabrics are preshrunk; linings are shrunk twice. Monograms: $3 to $5 extra. Delivery time: four to six weeks.

Paul Stuart (Madison Avenue at 45th Street, MU 2-0320) does made-to-measure shirts for men only, based on its block patterns, which are adjusted to your measurements. Ten different measurements are taken; each can be altered to your specifications. For instance, one sleeve can be made 33 inches long, the other 34 inches. The only important measurement not adjusted is the chest. Prices start at $20 (for all-cotton), and a wide range of materials are available at $30 to $40. Sea Island cotton is $47. Handmade monograms: $5 to $7. Minimum order: four shirts; delivery time: five to six weeks.

A. Sulka & Company (711 Fifth Avenue at 55th Street, 980-5200) takes measurements for custom-made shirts for men at all their stores. New customers start with a sample shirt, which is fitted before additional shirts are begun. Prices start at $42 (for 100-percent-cotton broadcloth). Sea Island cotton is $75, pongee silk is $75, Chinese silk $100, and silk crepe de Chine $125. A pleated evening shirt is $20 more than a regular shirt in the same material. Sulka will also make shirts from your own material. All shirts are made from individual paper patterns. Hand-sewn box monograms: no extra charge. Minimum order: none; delivery time: three to four weeks.

Fine custom-made shirts for men have been made on the premises at **Thomas C. Trapani** (309 Fifth Avenue, at 32nd Street, MU 4-4350) since 1910. All shirts are made from individual paper patterns. Prices start at $37.50 (for 100-percent-cotton broadcloth). Sea Island cotton is $52.50, cotton batiste $47.50, and pleated cotton evening shirts $52.50. There is no silk in stock, but Mr Trapani will make a shirt from a customer's own silk or cotton for $40. Hand-sewn monograms: $4 and up. Minimum order: three shirts; delivery time: three to four weeks. ▬

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Restaurants/Seymour Britchky

PLAIN AND FRANCY

"...Culinary academics will say this food is not authentic. Authenticity in food makes the same sense as orthodoxy in art..."

There are restaurants in New York at which one does not overhear, at nearby tables, conversations about restaurants in New York. These are establishments to which citizens repair to eat, not to taste, and the talk during lunch or dinner is old-fashioned stuff—in re business and family, vacations and love—as if food were not life's principal ingredient.

The odd folk that frequent these spots make their decisions about eating places in early adulthood, in the manner of the selection of a spouse or dentist. Then they patronize them habitually, unthinkingly, indefinitely. Of course, just as mates and drillers have been known to lose their charms or touch, eating places sometimes grow careless of their devoted clienteles. Most eventually do. But there remain, in various parts of town, very decent restaurants that have prospered on the commerce of the uncritical faithful and yet maintain many of the virtues that originally drew them in. Herewith, two French at which, culinary academics will tell you, the food is not authentic. Authenticity as a standard for food makes the same sense as orthodoxy for art. These places are New York/French, a persuasion *sui generis.*

The gray of East 29th Street is an unlikely locale for the gaudy colors and lights of **Mon Paris.** Crimson fleurs-de-lis of velvety flocking adorn the walls; carpeting cushions the floor. The walls are hung with street lanterns, framed travel posters, jolly art. Chandeliers that are bouquets of little red lampshades shine down on tables that are snowy with stiff white linen. The waiters that serve you are in scarlet doublets; their boss, ever-present and watchful, mindful that they do it well, is portly and contented in his snug too long jacket. He is a kind of burghermaster among the self-made middlemen that spend their money here. The rather obvious posh of the institution he presides over fulfills the early dreams of the jobbers, head bookkeepers, salesmen, and bejeweled housewives that compose the couples, and clusters of couples, who fill this place.

No one here was born with a three-bedroom apartment and a terrace in his mouth; there is nary a prep-school diploma or B-school master's in the house. They are all perfectly well off, you understand, but their pleasures are not quite taken for granted, and while they betray considerable satisfaction in the comfort and solid food they find here, and visit with each other heartily about such subjects as making connections between Acapulco and San Juan during what is known as the height of the season, their preoccupation with the wherewithal to prosper again another day is rarely more than just under the skin of their conversations. A cocktail or two, a little time with the menu, two minutes with the waiters—hardly have the crevettes Provençale arrived when talk among the men switches to market conditions, among the ladies to supermarket conditions and the chances of getting Himself to spring again for a fortnight on the sunny sands.

You, however, will give all your attention to those shrimps Provençale; plump, crunchy, and sweet, they are moistened with a garlicked sauce that is red, tart, and heavy, glistening with oil, thick with little chunks of tomato, prettied with a liberal sprinkling of fresh, fragrant parsley. The escargots de Bourgogne are equally blunt, served in New York's most forthright snail butter, so nubbly with bits of minced garlic that it has the texture of cereal, and so pungent of garlic flavor that the abundance of parsley can be detected only by its vivid green color.

Cooler beginnings include smoked trout with a sauce raifort that is made with plenty of horseradish and little finesse, and the terrine de canard, heavy with duck meat and liver, salty and thickly fatted, very good with the crusty bread served here and some cold white wine.

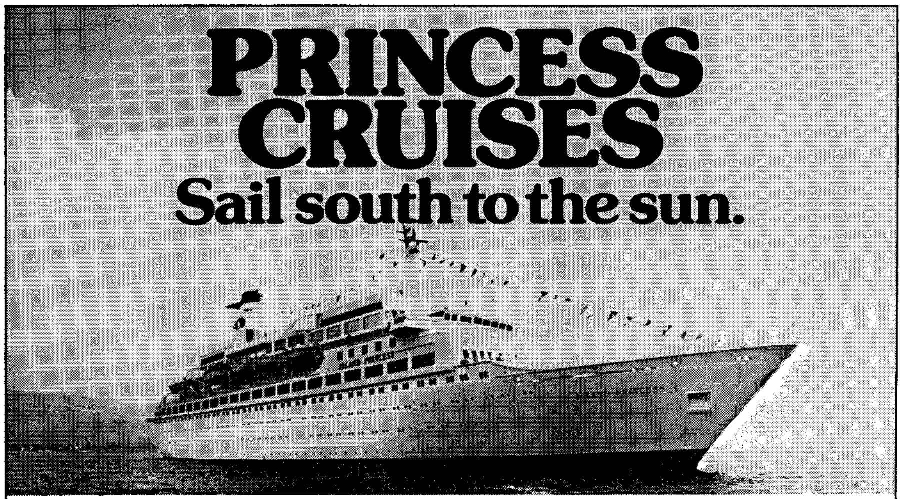
It is a sign of the familiarity of the customers with the peculiarities of the house that about half the tables order a dish that is never listed on the menu—a profound lobster bisque that seems to crackle with the essence of lobster shell. It is deep and winy soup.

Illustrated by Carole Vaucher

The secret of the bisque, of course, is the availability of lobster shells, and they are in abundant supply here because of the popularity of le homard sauté à l'Armoricaine. This is not a dish for lobster purists, being several removes from the elemental thing you dip in butter. The crustacean arrives in hefty chunks—meat and shell—that are piled to the rim of a deep bowl. The bowl is filled with a spicy, dark-brown broth that is heavily tomatoed, lively of wine. Blatant food. The frogs' legs are subtle by comparison, though the nicely crusted, tender thighs are liberally sprinkled with sautéed minced garlic and moistened with a strong tomato sauce. Be certain to avoid the bouillabaisse (served on Fridays and Saturdays).

Jump not quickly to conclusions, for many dishes here lack even a hint of tomato, among them brains in black butter, a good version, tender, smooth and a little tart, crusted and browned, moistened with a carefully burned butter that is studded with sour capers. The poulet au vin rouge is the standard thing, the chicken well browned before it is simmered in wine and stock; the bird is a good one, with the clear—nowadays rare—flavor of fresh chicken; and its cooking liquid has an earthy taste that is imparted by the fresh mushrooms that are part of the stew. A more interesting dish, and not just for its rarity hereabouts, is "Le Pigeon Grillé Maître d'Hôtel," the entire little bird, spread open, herbed and buttered, and broiled until its skin is almost blackened, its dark meat, hot and moist, at a peak of high, sweet flavor. Splendid lamb chops are available here, as well as good steaks—they are of tasty and tender meat, accurately prepared and handsomely crusted. The accompanying vegetables for all of these are a bit sad, but many of the main courses come with puffed potatoes, tiny golden balloons that you can have with any main course if you so command. A crisp salad of fresh greens in a lively vinaigrette comes with your dinner; it will come after your first course unless you specify that you want it later.

Sometimes the cheeses are fine, sometimes not. You may send for them, look at them, and judge for yourself. The remainder of the printed dessert list is boring—mousse, peach melba, coupe aux marrons, commercial pastries, etc. Regular customers, as soon as they arrive, order the unlisted soufflés, and late in the evening these flow from the kitchen by the dozen, their browned tops high above their white ceramic pots. These are not the greatest soufflés in town, but they are fine—though the



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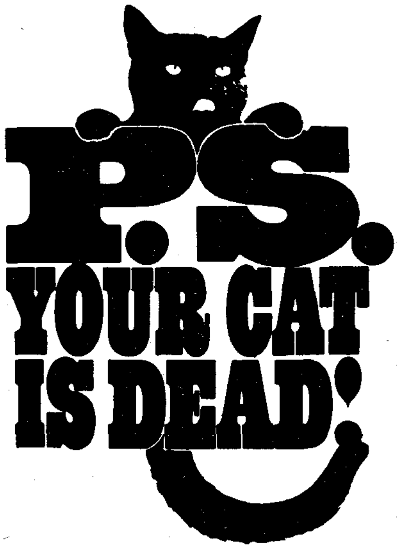
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Grand Marnier is a little heavier than the ideal, and one wishes the accompanying crème anglaise were not cool; and the chocolate soufflé would be more exciting if its flavor were more intense.

A few reasonably priced wines are available; most of the others cost more than a single dinner. The cheaper wines are all good bottles. Complete dinners for two, with a bottle of inexpensive wine, are around $45 to $55, tax and tip included; higher with soufflés.

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The menu is no more inventive than the décor, which is perhaps just as well, for should you begin with one of its few oddities—"Les Little Necks aux Amandes"—you may leave at once with the wrong idea. These clams seem to have been stuffed with mashed potatoes and almonds. Try not to think about it. Think instead of the quiche lorraine. Extremely rare for a restaurant quiche, it actually has some of the fluffiness and steaminess of the just-baked item and a deeply browned crust as well, and lots of strong and salty ham in the inch-thick custard filling. The snails are okay, powerfully garlicked and all that, but they lack character—they are strong rather than tasty.

You are not to be faulted if you long ago gave up ordering mushrooms à la Grecque, for it is a sorry item in most places. Here, however, the little champignons are marinated from a fresh start, and the perfume of their mari-

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nade is dominated by the sweet, spicy flavor and scent of coriander seeds. "La Terrine du Chef" is prepossessing for its design alone, each cross-sectional slice a mosaic of duck and spicy forcemeat, buttery foie gras and bits of black truffle, all bound in white fat, rimmed in darkened fat, and served with vibrant little pickles. You will see a side of smoked salmon on display just inside the door when you enter—order some, and thin slices of it are spread abundantly across a large plate. It is served with onions and capers, lemon and clear oil. Good food.

No effort is made to create a delicate dish out of the veal kidneys. These chunks of organ meat are gamy and cartilaginous, fat at their cores, and they are served in a mahogany-colored sauce that has the strength of blood and wine. For something else along that line, but nowhere near as far, there is boeuf bourguignon, a good stew of meat that is browned well and simmered long in its wine, until the fibrous beef is succulent and tender.

"Le Poulet au Calvados" is a dish of sautéed chicken, with apples, in a white sauce that is flavored with apple brandy. On occasion the flour in this sauce is raw and obvious, but the dish is made with good birds, the skin browned artfully, the meat cooked until it is done, but still moist and tender; and the frankly creamy sauce is very satisfying in its simple way, especially when it is mingled with the rice that accompanies this chicken.

Good steaks, including a crusty steak au poivre that is peppery without obscuring the blood of the meat. The splendid racks of lamb are of tender young meat, each chop yielding up a plump morsel of pink juicy lamb and shreds of salty brown meat along the ribs; a bit of well-seasoned liquid from the roasting pan and an array of good fresh vegetables garnish the chops.

The quality of the cheese is a matter of chance. Usually there is a good cheese or two among those offered.

The house gets good berries, even out of season, and serves them with sugary whipped cream—what could be bad? They are a better choice than the merely decent pastries, tarts, and fruit.

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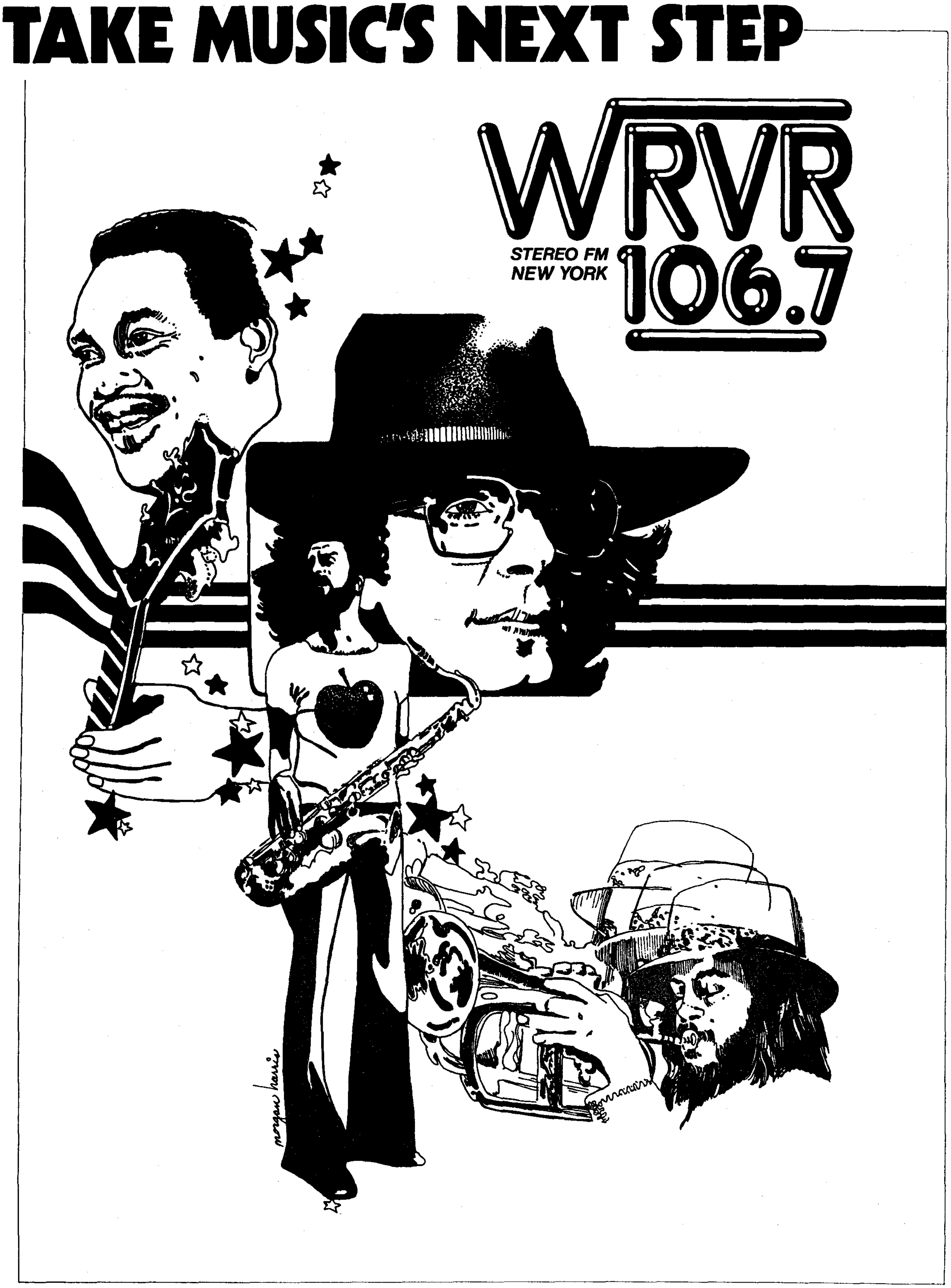
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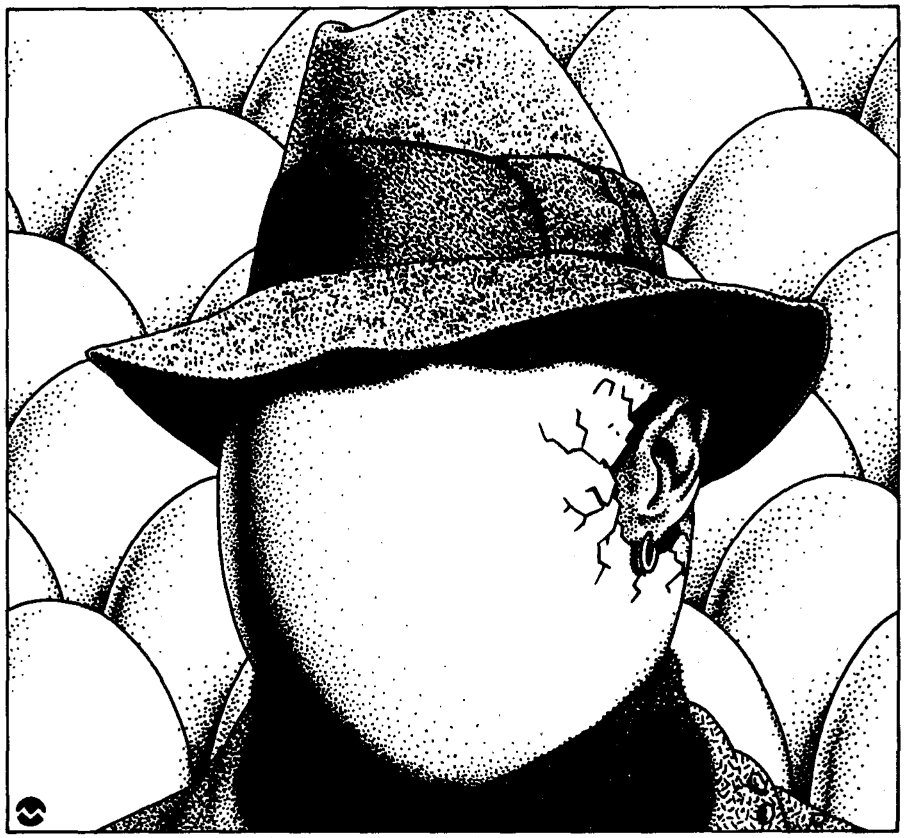
FACE TO FACE WITH BERGMAN AND WERTMULLER

"...In *The Serpent's Egg* Bergman has no special feeling for a period and place that lesser artists have painted more vividly..."

First the bad news, then the bad news. (Some weeks are like that.) Ingmar Bergman's new film is a major disappointment; Lina Wertmüller's is a minor disaster. The Bergman is at least interesting, in an abstract way, as a radical departure for a director who has been drawn into the greater world and tried to make the best of it.

The Serpent's Egg is his first film as an exile. Made in Munich, where he now lives, and set in 1923 Berlin, it attempts to capture, in bleak fragments, the social and political currents that would produce fascism—in other words, the larger world that critics have often accused him of ignoring. Perhaps, too, Bergman felt the need to escape the claustrophobic atmosphere of his recent confessional-chamber films. And why shouldn't the man who has so brilliantly penetrated the disguises of twentieth-century men and women dissect with equal emotional truth the breakdown of a society? The very title—the film's most poetic image—is the metaphor employed by a behavioral scientist in the film for the vision of a nascent fascism he enthusiastically prophesies: "It's like a serpent's egg. Through the thin membranes you can clearly discern the perfect reptile." Bergman intends, I think, to give us the cinematic equivalent of this monster, an X-ray vision of a mutant society aborning. There are portents and ideas lurking beneath Sven Nykvist's somberly lit night streets, the shadowy violence, the facts of inflation and poverty presented to us through voice-over narration. There is perhaps a notion of society personalized as a psychopath, with its own ego (the humanist police investigator played by Gert Frobe), superego (the malignant scientist played by Heinz Bennent), and id (the assorted dens of debauchery and depravity). But as they might have said in Peoria, it doesn't play. Bergman has no special feeling for the interaction of politics and human destiny, or for a period and place that lesser artists have painted more vividly.



War and apocalypse have been often on Bergman's mind in his films, but they have always figured indirectly—the nameless war in *Shame*, the Vietnam footage in *Persona*. *The Serpent's Egg* is like a negative image or rack-focus reversal of *Shame:* By shifting perspective Bergman has brought war from background to foreground and given it a name, while the central characters, a neurotically self-absorbed man and his ministering angel, recede into the background, like figments in somebody else's nightmare. As Manuela, a cabaret performer, Liv Ullmann once again plays shock absorber to the tortured male (David Carradine), her ex-brother-in-law, who bears the same name (Rosenberg) as the Von Sydow character in *Shame*. Being foreigners, they are double aliens in a society whose tremors they feel but do not understand. Unlike their prototypes in *Shame*, who stood in sharp, majestic relief against the allegorical war, they are vague and mysterious. The name of Rosenberg takes on social significance in the anti-Semitic rumblings of a convulsed Berlin, but Carradine's sense of his Jewishness, like his feelings about his brother—whose suicide he discovers in the film's staggering opening scene—is left ambiguous.

When he is first introduced, Carradine has never seemed more interesting. He bears an uncanny resemblance in both voice and looks to Gary Cooper, or to a Gary Cooper aged and worn from sun and labor rather than from studio lights. But he proceeds to turn into one of the most unpleasant characters in Bergman—second only to the Elliott Gould character in *The Touch.* A raving lunatic and chronic drunk, he inflicts himself on life with that same spoiled, obtuse aggressiveness. (What, indeed, must Bergman think of us to have fashioned such ugly Americans!) Like the woman he presumably loves but cannot talk to, we are never permitted to see through his defenses and share his sorrow. We soon begin to suspect even the sorrow as a sham, so that his stature as a character whose collapse mirrors that of the city becomes

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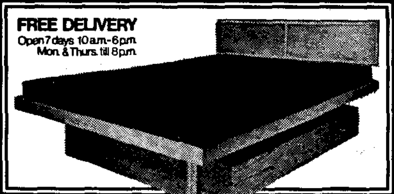

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less and less tenable. By the standards of an increasingly authoritarian state, he is a useless person, but he has become little more than that to us anyway.

There are echoes of Pabst and Kafka as he lurches through joyless streets like an amnesiac looking for his memory, or takes a nonsense job in a labyrinthine archive where strange experiments are conducted. But Bergman's vision of hell has neither the sensual immediacy of Pabst, nor the abstract but particular terror of Kafka. Neither loved nor loathed, Bergman's Berlin hasn't the ugly abrasiveness that political satirists and cartoonists have given it, nor the mixture of repugnance and freak-show fascination with which puritanical artists have endowed it.

In the middle of this anomalous Berlin, playing that archetypal figure of decline and fall, the cabaret chanteuse, is Liv Ullmann. Making her first entrance in green wig and garters, she looks about as decadent as a Meissen doll. Perhaps she is meant to suggest the saving power of good just by not fitting into her environment, but if so, her powers are too modestly displayed. She is one of the goody-goody little people, the simple radiant Ullmann of non-Bergman films. For the first time Bergman has failed his major actress and, in so doing, failed us. Instead of showing us the world through Liv Ullmann's face, he has subordinated that face to the world. How much smaller and less vivid the world seems.

The title of Lina Wertmüller's new movie is **The End of the World in Our Usual Bed in a Night Full of Rain,** and if you think that's long-winded, wait until you see the film. On the other hand, perhaps I can save you the trouble. In Wertmüller's first English-language film, Giancarlo Giannini begins right off by hurling anti-capitalist epithets at Candice Bergen. In *Swept Away* it was possible to imagine—if one was determined—delicious double entendres lurking beneath the invectives and a flair for the vernacular that lost something in translation. But when it comes to us in barefaced English, there is no mistaking "You are a revolutionary with false eyelashes" or "You make poo poo in your pants" for wit.

As we are swept away by Giannini's flood of rhetoric we are prevented from asking: (1) how he knows she's a revolutionary, (2) how he knows she's rich, and (3) why she's not permitted to retort with similar ESP.

The film is a frenzied chronicle of their courtship and marriage, told in scattershot fragments that have no chronological or realistic context. Their

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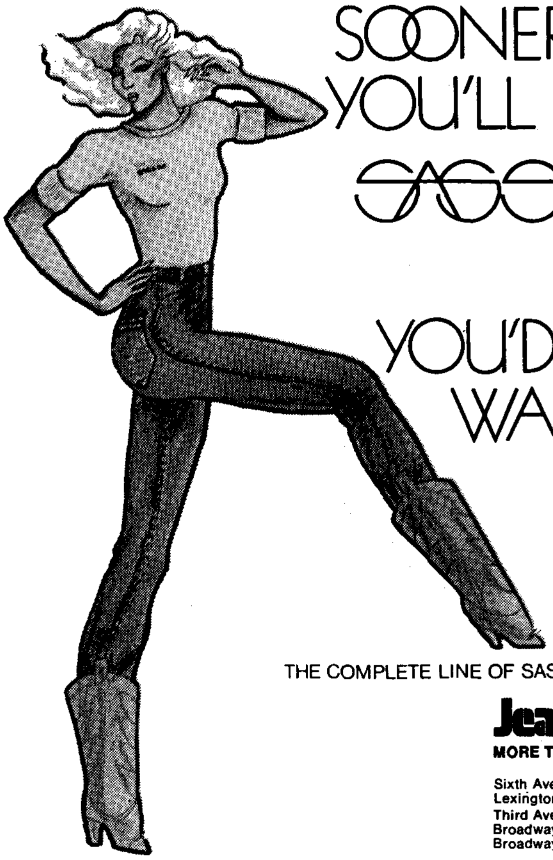
activities are commented on by a chorus of "friends"—whom we never see in a social situation—representing a forum of sexist-feminist attitudes. The men's utterances, if not their faces, are more grotesque than the women's, and Wertmüller's kind but incompetent handling of a beautiful but inept Candice Bergen suggests that she is trying her damnedest to make peace with the feminists and deny charges of a male bias. It's not that her heart's not in it, but that her compulsively disordered style works against feeling and understanding and blurs even her own insights.

There is an irony in Wertmüller's position that becomes apparent in a film like this, which hasn't the surface charm of her others. She is less doctrinaire, less politically didactic than other European filmmakers, but she is more relentlessly hectoring as she advances her own form of chaotic humanism. Confusion as an antidote to totalitarianism of the Right or Left may be fine as a modus vivendi, but as an aesthetic it has definite drawbacks.

Aside from simply getting on our nerves, the constant agitation of the characters takes us, and them, nowhere. At the end of the film we are back to square one. The lack of structure or emotional logic parallels the inability of the character relationships to deteriorate or grow.

Volubility in Wertmüller's films is not articulation but its opposite, and the eyes to which she devotes such enormous close-ups do not express the play of human intelligence, but its absence. They are cold, unbudging. And watching *The End of the World . . .* I was suddenly struck with the peculiar nature and significance of the Wertmüller close-up. More extreme than the so-called extreme close-up, it extends only from the eyebrows to the chin, thus eliminating the forehead—symbolic seat of the human brain.

Mado is Claude Sautet's latest film about the good life and what it costs in the coinage of virtue. It brings together idealistic working-class youths and elegant but tainted members of the bourgeoisie through the mediation of Ottavia Piccolo as the whore *extraordinaire.* In the modern tradition of the bohemian prostitute who cares more about friends than money, she is a reproach to the conscienceless plutocrat, played by Michel Piccoli with his usual good humor. It's the kind of movie in which meaningful glances replace action *and* sex, and the fascinating details of a business swindle give way to tired metaphors about integrity in a morality tale that bogs down long before its muddy conclusion.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MINIATURIZING THE THEATER

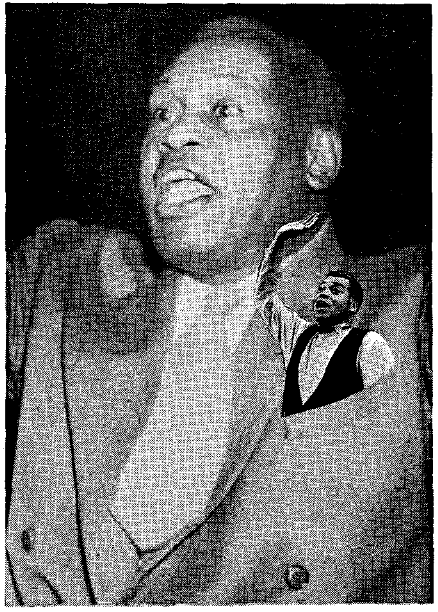
"...There may be simplifying and softening in *Paul Robeson*, but Dean has composed this portrait with shrewdness and wit..."

The one-man theatrical offering, whether a play specially written about a person and drawing on his life and work or a dramatized reading from the great one's writings, is contrary to theatrical sense. In a play, the actor has to create the illusion that he is the person whom he is portraying, but in a one-man or -woman show much of the effort has to go into creating another, subsidiary illusion: that there is someone there to whom the actor is talking. This means undercutting the principal creative effort for the sake of a sideshow effect. In a staged reading from an oeuvre, on the other hand, the actor is often forced to read aloud in public things that were meant to be read silently in private; here, too, the performer must convey simultaneously what, say, George Bernard Shaw is writing about and what Shaw would have been like reading it to others—once again a schizophrenic situation.

Yet in times when the theater is deficient both in invention and in income, it is naturally tempting to produce such monodramas: They cost little, and if the protagonist is a person of major importance and interest, one assumes that the venture must be lucrative. Somehow, though, I always feel that the thing is a trick, a gyp, a fad that will eventually go away. Surely producers will afford entire casts once more; surely people will start reading again and not require being read to.

All this notwithstanding, I did enjoy much of Phillip Hayes Dean's **Paul Robeson.** I have read a little about this great man, heard his records, seen some of his films, and sat close enough to his orotund Othello to be sprayed by his spittle. But I welcome this reminder of what he was and stood for, even if it is not all literal fact, even if Dean invented some of this dialogue (or monologue), and even if some of Robeson's extremist positions were somewhat toned down.

The protest against this show strikes me as misguided. Dean is a black playwright of talent, and he has composed this portrait with shrewdness and wit, compassion and anger. The early part is shot through with wry humor; gradually, the canvas darkens, and the final phases are both dramatic and very moving. There may be simplifying and softening here, but I doubt that there is "pernicious perversion," as the Ad Hoc Committee's handbill would have it. One leaves the theater convinced of and impressed by Robeson's magnitude.


CULVER PICTURES / BERT ANDREWS

This is due in no small measure to James Earl Jones, whose Robeson, after one gets used to Jones's magnifying manner—he cannot touch anything without enlarging it—turns out to be quite apposite, for the man was big of body, heart, and mind. Jones invests his part with all anyone could ask for: Every virtue is here, yet never cloying, sanctimonious, humorless. There is always a sense of fierce dignity behind the occasional ironies—of something, above all, tart, down to-earth, saltily human. The performance is histrionic, but the histrionism is appropriate to a man who was in so many capacities so steadily in the public eye. Jones's is a wise performance: It suggests a slowly, lovingly baked loaf of bread whose taste you can get from its look and smell.

It was, however, an unfortunate choice to let Jones do Robeson's singing. For though as an actor he is probably superior to Robeson, as a singer he is (how could it be otherwise?) inferior. Wouldn't it have been smarter to use tapes of Robeson for the sung parts? Or would the difference in voices have been too unsettling? At any rate, *this* does not work, despite Jones's commendable efforts. Nor do I find the singing and presence of Burt Wallace, as Robeson's accompanist, Lawrence Brown, very engaging. But unless you are frozen into intransigence, you cannot fail to come away from this spectacle without a bit of new-found beauty, disturbing and exhilarating, rattling around inside you.

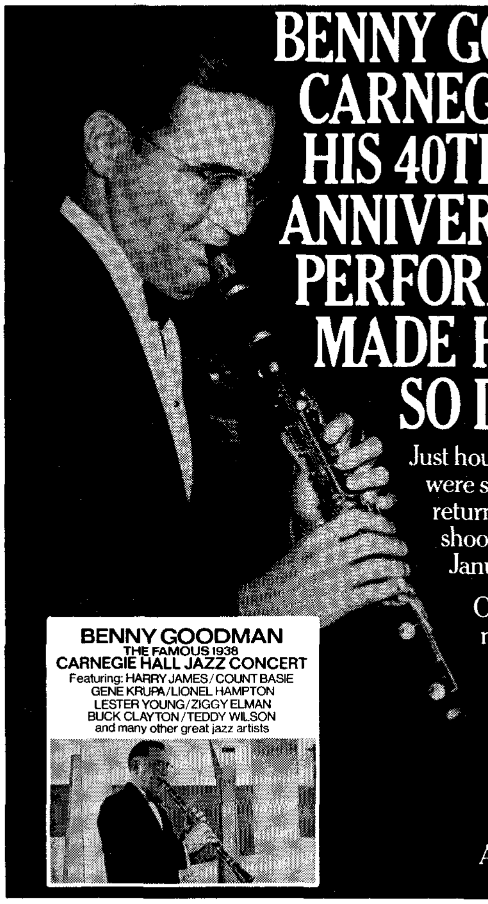
Conversely, the texts from Bernard Shaw that Michael Voysey has gathered into **My Astonishing Self** are generally less rousing, challenging, bedeviling than they might be, though they do offer us varied aspects of GBS. There is, to be sure, a deliberate emphasis on his gentler, homier aspects, but I doubt that an ad hoc committee will be formed to protect him from edulcoration. The main problem lies with Donal Donnelly, whom I have always liked as an actor, but whom I deplore as Shaw. There is something sluggish, flabby, and unctuous about his impersonation: The mote of wit in Shaw's eye becomes a beam of fatuity all over Donnelly's face. Even his looks and makeup are an awful softening and prettification of Shaw; if Shaw had been a snail, Donnelly would do him without his shell. Some years ago, the late Max Adrian gave us an evening of GBS that was in every respect superior. It had bite; Donnelly doesn't even have much bark—only resin. He does, however, at the very end, do a touching bit as the all but senile, near-centenarian, twitching Shaw addressing a television audience. It is a lovely portrayal of shreds of grandeur still feebly fluttering about a dotard of genius.

Cheaters is a shabby little farce about rather elementary adultery and beginners' wife swapping among people of fairly advanced middle age. In such a play, at least one couple and most of the audience must be from New Jersey. The two sets of parents who are, cheerfully or cheerlessly, crisscrossing in their extracurricular activities, have a son and daughter, respectively, now in the throes of a premarital crisis (she wants him to marry her), and who manage to be even duller and more unprepossessing than their parents. Lou Jacobi and Jack Weston almost succeed in transcending their material; Doris Roberts and Rosemary Murphy do not.

Still, if you are immersed in the particular substance *Cheaters* is made of, there is precious little difference between sinking and swimming. "Is that your husband?" "Yes." "You got what you deserved.". . ."Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife." "I'm not coveting. I'm humping." Michael Jacobs, the 22-year-old author, obviously has no idea about what his characters really are, or about the English language either. "Sexual aphrodisiacs" indeed! What other kind is there? But what worked even less well than the play was Lawrence King's set design: Pieces of scenery that were supposed to come together just couldn't make ends meet.

Simon Gray is a highly talented playwright, but **Molly,** based on a true story of boredom, marital infidelity, and murder among the lower and lower-middle classes in the provincial England of 1936, is not his cup of tea. Gray's particular brand of sophisticated, upper-class bile—literate condescension and civilized snottiness—does not fit into this milieu. Here and there, a line works; but the spirited, 40-ish Molly, caught between a decent but decrepit husband and a very young, lusty, but somewhat slow-witted, chauffeur cum gardener, never becomes very real. The two men are even less developed. Gray lets the characters get too clever, indeed too kinky; then, to counteract this, he proceeds to overstultify them.

Josh Clark plays the youth, barring some scarcely avoidable obviousness, very intelligently and convincingly. But Michael Higgins sputters routinely as the husband, and then there is Tammy Grimes. Once, long ago, hers was a charming Unsinkable Molly Brown; her current Molly not only sinks, she actually manages to push rock bottom farther down. Miss Grimes sounds like the Tallulah Bankhead Craig Russell might have done at age five ("What, dahlinnnn? What don't you understannnn?"), and generally uses her voice as if it were a fingernail on a blackboard. She walks as though constructed of rusty coat hangers propelled by offstage magnets, and almost never, never lets up. As a troubled housekeeper, Margaret Hilton is exemplary and could give Miss Grimes a lesson or two. But it is probably much too late. ▬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SALES & BARGAINS

BY LEONORE FLEISCHER

NOTES ON MARKDOWNS, MONEY-SAVERS, AND RIPOFFS

Cheek by jewel—This tiny jewelry store, tucked away two steps down, has been one of the best-kept secrets in New York. Antiques dealers from all over town have been stocking up here for years. You'll find, crowded together: amber, Chinese jade and enamel, Mexican silver, coral beads, jewelry from India, one or two Art Deco pieces (these get snapped up right away), and hundreds of rings. Some trifles, much treasure. Now, the prices of everything in the store will be reduced by one third. No two pieces are alike. There are trays of rings that were $3 and and up per ring, now $2 and up; a heavy string of amber beads, was $500, now $334; serpentine pendants, carved like jade, were $8–$15, now one third off; old Persian beads of unpolished carnelian, were $30 a strand, now $20; many silver, gold-filled, and gold stickpins, were $7.50–$50, now $5–$34; semiprecious-bead necklaces, including agates, amethyst, etc., were $6 each, now $4; and so on. Checks accepted; no credit cards; refunds and exchanges possible. *Max Nass, 130 East 28th St. (OR 9-8154); Mon.–Fri.. 9 a.m.–6 p.m., Sat. till 4 p.m.; through 2/4.*

Softwear—This Madison Ave. clothing boutique for women sizes 4–12 is clearing out its entire winter stock of lovely, soft clothing, made on the premises. Loose wool dresses, were $100, now $50; velvet skirt-and-vest sets, were $165, now $82.50; silk two-piece dresses, were $245, now $122.50; wool skirts are now all $50; handmade wool shawls, were $75, now $37.50. The fabrics are beautiful. Checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final. *Basha &, 908 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. (794-8877); Mon.–Fri. 10 a.m.–6 p.m., Sat. 11 a.m.–5 p.m.; 2/1–28.*

Haircuts—Monique of the Waldorf is having a February markdown on services for men. These include: hairstyling, shampoo, and blow-dry, was $12, now $10; hair coloring, was $12, now $9; a permanent, was $30, now $25; Christine Valmy Biogenic one-hour facial, was $25, now $20; face massage, shave, and sunlamp, was $16, now $12; pedicure, was $12, now $10; manicure, was $5, now $4 (when purchased with any of the above). American Express accepted; no checks. Call for an appointment Mon.–Sat. 8 A.M.–7 P.M. *Monique of the Waldorf, the Waldorf-Astoria, 301 Park Ave., at 50th St. (752-1980); through 2/28.*

Send suggestions for Sales & Bargains to Leonore Fleischer, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, a month before the sale. Do not phone.*

Wool rugs—Special purchases of all-wool rugs from Europe and India have come in to this shop, and the prices will now be lower. Most of these area rugs are one and few of a kind, most are contemporary, and they come from Rumania, Holland, Belgium, France, and India. The 4-ft. by 6-ft. size will run from $75 to $150; the 6-ft. by 9-ft. size will be $79–$169. In addition, Oriental rugs from Belgium, also 100 percent wool, will be sold at a considerable discount. The 2-ft. by 4-ft. 6-in. size, regularly $89, now $49; the 4-ft. by 6-ft. size, regularly $149, now $95; the 5-ft. 6-in. by 8-ft. 6-in. size, regularly $299, now $145; the 8-ft. by 11-ft. 8-in. size, regularly $485, now $250. The store is concurrently having a large inventory-reduction sale on carpeting (wools and synthetics), some from a very famous mill, at 25–40 percent off the regular prices. Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; exchanges possible. *G. Fried Carpets, Inc., 1285 Second Ave., at 67th St. (737-3700); Mon. 10 a.m.–8 p.m., Tues.–Fri. till 7 p.m., Sat. till 5:30 p.m.; through 2/19.*

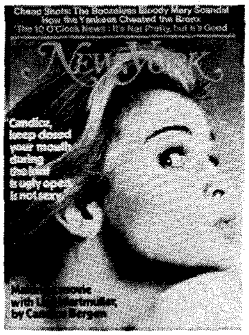
Maternity clothes—A clearance sale of fall, winter, and holiday merchandise brings prices down 25–50 percent on quality maternity wear, some of it designed exclusively for this shop. Dresses and jumpers, including long dresses, were $26–$75, now $13–$50; acrylic sweaters with long or short sleeves, were $14–$34, now $9–$22; slacks (knits, gabardines, some wools and velvets), were $18–$36, now $9–$23; pantsuits, including knits and dressy suits, were $42–$70, now $21–$38; tops, in many fabrics and styles, including turtlenecks, polo shirts, and dressy blouses, were $14–$36, now $8–$20. Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; all sales final. *Mater's Market, 237 East 53rd St. (355-7977); Mon. and Wed.–Sat. 10:30 a.m.–5:30 p.m., Tues. till 7 p.m.; while stock lasts.*

Weaving yarns—This minuscule upstairs yarn-and-handicraft shop is stocked to the ceiling with the most luscious natural-fiber yarns for weaving, knitting, crocheting, basketry, etc., from all over the world. The annual winter sale is now on, with discounts of 20 percent. All-wool Swedish cowhair yarn, 132 glowing colors, was $3.68 per 3.6-oz. skein, now $2.94; 100-percent-cotton primitive spun yarn, colors and naturals, was $3.70–$6.50 a lb., now $2.96–$5.20; Finnish Platina yarn, 100 percent soft wool with metallic sprinkles, was $1.98 per 1.8-oz. ball, now $1.58; bulky 100-percent-wool yarn, single and double ply, was $13.20 a lb., now $10.55; Irish and Swedish linen yarns, slubbed or smooth-spun, many colors, were $7.49 and $7.90 for 8-oz. spools, now $5.99 and $6.32; Finnish Elysee, 80 percent brushed wool, 20 percent viscose binder, natural colors, was $1.85 per 1.8-oz. ball, now $1.48. Checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final. *Coulter Studios, Inc., 118 East 59th St. (421-8085); Mon.–Sat. 10 a.m.–6 p.m.; through 2/11.*

Framing—Here's 25 percent off custom framing or poster mounting during the month of February, and you can drop off and pick up your artwork at either the downtown or uptown branch of this business. Prices vary, of course, according to the size of the picture, but here's an example: If you own the Saul Steinberg *New Yorker* poster, you would have paid $90 for aluminum-section framing; this month, it's $67.50. To have the same poster only mounted would have cost $30, now $22.50. American Express, Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted. *Mark LV Frames, 386 West Broadway, between Spring and Broome sts. (226-7720); Poster Originals, Ltd., 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. (861-0422); Mon.–Sat. 10 a.m.–6 p.m.; through 2/28.*

Consumer Aware

Volunteer here—If you have time to spare, and you would like to volunteer your skills to society, contact the nonsectarian Volunteer Bureau of the Federation of Protestant Welfare Agencies, Inc. Through a personal interview with a professional placement counselor, the FPWA helps people to choose the volunteer assignments best suited to their needs, taking into account their availability, geographic location (within the five boroughs), skills, and interests. You can volunteer as an individual or as part of a group looking for a new community-service project. *Phone 777-4800 for an interview.*



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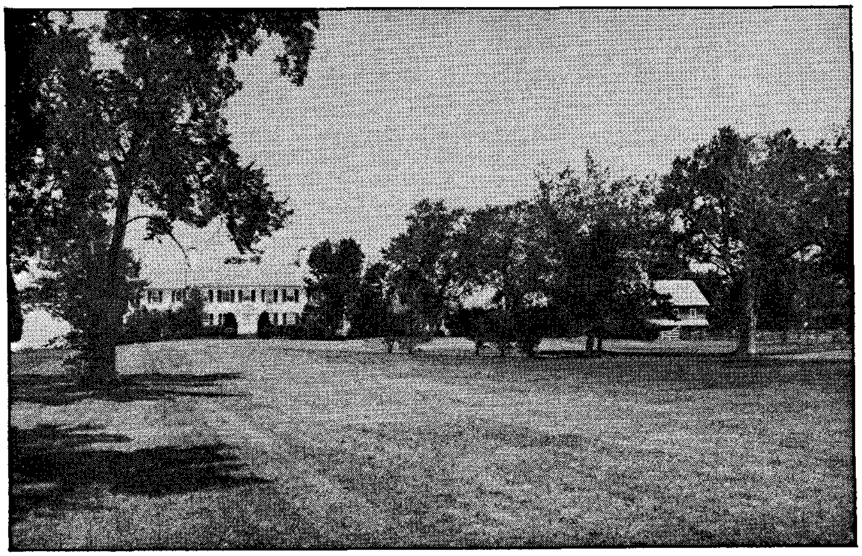

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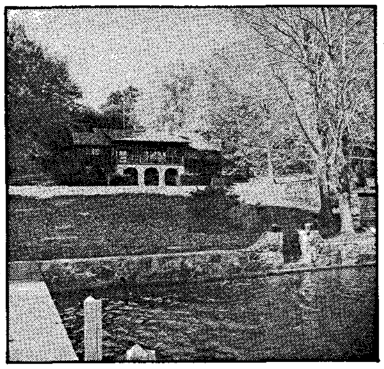

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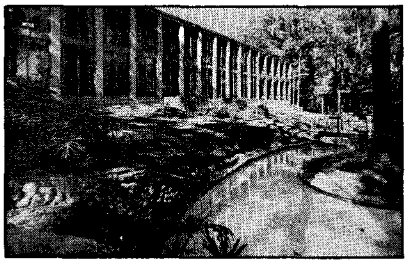

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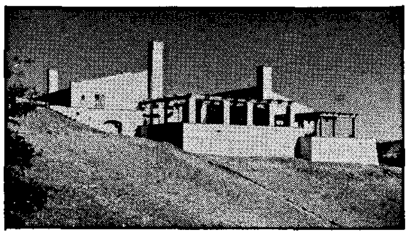

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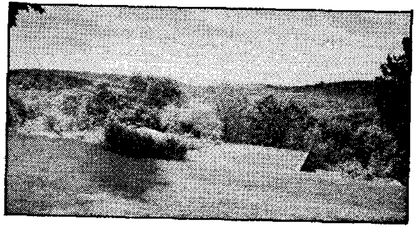

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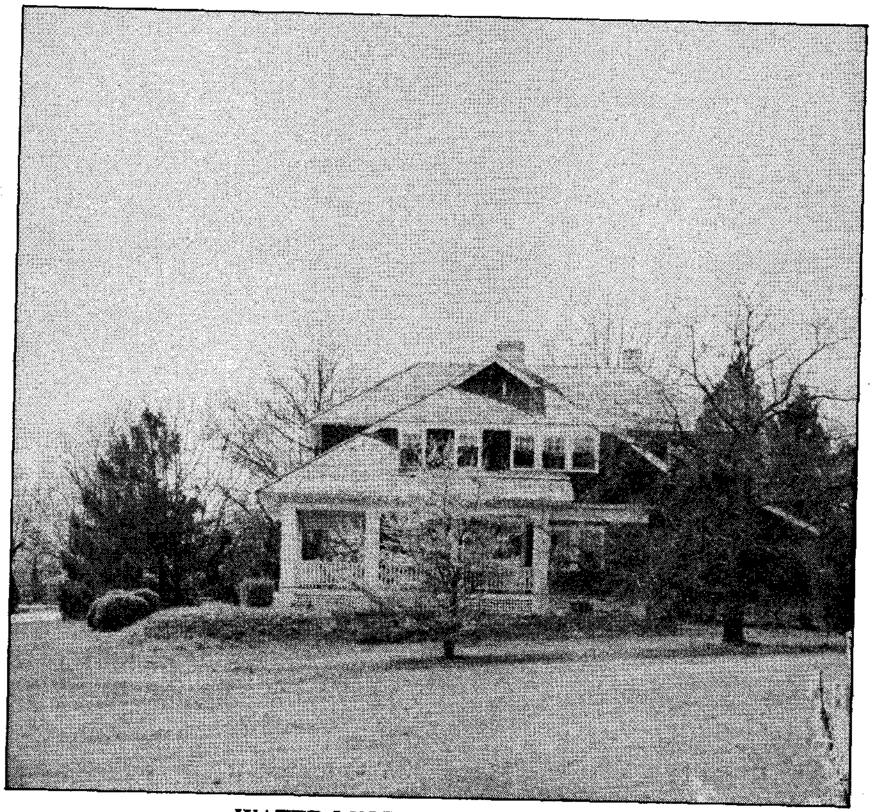

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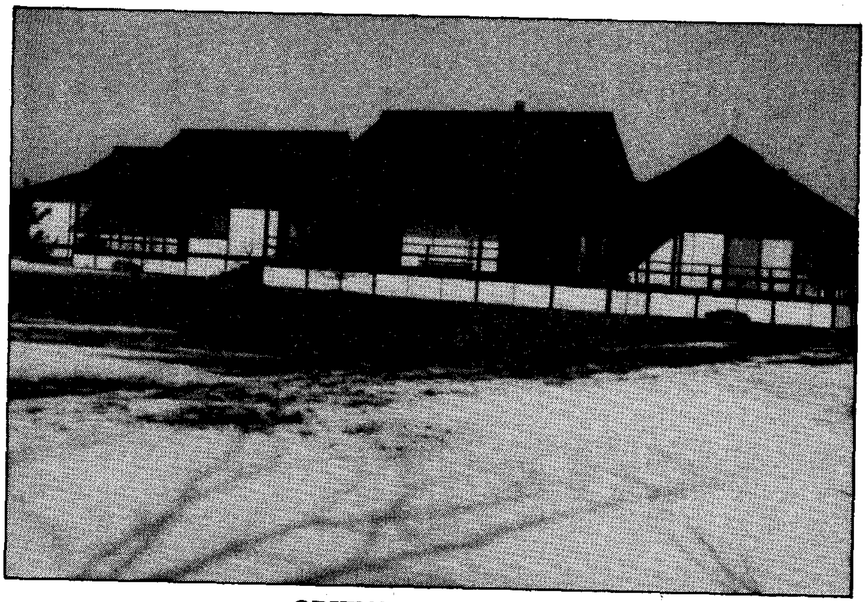

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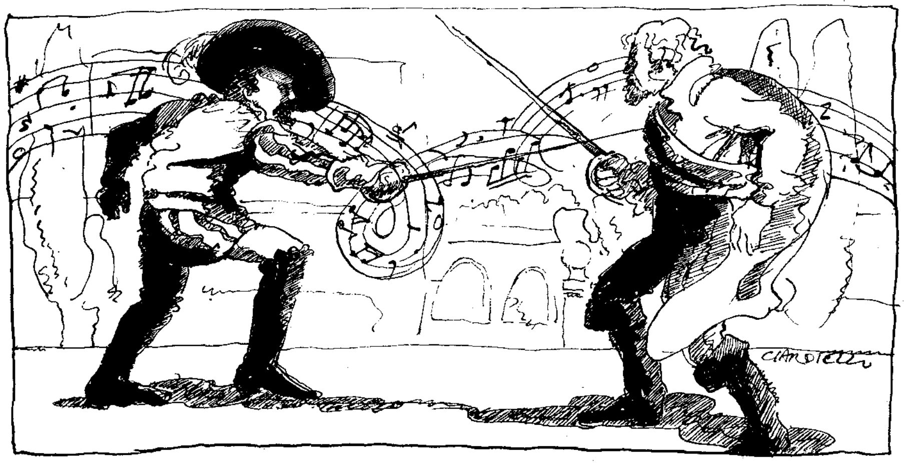

Let me continue from last week's article for a few lines. There are currently six stereo recordings of **Don Giovanni** listed in *Schwann;* several others have come and gone during the LP era. Not one of them, however, has challenged the performance recorded at Glyndebourne in 1936, once issued on 23 RCA-Victor records selling for something close to $50, now available in a three-record Turnabout album (THS 65084/6) that lists for a few pennies under $12.

The problems in shaping a *Don Giovanni* performance are manifold. They stem mostly from what I wrote about last week: the contradictions between the "normal" operatic language of Mozart's time and the violent, original treatment to which Mozart subjected these conventions. No opera in the repertory has undergone so many reinterpretations over the years, as the musical taste of ensuing generations finds its own message in this many-faceted score. This ambiguity of interpretation shows itself in many performances now on records, from the heavy romanticism of Klemperer (Angel S-3700) to the prissy tinkle and rustle of Bonynge (London 1434).

To these ears, the ancient Glyndebourne performance under Fritz Busch was a landmark in the dissemination of awareness of Mozart's stature in its own time and remains so today. Busch, alone among conductors who have ventured near this score, knew the danger of producing *Don Giovanni* for an assemblage of stars. The key to his performance, as it is to the opera, is his meticulous shaping of Mozart's ensemble writing, the extraordinary flexibility whereby a singer holds center stage one minute and becomes a part of Mozart's orchestration the next. Above all, Busch presents the musical conflicts in the opera in beautifully planned proportion: the stylization that makes it a part of its own time (such small details, for example, as having the swordplay in the Giovanni-Commandant duel executed in rhythm) as against the violence Mozart did to these conventions (such large details as the orchestral cataclysm that brings on the statue of the Commandant in the final scene). The recorded sound, originally achieved by HMV in England, was exceptional for its time, and it sounds remarkably lifelike today. If you want to hear the performance in even better sound, get the splendid remastering job done by German engineers and issued on Electrola 80598-600 at a somewhat higher price. Is any price too high for music, and music-making, of this order?

Busch's cast is quite fine, emphatically so in the case of John Brownlee's Giovanni, Ina Souez's Anna, and the Leporello of the young Salvatore Baccaloni in the days when he was still a tasteful artist. You won't, on any recording, find a better Anna than the blazing, frazzled harridan created by Souez (a Colorado-born singer with a tragically short career). More important, you won't find, anywhere, a group of singers so brilliantly marshaled by a superlative conductor in the service of a unified, intense musical experience.

Some unexpected good news comes this month from Angel, which has reissued, on its low-priced Seraphim label, another bygone operatic landmark of sorts. This is the performance of Donizetti's comic masterpiece, **Don Pasquale** (IC 6084), recorded in Italy around 1930, with Tito Schipa in the role of Ernesto. Schipa's light, lovely voice had no better vehicle than this supremely witty and well-constructed role; he sings it with exquisite taste. The rest of the cast is distinguished by two marvelous comic bassos: Ernesto Badini in the title role and Afro Poli as Malatesta; their big duet in the last act is one of the funniest things ever recorded. The Norina, Adelaide Saraceni, is a little whistle-voiced for my taste, but never offensive; the conducting of Carlo Sabajno is fleet, if not exactly eloquent.

If you really want to know how good this album is and how elusive the comic bel canto style can be, try it against Columbia's new album of **L'Elisir d'Amore** (M3 34585). Here a score of comparable loveliness is utterly wrecked by the heavy, literal conducting of John Pritchard, which drains the opera of every vestige of wit. Under better leadership, it might have been possible for Placido Domingo to scale his robust, dramatic style down to the dimensions demanded by the role of Nemorino; in this case, however, he merely seems ludicrously miscast. There is some lovely work by Ileana Cotrubas, the Adina, and Geraint Evans is quite wonderful as the quack Doctor Dulcamara. But the whole enterprise is leaden, woefully misconceived.

Two recent Columbia albums, both in the low-priced Odyssey series, support my thesis that the rosiest future for the record industry might well lie in the past. The first is an album devoted to the violinist Adolf Busch; the second, an answer to prayers expressed on this page a couple of years ago, re-

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stores to circulation the finest chamber ensemble of this century, the Budapest Quartet as it existed in the early 1930s.

Adolf Busch was the brother of Fritz, and a violinist of enormous skill and strength of intellect. He was what used to be called a musician's musician, which is just a fancy way of saying that he chose to avoid the easy ways to make big splashes. His programs were entirely serious in content, consisting for the most part of sonatas and other large-scale pieces. He was to violin playing, in other words, what Artur Schnabel was to the piano: earnest, uncompromising, something of a cult figure among intellectuals, wonderfully strong in his musical insights. Like Schnabel, too, Busch was not possessed of a dazzling technique. To his followers, that didn't matter.

His best playing was in collaboration with his son-in-law, Rudolf Serkin, and the new Columbia album (Y3 34639) celebrates this splendid teamwork. It includes three Beethoven sonatas, one by Bach, and the two of Schumann, along with two Bach concertos with Busch as soloist and conductor with his crack little chamber orchestra. It's a wonderful album. What Fritz Busch could accomplish as a conductor of Mozartean ensembles, Adolf could as a chamber musician: the creation of a finely balanced collaboration in which nobody is the star. The Beethoven sonatas with Serkin are pure gold: a fearsome onslaught into the *Kreutzer* that leaves the listener in awe, along with a marvelous lyric sense in the two other sonatas (Opus 12, No. 1 and Opus 30, No. 3) that ennobles even perfunctory passages. It would be fine if Columbia could produce at least one more Busch album, with work by the fine quartet he headed and one or two of his magnificent recordings of the Bach *Brandenburg* Concertos, which—even though a piano is used instead of harpischord—have a quiet beauty that few "authentic" performances attain.

The **Budapest Quartet** album (Y4 34643) is, in a word, stupendous. By 1932, three of the original members had left the ensemble. The last remaining Budapester was Istvan Ipolyi, the violist, who was joined by Joseph Roisman in the first chair and Alexander and Mischa Schneider as second violinist and cellist. This is the Budapest Quartet that deserves a place in the memory, for Roisman's patrician phrasing when he could still command a respectable (if not formidable) technique, and for a fund of wit and warmth in the total ensemble that could stand today as the idealized definition of chamber playing.

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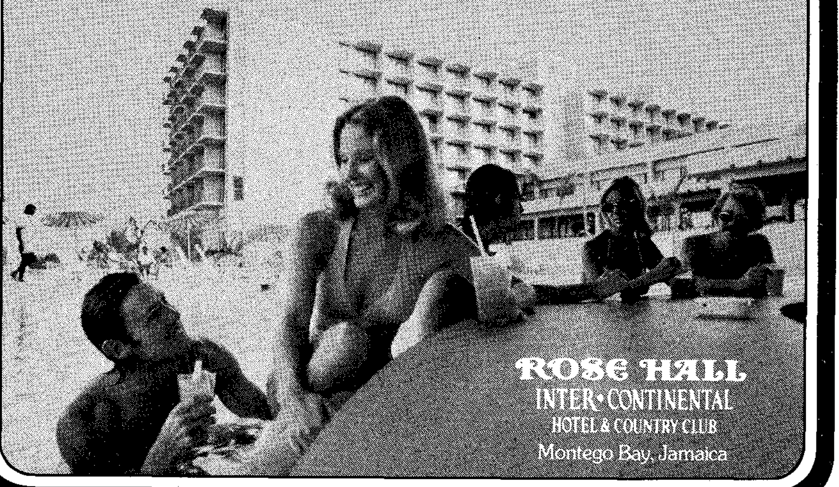

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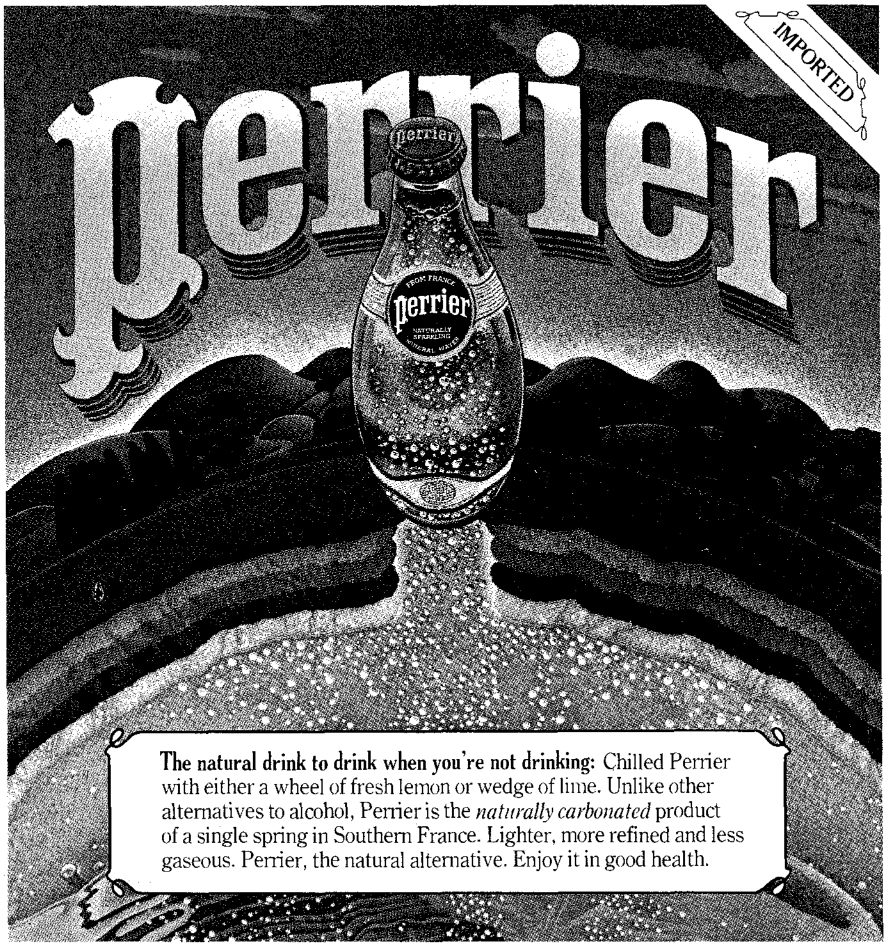

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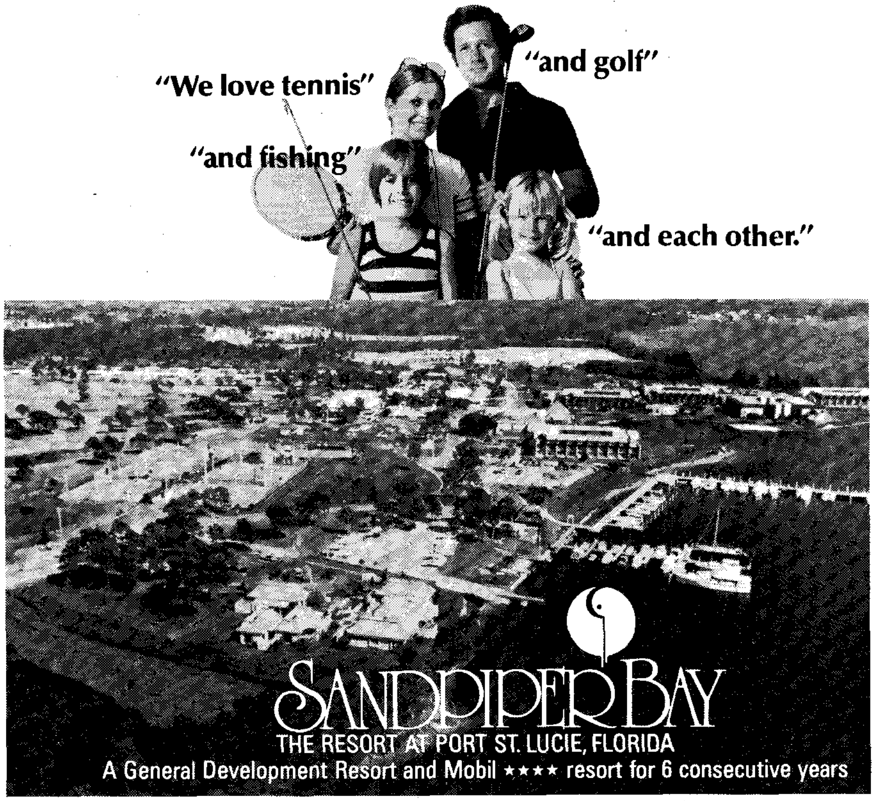
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There are six full-length quartets in this album of reissues: the Mendelssohn E-flat, the Brahms B-flat, the Mozart *Hoffmeister* (K. 499), the Bartók Second, and Beethoven's Second *Rasumovsky* and Opus 130 Quartets, plus two short works, the Schubert *Quartettsatz* and Hugo Wolf's *Italian Serenade.* All were formerly available on RCA-Victor 78s. (I hope you don't insist on my explaining how Columbia got the rights to the reissues.) There are moments here and there when you know that these are performances from a bygone era; I doubt if anyone would want to play Mozart today with quite the finicky elegance of this performance. But these moments are few. To offset them there are things like the slow movement of the *Rasumovsky* and the cavatina of Opus 130, in which there is an exaltation to the playing, an understanding of how massive, slow ideas need space to expand, that not even the finest of contemporary ensembles seem able to grasp. The Brahms B-flat is, in itself, the least objectionable of the composer's three string quartets, but the airy grace of the Budapest performance, and especially Ipolyi's shaping of the long viola solo in the third movement, makes the work sound almost like some kind of masterpiece. Then there are other things: the loving humor in the canzonetta of Mendelssohn's adorable early piece and the controlled fury in Schubert's wonderful single movement.

On another Odyssey album (Y4 34644) there are other Budapest performances, all of the late **Beethoven Quartets** recorded in 1952 at the Library of Congress. By then, the excellent Boris Kroyt had replaced Ipolyi as violist; but the deterioration in Roisman's playing had weakened the ensemble. There are majestic things in this album; it was still close to the best chamber playing of its day. But take the Opus 130 from this set and contrast it with the earlier performance. The fund of joy and love, which the earlier Budapest Quartet could command at will, is no longer in evidence.

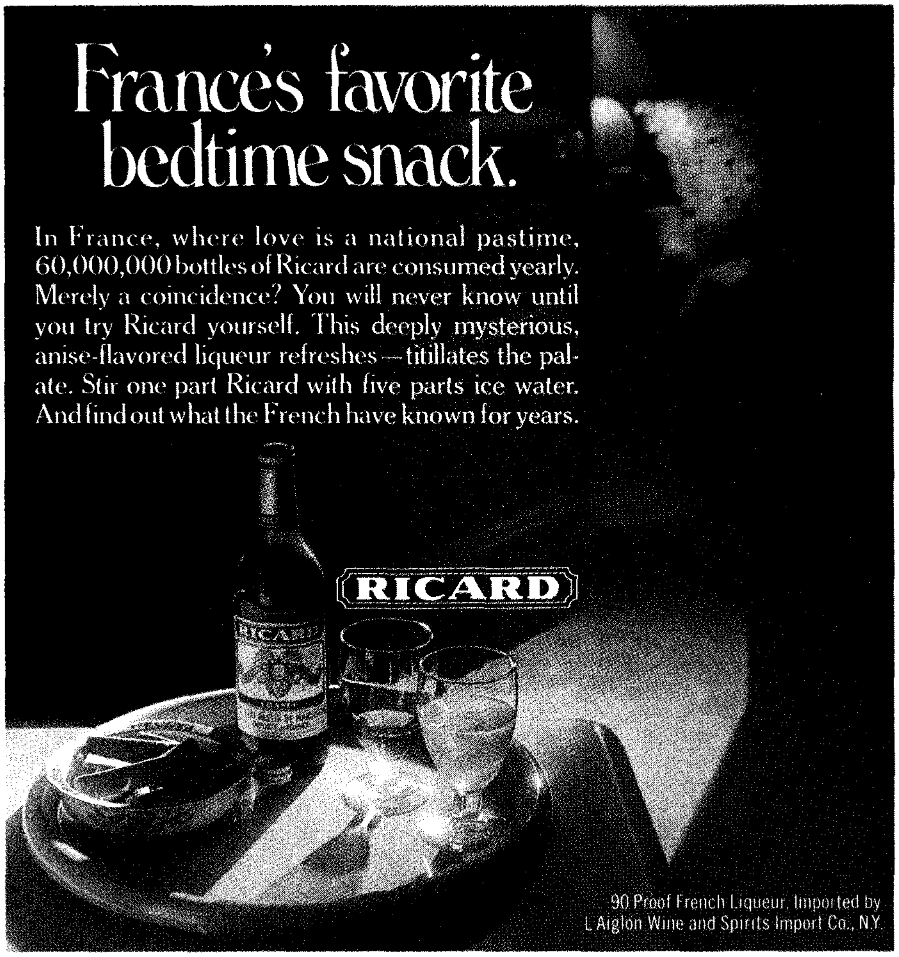
Drive, He Said

One of the most compelling characteristics of a record album, i.e., of the form itself and separate from the quality of the music contained in it, is its ability to create its own sense of time. That is, when the disc has finally been mixed and mastered, the songs invariably sound (though we really know better) as if they were each done once and in the exact order in which they finally appear. It becomes hard to imagine that days or weeks or even months may have passed between the recording of the tracks. The spaces between the songs lose all meaning, and it's almost impossible for an album to contain enough stylistic diversity to be anything other than essentially one long, continuous song.

In this regard, the new "live" album by Jackson Browne, **Running on Empty** (Asylum 6E-113), offers a significant departure in concept from any album I remember hearing. It's descriptive of both a series of events and a state of mind, and it tells a story not in a literal, continuous, cinematic sense, but in an episodic way that leaves it to us to fill in the gaps between the songs. But there's a store of interesting information here, and with the application of a little imagination we become the recipients of a richer and more interesting listening experience. As in Truffaut's film *Day for Night*, the making of the album becomes the subject of the album. There are ten songs in all, recorded at outdoor concerts, in Holiday Inn rooms, backstage, and even on the tour bus. They're by several authors and vary a great deal in quality. What's interesting to those already familiar with Jackson Browne's music is how on this record he begins to break away from his tightly held, highly personal, introspective vision of psychological reality, as he breaks away from the tightly ordered rhythmic structures that characterized all his earlier work. In the past, he was always the subject of his own songs; lovers and friends were just supporting characters. But now, literally and artistically, he's left home and gone on the road, and it looks like he's heading somewhere.

Musically, Taj Mahal has been on the road for thirteen years, ever since his early days with Ry Cooder, and the latest stop is **Evolution (The Most Recent)** (BSK 3094), an album appealing most of all for Taj's joyous musicianship. The material may not be up to the level of some of his past albums, and this funky, salsa-blues mix seems somehow less worthy of his musicological examination, but even when Taj is singing the blues, there's a feeling that somewhere, deep down inside, he's smiling.

The new wave has not only made it through the past year, but many of the original groups are at work on, or have released, follow-up albums. The Jam now has taken its re-creation of the Who up to the *My Generation* stage, and on **This Is the Modern World** (Polydor PD-1-6029), the music is still lively, still interesting, and I'm still wondering when they'll get around to a rock opera. **—Tom Bentkowski**



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% Individual Employment Income $20,000+	New York	*New York Times Magazine*	*U.S. News*	*New Yorker*	*Time*
% Professional/Managerial	*New Yorker*	New York	*New York Times Magazine*	*U.S. News*	*Time*
% Graduated College	New York	*New Yorker*	*New York Times Magazine*	*U.S. News*	*Time*
% Age 25-49 & HHI $25,000+	New York	*New York Times Magazine*	*New Yorker*	*Time*	*U.S. News*
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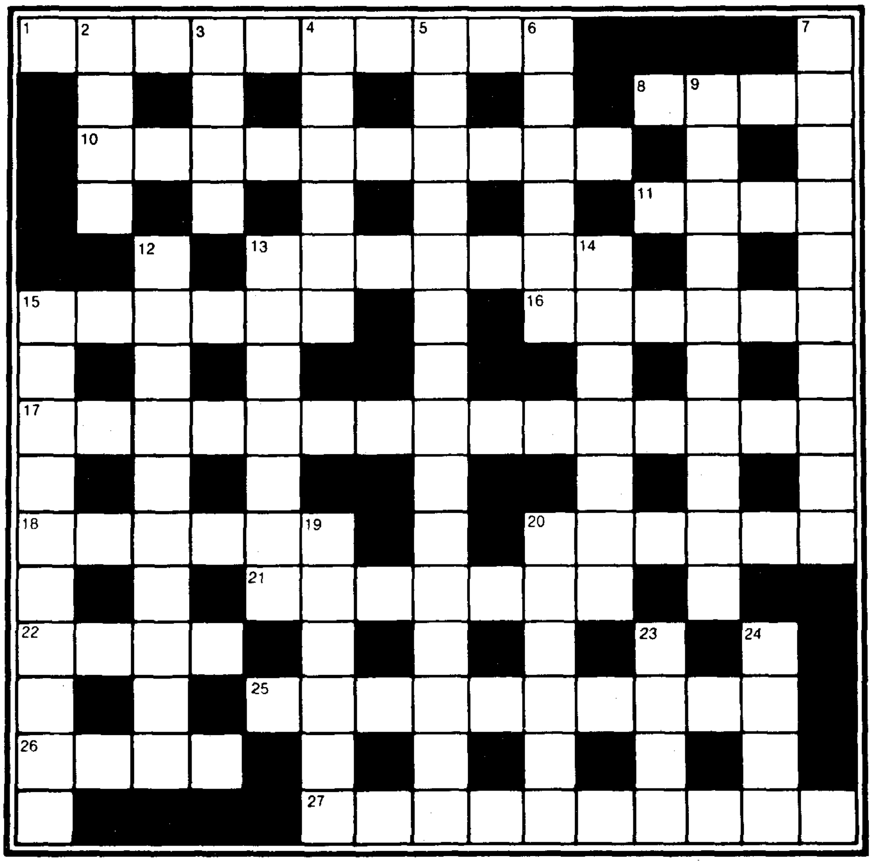
Source: 1977/1978 Simmons

There's a new vitality at

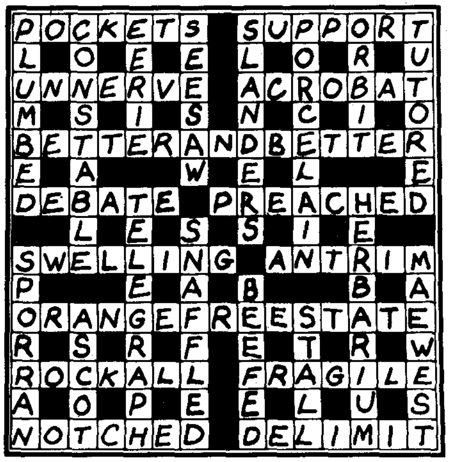
New York

WORLD'S MOST CHALLENGING CROSSWORD

FROM THE SUNDAY TIMES OF LONDON



Solution to last issue's puzzle:



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Clues

ACROSS

1 It's linked with ordinary British flowers. (5-5)
8 Is it vain to be unemployed? (4)
10 Had a really jolly time when famous. (10)
11 They run in the bird family. (4)
13 Changes the rules and rings the changes again? (7)
15 Essays—ones close to the point. (6)
16 Carrier caught between two directions in the game. (6)
17 Schoolroom geometric exercises for professors, lecturers, and such? (8, 7)
18 Freedom of access to food? (6)
20 Given over to comfort in the diplomatic corps! (6)
21 The French names for coats? (7)
22 Indicate a jotting. (4)
25 Maul it into new shape with maiming! (10)
26 The probability of love coming to doctors. (4)
27 From this place to a river in Scotland in the future. (10)

DOWN

2 Cunning to bend over like this. (4)
3 The only swimmer. (4)
4 Endlessly unable to get a taxi? Use telegrams! (6)
5 The winner lacks professionalism! (7, 8)
6 It arrives at an obvious point in the sewer. (6)
7 Sees Red Sea change east for south perhaps, so worked out a new calculation. (10)
9 Real demos I throw into confusion! (10)
12 Dave collapsed—said to be wrecked. (10)
13 Turn for information to identical directions from the judge. (7)
14 Frightens about five with such neckwear. (7)
15 Workers' group to deal with marriage. (5, 5)
19 Sufficient to hug one maybe. (6)
20 Many quit and split. (6)
23 Storage unit for oils. (4)
24 It has little bite, but shows the flavour up. (4)

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NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

COMPETITION NUMBER 309

BY MARY ANN MADDEN

YCLEPTOMANIA—compulsive name listing (see Gabor syndrome).

HABEAS PORPOISE—a writ of inquiry into the illegal custody of fish.

PSYCHOSEMITIC—overt symptoms of aggression induced by the inner conviction that one is an Israeli commando.

Above, coming to terms. Competitors are invited to redefine one term—for use in law, business, science, or the arts—based upon a familiar word or phrase.

Results of Competition 306, in which you were asked to predict the results of dial hopping on radio or TV in 1978.

Report: Good evening. Once again, a chapter from The Repeats. Johnny's guest host tonight is John Davidson. Bon appetit. Hi, Lucy honey, I'm home. Welcome to our planet; we call it Earth. One of these days, Alice, the moon. Hi, Lucy honey, I'm home. Con Edison promises no more blackouts. Monroe to McAdoo—yes! And you have won—a new car! Hi, Lucy honey, I'm home. Below, results of Competition 306. Not available in any store. Don't forget. Send before midnight tonight. Film at eleven. Hi, Lucy honey, I'm home.

First Prize of a two-year subscription to "New York" to:

"Good evening. I'm Alistair Cooke. It is safe to assume that schoolchildren today may not be familiar with *Foxe's Book of Martyrs*. . . ."
Michael Lesk, Chatham, N.J.
sp. mention: P. McKay, Washington, D.C.; Sequin's English, Northport, N.Y.; T. Gerbers, Whitesboro, N.Y.

Thanks and Honorable Mention to all:

"Cute, Marie. Real cute."
Casey Choron, Teaneck, N.J.

"My skin is copper-colored, my feathers are black and red, and my war paint is white. . . ."
Miles Klein, East Brunswick, N.J.

". . . is no longer with us, but you can share his legacy simply by sending $6.99 for the records or $8.99 for the eight-track tape . . ."
similarly: Jack Ryan, NYC; Julian Bradford II, East Providence, R.I.; Catherine M. Ricardo, Tappan, N.Y.; Brian Plante, Staten Island, N.Y.

"Let's compare paper towels."
Larry Laiken, Bayside, N.Y.

"Well, this is a very sensitive issue for the president, and I'm not sure how he feels, but I know he has the people's best interests at heart. . . ."
Steven S. Palmer, Tuscaloosa, Ala.

"FDR! JFK! LBJ! HST! . . . uh, FDR JFK Next category, please."
Murray Harris, NYC

"We have some great music ready, but I want two calls first. I don't *believe* this. Six telephones and no calls . . . Well if you want noncommercial radio to die, just sit there instead of phoning in your pledge."
Anthony Gray, Closter, N.J.

"Benson, you and Carter go around back. You three men cover the side door. . . ."
Alan Paul Press, Oceanside, N.Y.

"Well, folks, there's a break in the action, so we'll be back after this word. . . ."
Paul I. Kimmel, East Brunswick, N.J.

"Well, Mr. Parks, I have been taught to believe virtue is its own reward. Growing up in a small town in Iowa . . ."
Jim Rowbotham, NYC
sp. mention: Norton Bramesco, NYC

"Back to you, Rolland . . . oh, Dave, I'm sorry."
Michele Picardi, East Elmhurst, N.Y.

"Not only do I think this cat is super-multi-talented, but also he's a beautiful human being. He's a close personal friend of mine. Altovise loves him. He's been at the house many times and he's just a super-bad dude. . . ."
John S. Moseley, Miller Place, N.Y.

"Joker, Joker, Joker."
Arthur Sperber, Fresh Meadow, N.Y.

"Y'know, Greek, you're just amazing. Last week you predicted that the Redskins game could go either way, and that's exactly what happened."
Jay Livingston, NYC

"Now, if we are to present a historical drama about ancient Carthage, we must be prepared to see and hear some very strong stuff. After all, these people were not the Rover Boys."
Dr. Armand Stella, Ridgewood, N.J.

"And now, another episode of *Samurai Pizzeria*."
Richard Fried, Brooklyn
sp. mention: Paul Zachos, Valatie, N.Y.

"Oh, jeez, lookit the two of them carryin' on like there was no tomorra. Edith, cover Joey's eyes, there. Can't a man enjoy the privates of his own home?"
Alan Levine, Copiague, N.Y.
sp. mention: Dr. Myron N. Leiman, Mineola, N.Y.

"The officials are conferring again. . . . What would you say about that call? . . . Okay, let's see it from another angle."
Oliver M. Neshamkin, M.D., NYC

"Why did you gong those lovely ladies, Jaye P.?"
Susan Jaffer, Waymart, Pa.

"The programs regularly scheduled at this time will not be seen tonight so that we may bring you the following special event —*Campaign '78: The Carey Debate*."
John H. Williams, Madison, Wis.

"I don't think Nastase liked that call, Bud. . . ."
Nancy Joline, Huntington, N.Y.
sp. ment.: Henry J. Ricardo, Tappan, N.Y.

"Number Three, what would *you* say if on our first date I asked you to spend a weekend with me at a ski lodge?"
Mark Wolfson, Spring Valley, N.Y.
sp. mention: S. Choron, Teaneck, N.J.

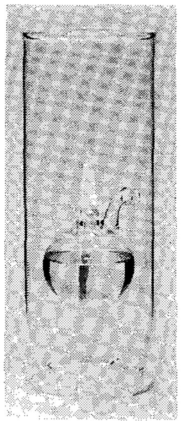
"So please tell us and our viewers at home, Cheryl, Why did you quit?"
Gregory Greenberg, NYC

"The envelope, please. Oh, I'm so nervous. . . ."
Edward L. Pille, Rutherford, N.J.

"Which star is it? Earl Holliman, Rose Marie, Marty Allen, Karen Valentine, Jamie Farr, Zsa Zsa Gabor, George Gobel, Sandy Duncan, or Paul Lynde?"
Joseph A. Logue, Kenmore, N.Y.

"Just write your reasons on a postcard and mail to: ANYONE CAN BE A NOT READY FOR PRIME TIME PLAYER, BOX ____, RADIO CITY STATION, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10020."
Stan Karp, NYC

"I'm not leaving Paris without a Jacques Marcel dress!"
Jonathan S. Alpert, NYC



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R. Pass, Brooklyn
sp. mention: Carly Mary Cady, Los Angeles, Calif.

"It was his clothes, Watson. His jacket had patches of rich Corinthian leather."

Ethel McConaghy, Boston, Mass.

"Capping the news, a man repays a 73-year-old debt. His conscience is clear at age 95."

James Ireland, Montreal, Canada

"*Son of Oh, God,* starring George Carlin, starts Wednesday at a theater near you."

Michael A. Silver, Orlando, Fla.

"But if Howard was at the bar until 9:30, that means . . ."

George Mannes, Chevy Chase, Md.
sp. mention: John Evans, Cincinnati, Ohio; Ada Wolf, Miami Beach, Fla.

"Thanks, Tony. New York Yankee owner George Steinbrenner has denied rumors that Billy Martin will be fired as Yankee manager. . . ."

Jerry Levine, Rego Park, N.Y.
sp. mention: Mark Blum-Baicker, Philadelphia, Pa.; Anne Bernstein, Bronx

"Good night, Grandpa. Good night, Jason. Good night, Daddy. Good night, Erin. Good night, Mama. Good night, Jim-Bob . . ."

Judy Mostowitz, Brooklyn

"I know this show is running overtime, but this is our night. Now, the nominations for best actor in a limited dramatic series are . . ."

Lee Rouselle, Florence, S.C.

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Howard Kuperberg, NYC

"For the next 60 seconds, we will be conducting a test of the Emergency Broadcast System. . . ."

Kathy Gordon, NYC

"We are experiencing operating difficulties. Please stand by. . . ."

Paul I. Scimeca, Astoria; Vera Chuma, NYC

Contest Rules: One entry only should be sent to Competition Number 309, *New York* Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. It must be received by February 10. Editor's decisions are final and all entries become the property of *New York*. First-prize winners will receive a two-year subscription to *New York*, and runners-up will receive a one-year subscription. Results and winners' names will appear in the issue of March 13. Out-of-town postmarks are given three days' grace. **Three-by-five postcards, please.** ■

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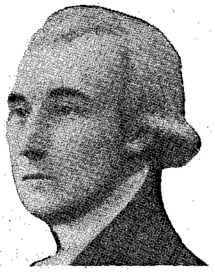
Page of Lists / Brian Rooney

WHAT STREET COMPARES WITH MOTT STREET? AND WHO WAS MOTT?

"...Chief Tammany has been credited with 'traits of virtue, character, and ability for which there is no historical basis'..."

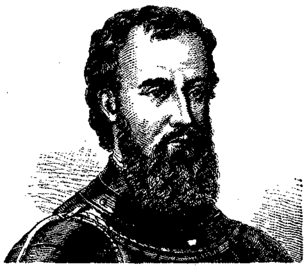
Who was Gracie? Who was Deegan? Who was Riker? Why do their names sit on a mansion, an expressway, an island? The landscape of New York is freckled with names grown familiar by use but obscure as to reason. Now we're going to change all that.

CULVER PICTURES



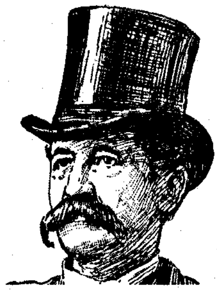
1. Gracie Mansion. Archibald Gracie was never the mayor of New York City. Like so many landmarks, the mayor's mansion is named for its first occupant because no one ever bothered to call it anything else. Gracie was a rich merchant and socialite who entertained people such as John Quincy Adams, Louis Philippe of Orléans, Washington Irving, and James Fenimore Cooper.

CULVER PICTURES



2. The Verrazano-Narrows Bridge. Giovanni da Verrazano, a Florentine merchant, was sailing for the French in 1524, when he discovered what is now New York City. He anchored his ship where the bridge is today. Four years later, he was killed by cannibals in the Caribbean.

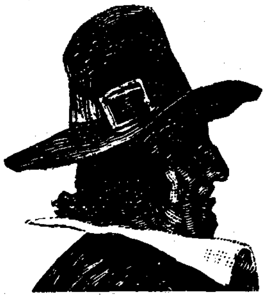
CULVER PICTURES



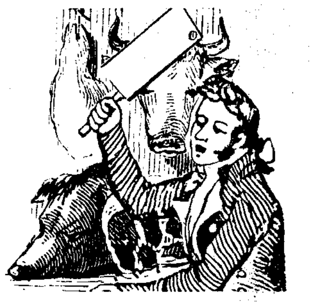
3. Jerome Avenue. Leonard Jerome, who was Winston Churchill's grandfather, built the Bronx's Jerome Avenue. He loved the ponies and built the avenue as a direct route to his racetrack.

UPI

4. Major Deegan Expressway. Major William F. Deegan was a staff supply officer with the 105th Field Artillery under Major General George W. Goethals (the bridge) during World War I, and he never saw a battle. In 1921 he was elected state commander of the American Legion.



5. Riker's Island. Abraham Rycken, a wealthy Dutchman who suffered financial reverses during the Dutch war with Spain, came here in 1638. In 1664, he was given the island by Governor Peter Stuyvesant, and the family thrived there. Rycken's grandson, John Berrion Riker, later served as a surgeon with the Continental army and piloted George Washington across the Delaware that fateful Christmas Eve. Today, it isn't really the kind of island a family would most like to be remembered by.



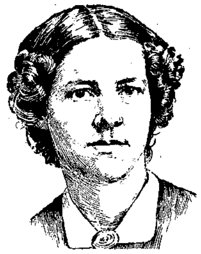
6. Mott Street. Joseph Mott was a butcher who lived in Revolutionary War days and had his shop in the area.

BRONX COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

7. Bruckner Boulevard. Henry Bruckner had a relatively peaceful career as a Tammany Hall politician, which is why so few people today remember who he was. In 1917, after three terms in Congress, he resigned to run for borough president of the Bronx, a position in which he served until 1933.

Bruckner is most remembered, if at all, for his surprising testimony in 1932 before the Seabury Commission, which was investigating Tammany Hall. Accused of making suspicious cash bank deposits of $276,000 over a five-year period, Bruckner denied the charge. He said the actual figure was $455,000 and all of it came from his soda-water business.

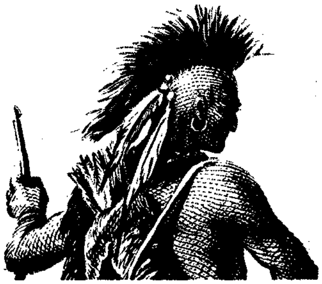
CULVER PICTURES



8. The Hutchinson River Parkway. Anne Hutchinson wasn't the first person murdered in the Bronx and certainly wasn't the last. Shortly after she moved to the area, she was killed by Indians.

She had originally lived in Massachusetts Bay, where she had been involved in a religious dispute (she lost the dispute, was banished from the colony, and eventually moved to New York).

THE GRANGER COLLECTION



9. Tammany Hall. The Democratic political machine derived its name from a Delaware Indian chief of pre-Revolutionary War days. Chief Tammany became the tutelary saint of insurgent elements and has been credited with "traits of virtue, character, and ability for which there is no adequate historical basis." ■